

CHINA

AY

1944



Carboro Bluffs,
Ont.

An Editorial Chat

Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

May 1st, 1944.

Dear Subscriber:

To-day CHINA reaches you in its new format and we hope it will meet with your approval. Several reasons have contributed to this change in our magazine and we know that you will fully appreciate our position when we here outline it.

In its new form the magazine will reach you in better condition than heretofore. It is thicker and sturdier, printed on better quality paper, and the single mailed copies will be less liable to suffer from handling and shipping.

Moreover, the present day trend is to magazines of smaller size, something that fits neatly in pocket or purse, since a very busy public seems to get in most of its reading en route to and from their work.

Above all we ask the sympathetic understanding of our readers, when we announce *that henceforth, beginning with this May issue the subscription price of CHINA will be one dollar a year.*

Inflation in China, the destruction of our mission stations, the upkeep of our novitiate at St. Marys and our Chinese Missions throughout Canada—all this has placed the Society under an ever-increasing financial burden. The very expense of printing CHINA, much greater than it has been in former years, is also an added reason for the increase in the price of the yearly subscription.

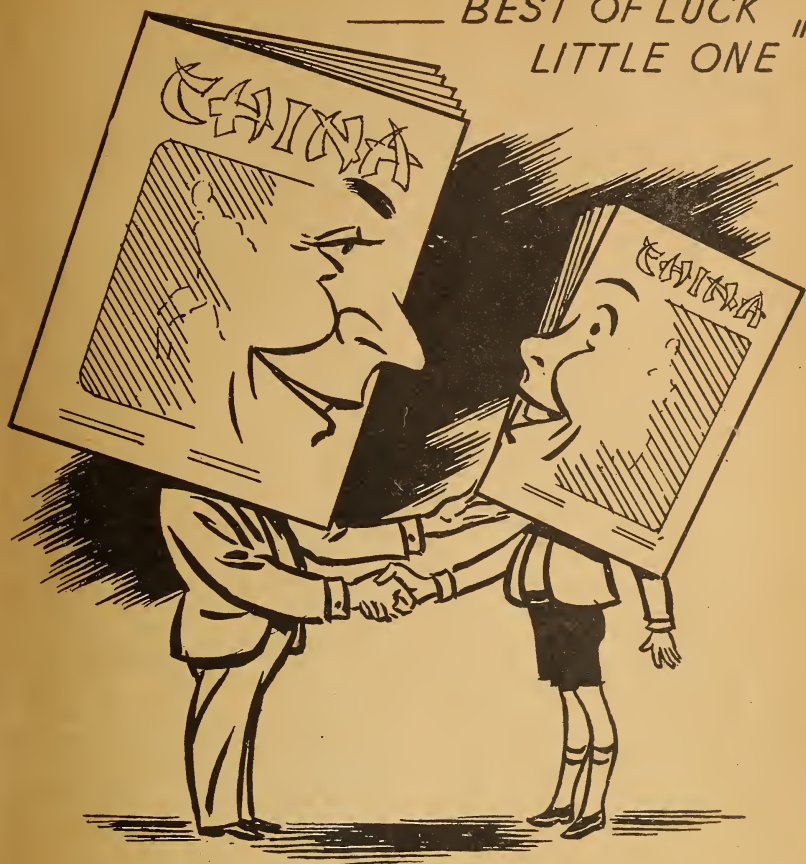
The new subscription price will in no way affect those who have already paid in advance at the old rate of fifty cents.

We ask then, dear subscriber, your kind understanding of our change in the format and subscription price of CHINA. We express too our sincere thanks for your devotedness in the past.

Gratefully yours,

The Editor

"BEST OF LUCK"
LITTLE ONE



"Keep up the good work, CHINA, for through your efforts the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society hopes for an increased number of vocations, support for its brave Missionary Priests and Sisters in China and the constant and fervent prayers of its innumerable friends.

You are the voice of the Missions—the ambassador of the Ambassadors of Christ."

The Bulletin Board

Sincere Congratulations :

Most Rev. Hildebrand Antoniutti, Apostolic Delegate to Canada and Newfoundland, announced Pope Pius XII has appointed Msgr. Philip Francis Pocock, professor of theology at St. Peter's Seminary at London, Ont., to the Episcopal See of Saskatoon, Sask.

The new bishop-elect of Saskatoon succeeds Most Rev. Gerald Murray, recently named Titular Archbishop of Biza and transferred to the Archdiocese of Winnipeg as coadjutor.

Msgr. Pocock, 38, and a native of London, Ont., was ordained in 1930. He studied at Assumption College, Windsor; St. Peter's Seminary, London; the University of Washington, Seattle, and in Rome.

The Apostolic Delegate has also announced that Father James Boyle, parish priest of Holy Redeemer Church, Whitney Pier, Nova Scotia, has been appointed by the Holy See, Bishop of Charlottetown.

The Bishop-elect is a former graduate of St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, N.S.

CHINA offers its sincere felicitations to their Excellencies Bishops-elect Boyle and Pocock.

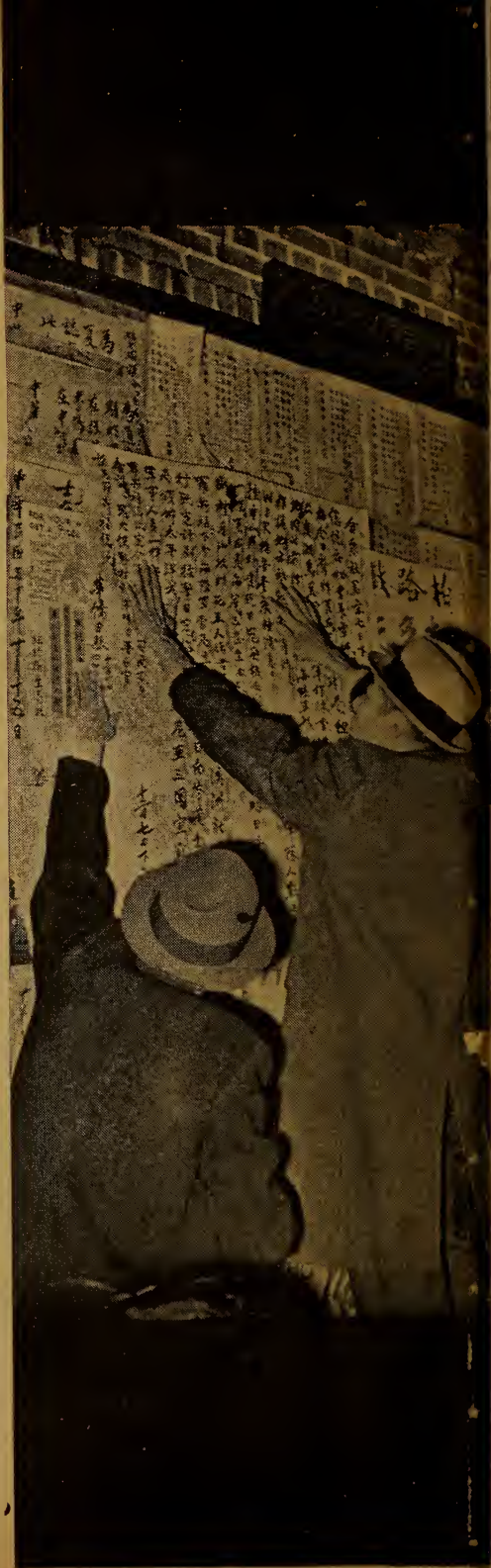


Our Cover

Our Blessed Lady of the Rosary of Fatima, appears to three peasant children—Lucia, Francisco and Jacinta, at Cova da Iria in Portugal.

Read the amazing story in this issue.

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Perseverance

Convent Station, N.J.—Miss Pit-Kit Ma, daughter of Dr. Chiu-Mi Ma of Hong Kong, has just arrived to take up her studies in the junior class at the College of Saint Elizabeth after an arduous but most adventurous journey from China.

Miss Ma was a student in the sophomore class in Hong Kong University at the time the Japanese invasion put an end to her scholastic career there. Determined to proceed with her education, she set out for Macao, as soon as it was safe to leave her home, with her three young brothers, whom she placed in a school in the unoccupied areas. With the help of a friend of her father in South China, she then started on her long trip to Chungking in September, 1942.

For five days she traveled by chair with runners, until she reached a bus station. The bus trip took another ten days. At the end of this journey, there were disappointments and delays at the railway station, due to heavy transportation. Arriving in Chungking in October, she spent a year at the university.

Behold a Sign

Chungking, China—Father Meeus, the well known apostle of China tells the story of Luke Choy, who spent years looking for a sign from Our Lady of the Snows, patroness of his troop of Catholic Boy Scouts in Rangoon, Burma. Here in bomb-racked Chungking, he saw his sign.

When Rangoon fell in flames the scouts of the Catholic troop dedicated to Our Lady of the Snows became legendary for their feats of heroism.

Luke Choy, 15, was one of the last to leave Rangoon. He took with him the only remaining member of his family, his aged grandmother, whom Luke hauled along in the family rickshaw.

His grandmother died en route: Luke was left alone. He reached Chungking after two months of harrowing experiences in the jungles and mountains. For days he wandered about with a group of homeless boys. Finally he visited the Catholic mission, where he asked to be confirmed.

Priests of the mission examined Luke and found him to be letter perfect in his religious knowledge. But Luke wanted a sign—a sensible sign such as the Apostles had had in the tongues of fire.

Luke's grandmother had told him years before that when he first saw snow, it would be a sign that Our Lady of the Snows, the patroness of his scout troop, was taking special care of him. But in Burma it never snows, and snow in Chungking is rare. Those at the mission started praying for snow.

On Feb. 6, Luke was confirmed in the one Chungking church that has almost miraculously escaped the many bombings. After Confirmation I took Luke and his boy friends, many of them pagans, to a restaurant, overlooking the river, they ordered noodles.

While eating, Luke looked out the paneless windows. His face brightened, and he burst forth with: "Now I know I must become a real saint!"

I looked, and there across the river stood the Taipo hills like an array of Boy Scout tents, all covered with the most beautiful blanket of snow that Chungking had seen in more than 10 years.

● OUR THANKS

Many thanks to the kind benefactor B.M.F., who sent us a generous donation for our missionaries in China.

● PRAY FOR OUR DECEASED FRIENDS

Mrs. Anne Bennett
Mrs. Annie Calarco.



● REV. KENNETH TURNER

We have heard from Father Ken quite frequently of late. He is at Dolu, Tsingtien, Chekiang Province.

This Mission Station at Dolu is away up in the mountains and is noted for its devoted Christians. The Church, built by Father Gerald Doyle, is dedicated to the Little Flower. Despite the fact that the village of Dolu itself was almost completely burned by the enemy troops, the priests' rectory and



REV. K. TURNER
Montreal, P.Q.

church remained unharmed. This Father Turner attributes to the protection of St. Theresa of the Child Jesus.

In the sack of Dolu, Father Ken lost all his personal belongings and all his church furnishings.

Father Turner has done a magnificent job and has remained at his post all through the hazards of this terrible war.

He assures us of his good health and appeals to the readers of CHINA for prayers "for the poor people of this valley that God may see fit to alleviate their miseries." And he concludes a recent letter with these words: "When peace comes, and please God, it will be soon, I hope to be able to ask your readers too, to assist us in repairing and refurnishing, so that we may carry on the work of saving souls."

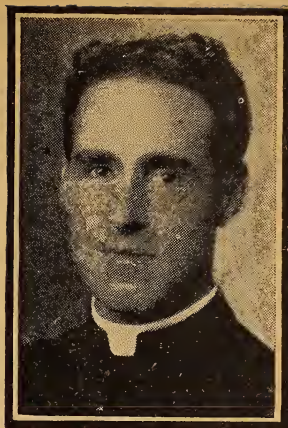
Well done Father Ken. I know your appeal will be answered generously.

● REV. HARVEY STEELE

Procurator of our Society at China's wartime capital of Chungking writes frequently. He tells us that they have been quite fortunate there in receiving mail from home.



REV. H. STEELE
Dominion, N.S.



REV. R. WHITE
Placentia P.B., Nfld.

Father Steele is engaged in his spare time in writing a book on co-operatives and it will soon be published. He is also a frequent contributor to a new monthly publication being put out by the English-speaking priests at Chungking. He is in the best of health.

In writing to Father Steele, just address your letter to him at Maryknoll House, Chungking, China.

● SQUADRON LEADER REV. R. R. WHITE

writes that he is now a chaplain in the Royal Air Force and in charge of upwards of a thousand men. Posted somewhere in the jungles of India he is now no doubt seeing plenty of action, since the Japanese have invaded India.

Father White says he is in good health and sends best wishes to all his relatives and friends. An article telling of his fine work in India will shortly appear in CHINA.

● MISSIONARIES RETURN TO LISHUI

Very Rev. Father Curtin together with Fathers Tom Morrissey, John Kelly, Lawrence McAuliffe and Gerald McKernan have returned to

our Prefecture of Lishui. All five are in excellent health. Up until the end of last year Father Curtin was in Changsha in Hunan Province.

Father Curtin has been in charge of our work in China and has done a magnificent job, despite the unsettled conditions caused by the war. He had many narrow escapes during the Lishui blitz a year or so ago.

Please remember him and the other missionaries in your prayers.

● **VERY REV. A. CHAFE**

From our Society Superior in Santo Domingo comes word that all our priests there are busily engaged in the study of the Spanish language and in caring for their beloved Dominican people. Only recently Fathers Kirby, Gault and Ainslie arrived in our southern apostolate, swelling the number of society priests there to seven.

Father Chafe writes that the work is indeed consoling and all the priests are happy and in the best of health. The main topic of conversation when they meet is horses, since most of their travels through the



VERY REV. A. CHAFE
St. John's, Nfld.



REV. J. KING
Newburgh, Ont.

campos are on horseback. Each priest declares with pride that his mount is the last thing in equine beauty and dependability.

Most Rev. Archbishop Pittini in a recent letter to our Superior General commended the wonderful zeal of the fathers and said that the entire Dominican people held them in deepest veneration.

● **REV. JOSEPH KING**

Father Joe King, a veteran of our missions in China, is now working in the Dominican Republic. He is very enthused over his new assignment and speaks in the highest terms of "his beloved people of Santo Domingo."

Read Father King's interesting article "Fiesta" in the June issue of the CHINA magazine.

The editor feels sure that Father Joe has lost a few pounds since he has taken to the saddle, but despite that fact Father King assures us he is in the very best of health.

Pray God that his apostolate may be fruitful of many souls. The Dominican people are very devoted to Padre Joseph (Father King) and know him as a zealous, kindly friend.

The Story of
FATIMA
RIGHT REV. W.C. McGRATH



ARTHUR
LESLIE

The Story of Fatima

IN the Cova da Iria, about a mile from the little Portuguese village of Fatima, on the morning of May 13th, 1917, occurred the first of a series of apparitions of the Blessed Virgin to three simple peasant children. During the intervening twenty-seven years the shrine of Fatima has become almost as famous as Lourdes. But in America, strange to say, the amazing story has remained virtually unknown. Only now (and belatedly, to say the least) are we beginning to awaken to the startling realization that God's own Mother, in person, has long since sounded what well may be *the last call for peace on earth in our generation*. With a clarity at once consoling and disquieting, she has placed squarely before us the two alternatives that confront the world. On the one hand, *the conversion of Russia and an era of peace for humanity*, on the other, *still further wars, persecution, bloodshed and martyrdom*.

● WAR OR PEACE?

Who speaks to-day of war to end all wars? The spectre of World War III rises to haunt us before the present war is won and most of the uncertainty for the immediate days ahead is unquestionably centred around Russia. It is an open secret that our military leaders do not trust her. Some even go so far as to say that "our next big job" will be to clean up Russia, after which we can rest for a while on our grim laurels before starting to rebuild a shattered world.

Let us not delude ourselves. The "clean up Russia" slogan could be a very real menace to what will be left of our civilization when the present war is over. True, there is plenty to arouse our distrust in the policy of Russia's leaders but there is also much to call forth our ad-

miration for Russia's gallant *people*. To wage war against Russia would be to play directly into the hands of the leaders and alienate the sympathies of the Russian people for another generation. The conversion of Russia, as foretold by the Mother of God, is a consummation far more devoutly to be desired. For if our natural distrust of Russia's leaders drives us to the hysterical conclusion that Russia must forever be excluded from the human family then it will once more be blood, sweat, tears and despair for a generation yet unborn.

Will war with Russia come? Can anybody answer that question with a note of finality we may find reassuring? Yes . . . The question was answered at Fatima. *It will not come* if Christians heed the advice and the warnings of the Blessed Mother of God. For Fatima is more significant than Teheran. Through Mary, God has once more spoken to us with flash of fire from Heaven. For those who believe an "explanation" will be necessary. For those who do not believe, no conceivable explanation will suffice.

● THE FIRST APPARITION

In the Cova da Iria, on that momentous May morning in 1917, three little shepherds were tending their sheep on the hillside. They were Lucia, aged ten, and her cousins, Francisco and Jacinta, whose ages were nine and seven. They had just partaken of their simple home-made luncheon, finished their Rosary according to the pious custom of the place and started to resume their little games that helped while away the tedious hours. It was a beautiful day, not a cloud in the sky. As they gathered sticks and stones to build their little houses and forts and castles they were suddenly startled

by an unusually bright and vivid flash of lightning. Sensing an impending storm they rushed to gather their little flocks with a view to returning home when a second flash, quite near and to their right, made them turn instinctively in that direction. To their amazement they saw a most beautiful Lady, poised above a little green oak tree and surrounded by a halo of dazzling light. Thoroughly frightened by now, their first impulse was to turn and run away but the Lady beckoned to them and bade them approach. Her expression of kindly maternal tenderness banished their childish fears and in a voice of inexpressible tenderness she assured the little shepherds that she would do no harm. For a few moments they just stood and gazed in silent wonder at the beautiful vision before them. The Lady was clothed in a garment of purest white, which fell gracefully in soft folds to her feet (see cover) and was adorned with two golden stars, one on her breast and the other near the hem of her flowing

robe. About her neck was a golden cord, hanging down and ending in a tassel below her waist, while a heavy veil, also of dazzling white but bordered with rich gold embroidery, covered her head and enveloped her entire figure. Her face was youthful, kindly and gracious, yet tinged with a touch of sadness. Her hands, delicate and slender, were folded before her breast. From the hands hung a long, white rosary and it seemed as if the beads, cross and chain were made of shining pearl. Her whole person was so resplendent with light that it dazzled the children's eyes. For a while they were too awed to speak but finally Lucia, the eldest of the three, found courage to address the beautiful Lady. Who was she, where did she come from and what did she want of them?

● LADY FROM HEAVEN

The Lady replied that she had come from Heaven and that she wanted the children to return to this same place, at the same date



"To their amazement they saw a most beautiful Lady, poised above a little green oak tree and surrounded by a halo of dazzling light."

and hour, every month until October. In time, she told them, she would reveal who she was and just what she wished them to do. Meanwhile she wanted to know just one thing. Were the children willing to offer themselves to God to endure all the sufferings He wished to send them and to offer them up in reparation for sin and the conversion of sinners? Speaking for herself and her little companions and overcome by an emotion such as she had never known before, Lucia assured the gracious Lady that they were willing to do so. In that promise Francisco and Jacinta willingly concurred and, smiling upon the children as if pleased and consoled by their fidelity, the beautiful Lady gradually disappeared from sight.

Still awed and thrilled by the spectacle they had witnessed, the children held a little consultation. They decided that they would tell nobody because nobody would believe them, anyway, and they might even be punished for spreading such a fantastic tale. But the wonderful secret proved too much for little Jacinta to keep to herself. That evening she told it all to her mother. The word spread throughout the little village next day and the other two children were cross examined. They corroborated the story of the miraculous vision, were duly unbraided for inventing such impossible fairy tales, but, in spite of scorn and ridicule and threats of punishment, they all held fast to their precious story.

● SECOND APPARITION—

JUNE 13TH, 1917

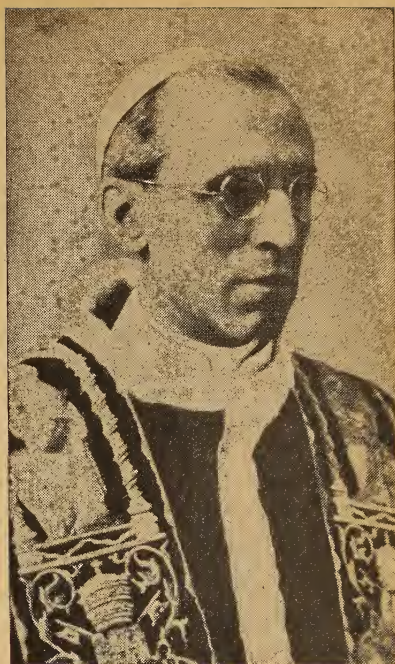
Another month went quickly by. Though few took the children seriously there were about fifty curious onlookers, Lucia's father among them, when the children returned to the Cova on June 13th, as directed

by the beautiful Lady. To their great delight she appeared as before, once more poised above the little oak tree. And she spoke to the children at length. She recommended especially that they *recite the Rosary frequently to help end the war*. She told Lucia that she wanted her *to learn to read* and also made known to this simple, illiterate peasant child that God wanted her to be the human instrument in spreading devotion to His Blessed Mother and that He wished especially to *establish throughout the whole world the devotion to the Immaculate Heart of Mary*. Once again, as at Lourdes when she had spoken to little Bernadette, the Blessed Mother spoke earnestly of the urgent necessity of penance. Within the light that shone from her garments the children were permitted to behold a heart surrounded with thorns that wounded it on every side. "My child" she said to her little confidante, "behold my Heart surrounded with the thorns which ungrateful men place therein at every moment by their blasphemies and ingratitude. You at least try to console me and tell them that *I promise to help at the hour of death with the graces needed for their salvation whoever on the first Saturday of five consecutive months shall confess and receive Holy Communion, recite five decades of the Rosary and keep me company for fifteen minutes while meditating on the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary with the intention of making reparation to me.*" Our Lady revealed that many souls were lost because there were none to make sacrifices and to pray for them.

● FURTHER APPARITIONS

It would be impossible to tell in one brief article the full story of Fatima and the subsequent apparitions of the Blessed Virgin. A veritable storm of protest raged through-

out the "liberal" press of Portugal and the charge was made that the priests were inventing the stories in order to set up a money-making miracle factory. The children were taken by the local authorities of the Fatima district and even threatened with death in an effort to have them recant but, in heroic simplicity, they replied that if they were killed they would go to Heaven and that they could not in conscience deny what had actually taken place. On the third apparition, at which about five thousand people were present, some of the onlookers grew impatient over the fact that only the children could see and hear the Blessed Virgin. They suggested that Our Lady be asked to perform a miracle that they could all see, thus removing their doubts as to the genuineness of the Heavenly visitations. Lucia submitted the request to the Blessed Virgin and she replied that when she returned for her sixth visit in October she would perform an outstanding miracle, visible to everybody and which would remove their doubts forever. With each successive month the crowds grew bigger and bigger while the campaign of slander and vilification rose to a positive frenzy of hatred on the part of the enemies of religion throughout the land. It was offset by the increasing piety and devotion on the part of the faithful and both believers and unbelievers welcomed the impending "showdown" in October. This "bold gesture" whereby a major miracle was announced in advance, to be performed on an exact date, October 13, 1917, at an appointed hour, mid-day and in a definite place, La Cova da Iria, would give the lie to the whole story, so the irreligious proclaimed. It but served to convince the faithful people that the Blessed Virgin would vindicate their belief and simple faith. Their trust was not misplaced.



At the close of the Fatima Jubilee, October 31, 1942, Pope Pius XII solemnly consecrated Russia and the whole world to the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

● THE GREAT MIRACLE— OCTOBER 13TH, 1917

All roads led to the Cova on the days preceding the great event. By October 12th the highways and lesser roads leading to Fatima were literally choked with people, devout pilgrims, curious onlookers, scoffers who had come to witness the "miracle fiasco" representatives of the press and prominent leaders in the movement against religion. The morning dawned most inauspiciously, raw and cold and with a drizzling rain. But it failed to dampen the hope and enthusiasm of the faithful. The crowds grew bigger as the morning wore on, till just before noon. Nearly 70,000 people were on hand to witness the great event. Precisely at the appointed hour a white cloud appeared and completely enveloped

the children. A murmur went through the crowd that the Blessed Virgin was speaking to them and the cloud remained visible to all for a full fifteen minutes. But this was not the promised miracle. This was but a preliminary to the most astounding spectacle ever witnessed in modern history and about which, for over twenty-five years, there has been such a conspiracy of silence on the part of radio, press and other forms of secular publicity that it has remained almost unheard of even to this day. As the cloud disappeared Lucia cried out: "Look at the sun. Look at the sun." Those within sound of her voice turned their gaze upwards and soon seventy thousand pairs of eyes were scanning the heavens. The vast crowd saw the sun change in color from golden to silver hue and found they could look without even shading their eyes. The rain suddenly stopped and there, before the astonished gaze of that great concourse of people, the sun, like a gigantic magic lantern, began to emit long beams of multi-colored light, green, red, purple, yellow and blue. As they stood, awed by the incredible spectacle that painted earth, cloud and sky with sunshine such as human eye had never seen before, the sun began to revolve speedily, performing a whirling dance in this maze of colored light. Three times it paused and three times the whirling was resumed. For twelve minutes in all that crowd of 70,000 people were privileged to witness the stupendous and incredible miracle of the sun.

● THE HEAVENLY TABLEAUX

While the people went to their knees singing the praises of the Blessed Mother of God, the children, and they alone, were privileged to behold a heavenly tableau, appearing in four different aspects "at the side of the sun".

1. The Holy Family. Our Lady of the Rosary and Saint Joseph carrying the Infant Jesus.
2. Our Lord as a grown man, lovingly blessing the assembled throng.
3. Our Lady of Sorrow.
4. Our Lady of Mount Carmel, with the scapular in her hand.

Then, as the final tableau faded before the eyes of the children, came the awe-inspiring *finale*. Like a gigantic wheel that had been torn loose by its dizzy whirling, the sun suddenly hurtled towards the earth, closer and closer with every terrifying second. Down, down, towards the crouching and terror-stricken crowd from whom fervent acts of supplication and pleas for mercy were mingled with acts of genuine contrition. All thought that this was the end of the world but the end was not yet. Stayed by the Divine Hand, the sun suddenly stopped in its headlong descent to earth and, as the multitude looked on, resumed its accustomed place in the Heavens, whence it shone forth peacefully as before.

● DECLARATION OF AUTHENTICITY

Thus the miracle of the sun, as beyond denial as it is beyond human explanation. It has been solemnly attested as authentic by an Ecclesiastical Commission, not that any attestation was necessary for the 70,000 people present on that never-to-be-forgotten October day, but that believers throughout the world may know of the Church's pronouncement upon the great miracle of Fatima. "This phenomenon" says the formal decree of 1930, "which was not registered in any astronomical observatory—a fact which shows that it was not natural—was seen by persons of every class and grade of society, by believers and incredulous, by journalists representing the

principal Portuguese newspapers and even by persons miles away."

● PEACE PLAN OF MARY, MOTHER OF GOD

The immediate purpose of our Lady's visit is already clear from her own words, consecration of the world to her Immaculate Heart and the spreading of devotion to the Rosary. Our tender and loving Mother in Heaven would save her children and save the world from the dangers that threaten on all sides to-day. And what human heart but would be moved to love and compassion by the mother's plea to the simple peasant children that in their Rosaries and meditations they think of her and offer up some little acts of love and reparation to the Mother of Sorrows who has willingly endured such suffering for us all! Yes, Mary would save us and save the world. The alternatives that confront us are set forth with arresting clarity in her amazing statement to Lucia during the apparition of July 13th, 1917:

"God wishes to establish in the world devotion to my Immaculate Heart. If people do what I have told you, many souls will be saved and will find peace. The war is going to end, but if people do not cease to offend God, not much time will elapse and precisely during the next Pontificate, another and more terrible war will commence. When night illumined by an unknown light is seen, know that this is the signal that God gives you that the chastisement of the world for its many transgressions is at hand, through war, famine and persecution of the Church and of the Holy Father. *To avoid this*" (note it well, *to avoid this*) "I ask for the consecration of the world to my Immaculate Heart and Communion in reparation on the first Saturday of each month. *If my requests are heard, Russia will be converted and there will be peace.*

Otherwise, great errors will be spread throughout the world, giving rise to wars and persecutions against the Church. The good will suffer martyrdom and the Holy Father will have to suffer much. Different nations will be destroyed, but, in the end, my Immaculate Heart will triumph. The Holy Father will consecrate Russia to me. Russia will be converted and an era of peace be granted to humanity."

● LAST CALL FOR PEACE




Much of the "chastisement of the world" has already taken place in this present terrible war. But it is also true, thank God, that much has been done to carry out the wishes of the Blessed Mother of God. Our present Holy Father, ardent apostle of this devotion, has solemnly and officially consecrated the world, and Russia especially, to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. His example has been followed by the civil rulers of eleven countries and by many Archbishops and Bishops throughout the world. During the five first Saturdays of 1943, January to May, the Pope ordered a special broadcast from Vatican City Radio, with meditations on the Rosary for the faithful the world over. But we realize that the Holy Father and our spiritual leaders alone cannot save us or save the world. The active and earnest co-operation of an awakened christian people is a vital necessity. It calls for fidelity on the part of all of us to the Rosary, the devotion of the First Saturdays and the act of personal consecration to the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

Will faithful Christians respond to this appeal in numbers sufficient to save the world? Time alone will tell. The "night illumined by an unknown light" has not yet been seen. It may be the eleventh hour for our civilization but there is still time to



(Continued on page 24)

THE CHINESE

HUGH F. X. SHARKEY S.F.M.



“CHING TSO” says my host and I sit me down
At a teakwood table, large and round;
Where there are no dishes or no cloth spread
But where ivory chopsticks lie instead.
Then the first course comes which is soup—bird’s-nest
And you drink it down with an extra zest;
For to drink with zest is to please your host
Though it may seem quite improper to most.
There are sharks’ fins too and barbecued pork
Which you don’t have to carve with a knife and fork;
For it comes chopped up—its one of the tricks
And you pick it up with your ivory sticks.
There’s a choice bean-curd that they call “der voo”
But I wouldn’t take much if I were you.
And bamboo shoots that you’re sure to like
With cooked chestnuts that are sheer delight.
And between each mouthful your genial host
Will raise his cup and propose a toast,
In hot rice wine that I’d merely sip
You may suit yourself—but its just a tip.
There are bowls of chicken and duck and fish
And you all dip into the common dish.
You may choose a morsel you think the best
And offer it to the nearby guest;



BANQUET



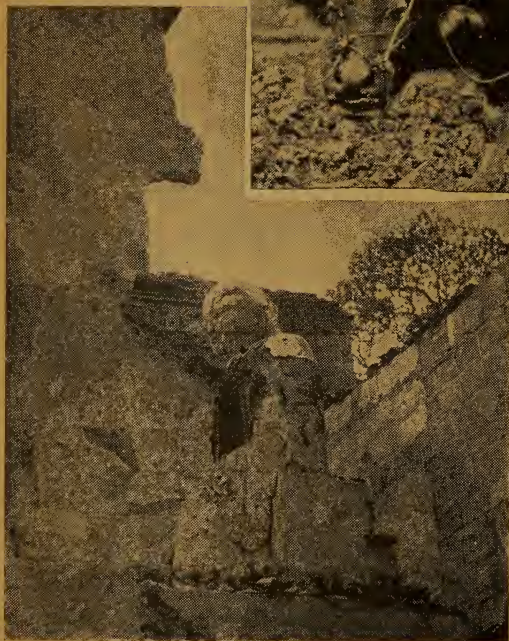
For though way back home 'twould be impolite
Here in old Lishui it is quite all right.

Water-lily hearts and mushrooms too,
Crabs and sea-weed and just plain goo.
Twenty-one courses, both bad and nice
And to top it off there's a bowl of rice.
Chinese "hors d'oeuvres"—just to put in time,
Melon-seeds, oranges, nuts and lime.
Till you rise (if you can) and voice your praise
Of the tasty dishes and gracious ways
Of your host, who speaks of his rotten food,
His filthy hut and his manners rude;
And pretty well takes away your breath
With his evident fears you have starved to death.
So, if ever you go to far Cathay
And an invitation comes your way
On a long, red paper—to have a chin
And a cup of tea with the mandarin—
Here's a very good rule that I'll pass along
Which if you'll remember you can't go wrong.
Its to try each course from beginning to end
But to eat but little of each my friend.
If you try each course—but a mite at most
You will neither pain yourself nor your host.



Your News In Pictures

*Little
Buffalo Bill*



*Disemboweled Buddha
—the old order
passes.*

*Major-General
Claire L.
Chennault
congratulates
Chinese pilots.*



A Clarion Call to Every Catholic Youth

Dear Catholic Youth:

I am writing this letter to you, to tell you about the grave and pressing need there is for missionary vocations among you; hoping, at the same time, that in reading it, you will give some consideration to such a noble and blessed work, in the deciding of your own vocation in life. Would that I could write to each one of you personally, words of appeal and encouragement to choose and embrace the life of a Missionary Priest or a Missionary Sister. But, we know that cannot be done; so I hope and pray that you will accept, this letter, dear student, as a direct appeal to you.

We who are studying, here at the seminary for the foreign missions, have experienced already the grandeur of such a calling as is ours. We know sincerely and certainly, that there is no greater or more sublime vocation in life. Has not Christ Himself said, "Greater love than this no one has, that one lay down his life for his friends". We have seen Missionaries depart, from home and country, to go to far off pagan lands as 'heralds of God's tender mercy'. Many long years they spend there, laboring for the conversion of heathen peoples. Some, after a time, have returned, not because they wished to, but because they were forced to, by ill-health or the adverse conditions of war. As yet, I have not met one returned missionary, who did not long and yearn to return to the mission fields. Why, this great and overwhelming zeal and love for their work? Does it make them rich in worldly goods? Do they find in it the completeness of earthly pleasure? Do they find in it escape from the miseries and sorrows of this life? No, these things are not the answer. The answer is,



"I am writing this letter"

they realize that their work is the greatest and noblest in the world; and the only work that really is worthwhile, when we consider the Catholic philosophy of life, namely, know, love and serve God in this life and be happy with Him forever in the next. Like St. Francis Xavier, the great missionary apostle of the Indies, they understand the full meaning of those deeply impressive words of Christ, "What does it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, but suffer the loss of his own soul?" These are the very words, that led St. Francis to become the noble and zealous missionary he was.

We must bear in mind always, that the missionary work of the Church is Her principle and foremost concern. The command of Christ, to His first Apostles, "Go,

therefore, and make disciples of all nations,"—is still the great command of His Church to the hierarchy and clergy throughout the world. Listen to what Pope Pius XI, of happy memory, says, on this matter, in his Encyclical, "Rerum Ecclesiae",—"For the Church has no other reason for existence, than, by enlarging the Kingdom of Christ throughout the world, to make all men participate in His salutary redemption. And whoever, by Divine Commission, takes the place on earth of Jesus Christ, the Chief Shepherd, far from being able to rest content with simply guarding and protecting the Lord's flock, which has been confided to *him* to rule, on the contrary, fails in his especial duty and obligation, unless he strives, with might and main, to win over and to join to Christ all those who are still without the Fold." The Popes of all times, have recognized this supreme duty and have zealously advanced, as far as possible, the missionary work of the Church.

The world of to-day, reveals to us the grave need there is for greater missionary endeavours. Many events of the past year or so, have shown us that the future missionary work of the Church, will demand innumerable missionary vocations among you, our Catholic Youth. World conditions at present point to the fact that America, the United States and Canada, will have the greatest part in the future missionary work of the Church.

The Canadian Missionary Exhibition held last October in Toronto, was meant to bring this fact home to the Catholic people of Canada; and also to stir them up to a greater interest in the Mission work of the Church. Certainly the best expression of their interest is missionary vocations. His Excellency Bishop Cody, of Victoria, B.C., on one particular day during the Exhibition, preached a Mission sermon at St.

Michael's Cathedral in Toronto. In the sermon, he brought out very clearly the fact that Catholics not only should, but must have a keen interest in this paramount work of the Church. Carrying his point a little further, he even expressed his desire and prayer, that our Catholic people would become so mission minded, that in the future every Catholic family would give at least one of its members to the Church's army of missionaries. This hope could be realized through prayer. God certainly does not fail to call many, when many are needed. What is required is the grace and courage to answer the call. This is obtained by prayer. Therefore pray for your own missionary vocation and for that of others.

Around the time of the Missionary Exhibition, we also had the privilege of having their excellencies Bishop Paul Yu Pin and Bishop O'Gara visit us here at the Seminary. No doubt you have heard of these two outstanding Missionary Bishops of China. Both of them, in their talks to us, brought out two important points, which we must keep in mind, regarding future missionary work in China. First, China has never before been so well disposed to receive the Catholic Faith. The undaunted courage, perseverance and charity of our Catholic Missionaries, during the period of the Chinese war, has left an indelible impression upon the minds of the simple Chinese people. They know now, that the Catholic missionaries are there, to help them, and also, that they have something worthwhile to teach them. Second, the conversion of China, and the burden of missionary work among her people, after the war, will rest chiefly upon the shoulders of our American Catholics. Are we going to fail in this God-given duty and privilege, and leave China and other mission lands to the ravages of satanic power and paganism? No,



"Music hath charms"

we cannot do that. Our Catholic faith will not permit it. We must with courage and zeal answer this call of Christ and go forth as His apostles, fulfilling those touching words of our departure hymn:

"Go forth, farewell, for life, oh dearest brothers,

Proclaim afar the sweetest name of God,

We'll meet again some day, in Heaven's land of blessing."

Bishop Paul Yu Pin has further stated, that, for post-war China, he wants one hundred thousand missionary priests and sisters from America. Canada must give her share to this formidable army of apostles. It seems to be a tremendous number, but every single one of them is urgently needed in that vast field, which is so ripe already unto harvest.

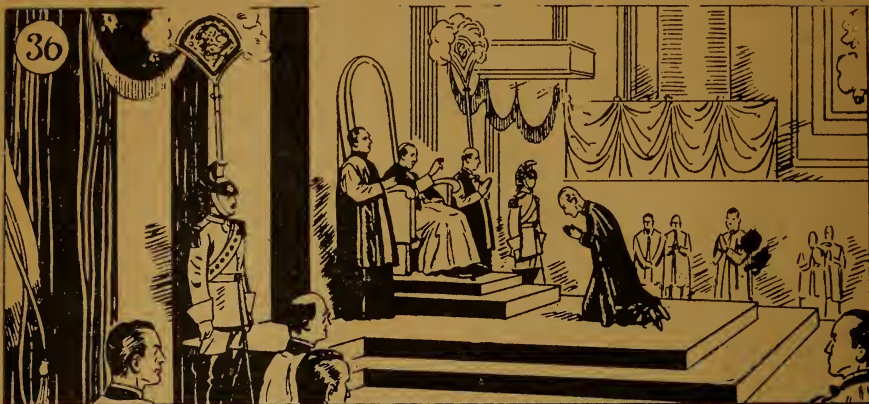
There are several other Canadian and Newfoundland boys studying here at the Seminary with myself, but we realize and know full well,

that to do the missionary work, which awaits us in foreign lands, our ranks must be increased by numerous recruits. In thinking upon this great need, we cannot help but picture to ourselves, Christ standing upon the hill, near Jacob's well, just outside the Samaritan town of Sic-har. As He stands there, He looks towards the town, watching the people streaming out to see Him. Their interest and curiosity had been aroused by the announcement of the Samaritan woman, to whom Christ had revealed her innermost secrets and proclaimed that He was the Messiah. Christ turns to His apostles and from the bottom of His heart, overflowing with missionary zeal, says to them, "Lift up your eyes and behold that the fields are already white for the harvest. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into His harvest." Christ was speaking of the harvest of souls, and well might we look out over the world to-day and see and exclaim in the words of Christ, how ripe the field of pagan lands is for the harvesting of souls into the Kingdom of Christ. Come then, let us all join in an army of missionaries, some to actually go forth to reap this abundant harvest of souls for God, others to remain at home and help by prayer. To this end, let our prayer be: "O God, send forth laborers into Thy harvest, and grant to those whom Thou dost call, to labour in Thy vineyard, the grace and courage to answer Thy call and persevere therein."

Therefore, in the light of all this, we plead with all of you to come and help us in this glorious and noble work. We ask those of you who have any interest in or inclination towards a missionary vocation, not to hesitate in writing to Father H. F. X. Sharkey, the Rector of the Seminary. Those of you also, who may find it hard to decide what vo-

(Continued on page 24)

Ambassadors of Christ



FATHER FRASER VISITS ROME
AND OBTAINS THE BLESSING
OF POPE BENEDICT XV
UPON HIS WORK IN CANADA.
(JULY, 1919)



THE HOLY SEE GRANTS PERMISSION TO SEND
MISSIONARIES TO KWEI CHOW, CHINA. FATHER SAMMON
IS THE FIRST PRIEST TO LEAVE FATHER FRASER'S
NEW FOUNDATION FOR CHINA.



OCTOBER, 1919 - BACK
AGAIN IN CANADA,
FIRST EDITION
OF "CHINA" COMES
FROM THE PEN OF
FATHER FRASER.

Life of Monsignor John Fraser

Illustrated by ARTHUR KEELOR

THE ORDINATION OF THE
FIRST PRIEST, REVEREND
DANIEL J. CAREY,
(FATHER SAMMON WAS
ALREADY ORDAINED WHEN
HE VOLUNTEERED FOR
FOREIGN SERVICE.)



FATHER FRASER ADDRESSING THE THIRD
CONVENTION OF THE C.C.S.M.C. SAID—
"I BEG AND ENTREAT YOU, AND THROUGH YOU
THE MEMBERS OF THE UNITS YOU REPRESENT,
TO DO ALL IN YOUR POWER FOR THE
MISSIONS—FINANCIALLY, PRAYERFULLY
AND PERSONALLY, BUT ESPECIALLY
PERSONALLY BY GIVING YOURSELVES
TO THE MISSIONS."



OWING TO THE RAPID GROWTH,
ADDITIONAL PROPERTY WAS
OBTAINED AT SCARBOROUGH
, AND REVEREND
WILLIAM C. McGRATH JOINED THE
TEACHING STAFF AT THE NEW BUILDING.



A Clarion Call

(Continued from page 21)

cation in life to choose, should write for information and advice regarding missionary vocations, which Father Sharkey will be only too glad to send to you.

Before closing this letter, to you, our Canadian Catholic Youth, we ask you, please to remember us in your prayers and think of us standing before you in the robes of a missionary priest, Cross in hand, echoing to you those appealing words of Christ, "Come follow Me."

Yours sincerely in Christ,

A Seminarian.

The Story of Fatima

(Continued from page 15)

avert the tragedies, errors, bloodshed and martyrdom.

For let us not be lulled into any feeling of false security by worldly-wise assurances of Utopia to be. There is a sinister "underground" at work to-day, in Europe and in North and South America. There are men consumed by hatred of God and His Church who, if they had their way, would send us once more to the Catacombs and see our streets run red with Christian blood. They are as tireless and unrelenting as the average Christian is supine. Their ceaseless, fanatical endeavours constitute a very real threat to our homes, our children, our social order and our civilization. The time is now, for all of us, to invoke the help of our Blessed Mother, "terrible as an army in battle array" to the forces of evil that would fain encompass our destruction. Join with us, dear readers and friends, in the divinely inspired Crusade to save Russia and save the world.

Devotion to the

Immaculate Heart of Mary

Means for practising and spreading this devotion

1. Consecrate yourself to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Any formula will suffice. Let it be a sincere entrusting of yourself, without reserve, to the maternal love of God's Blessed Mother.

2. Be faithful to the devotion of the five First Saturdays, as explicitly requested by the Blessed Virgin. Go to confession and Holy Communion. Say the Rosary as part of your thanksgiving. It will take about ten minutes. The remaining five minutes may be spent in meditation on any one mystery of the Rosary, or on them all. Take one mystery each Saturday.

3. Have the intention of making reparation to the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

Those are the essential conditions of this devotion. It goes without saying that the daily recitation of the Rosary is ardently to be desired, especially a return to the beautiful practise that saved the faith in Ireland, the family Rosary each evening. For Religious and those already accustomed to the daily recital of the Rosary, it is sufficient that they offer their usual Rosary on these Saturdays and take one or more mysteries of the Rosary as the subject of their meditation.

Confession may take place during the preceding or following week, provided that Holy Communion be received in the state of grace.

Immaculate Heart of Mary, save Russia.



The LITTLE ★ ROSE



FLOWER'S GARDEN

MY DEAR YOUNG MISSIONARIES:

Here comes The Little Flower's Rose Garden in a new setting. The Roses will be as "fragrant" as ever, and I hope you will soon get accustomed to the new surroundings.

* * *

I know that each and every one of you will read the article in this issue of CHINA, written by Monsignor McGrath, on the Miracles of Fatima. This should certainly spread far-and-wide the devotion to the Immaculate Heart of Mary and the Holy Rosary. Continue your campaign for the Rosary; say it yourselves and interest your friends in this thoroughly Catholic Devotion to Our Dear Mother, Mary Queen of the Missions.

* * *

All the Fathers of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society wish to thank the "Young Missionaries" throughout Canada and Newfoundland for the financial aid rendered our work for souls during Lent. May God bless you and your good teachers for such interest and zeal for the extension of the Kingdom of Christ, the King of Kings.

* * *

During the Month of Mary you will bring flowers to the Shrines of Our Mother, as you lay them lovingly at her feet ask her to inspire many hearts to make the great decision to become priests in the Foreign Legion of her Divine Son. It is only a few months until September when we hope to welcome many new students at our Spiritual Year House in St. Marys, Ontario. This House is called Nazareth House because at Nazareth the Holy Child spent many years in silent preparation for His great Mission of Redemption. Not that Christ needed any preparation, for He is God, but He did this to show you and me that only by prayer and study may we enter such a holy calling as the Catholic Priesthood. Pray then during May for a vocation to the Missionary Priesthood of Jesus Christ, the Saviour and Redeemer of the World.

Your devoted friend,

Father Jim

THE MAILBAG

Vera, Mary and Leo Fitzpatrick,
Carbonear, Newfoundland.

We have begun our savings for Lent and we have made a very good start. We go to Mass every morning for the Missions.

Daily Mass for the Missions is the biggest thing you could do; may others follow your example.

* * *

Rosie Koffler,
North Star, Alberta.

I would like to have a Pen-Pal of my own age, 12 years . . . Tell her to write soon.

I have, Rosie.

* * *

Veronica Hanlon, 29 Ready Street,
Fairville, N.B.

Enclosed you will find an offering for the Missions . . . Father Jim, are there any girls in the Rose Garden between the ages of 14-16 to whom I could write? . . . I became a member in February, 1944.

Now, Veronica, you may write and tell me how many "Pals" of that age you have made through the "China."

* * *

Leonard Doucette,
Reserve Mines, C.B., N.S.

I am five years old, but my sister is writing for me. My brother took me to Sunday School and the Sister gave her a "Sweet Marie" box to fill for China . . . They call me "Butch" but my real name is Leonard.

You couldn't have a better "real" name!

* * *

Gerald C. Penney, 5 Marcelle Avenue,
Corner Brook, Newfoundland.

I would like to have some Pen-Pals, and the ones I would like best are: Dorothy Boyer of Blind River, Ontario, and Twyla (?) and Danny Clement of North Bay, Ont. Here in Corner Brook we have beautiful scenery and lots of snow. There are all kinds and colors of birds and fish.

Gerald, I think the Corner Brook Chamber of Commerce should make you a member.

* * *

Michael Doyle, Mt. Pleasant, P.O.,
Bront County, Ont.

. . . Thirty Masses heard; 20 Holy Communion Received; 15 Rosaries Recited; Ejaculations 100; Stations of the

Cross 19 times . . . I have offered these up so that there will be more Missionaries.

Please God, you will be among them, Michael.

* * *

NEW MEMBERS

St. Patrick's School,
Cobalt, Ontario.

Grade VIII — Basil Scully, Mary Sweeney, Doreen Gleason, Donald McDougall, William Kennelly, Russell Bazinet, Patrick Ryan, John Pearce, Peter Ramey. Grade VII—Elsie Poloni, Rene Mondoux, George O'Gorman, Marie Villeneuve, Leno Corbelli, Leo Dagenois, Michael Sweeney, Quinto Paoletti, Edward Lavallie.

* * *

Mount St. Bernard,
Antigonish, N.S.

Leona Roberts, Margaret McLellan, Therese MacDonnell, Mary MacDonald, Cecilia Pellerine, Margaret Hall, Rhoda Cameron, Evelyn MacDonald, Evelyn C. McDonald, Geraldine Sears, Gertrude Chisholm, Imelda Bray, Patricia Cochrane, Marjorie Tobin, Joan Tutty, Theresa Kell, Loretta Foley, Catherine McIsaac, Imelda Foley, Adele Cameron, Theresa McPherson, Annabel Floyd, Patricia Morrison, Betty Sears, Philomena Brophy.

* * *

Ottawa, Ontario.

John Graham, David Graham, Eilish Macaulay, Ned Macauley, Burk Doran.

* * *

Port Arthur, Ontario.

Margaret and Mildred Gowan, 161 Parsons Avenue.

* * *

CANCELLED STAMPS FROM THE FOLLOWING

We Thank You

Theresa Roy, Madoc, Ontario; Mrs. John M. Morris, Alexandria, Ont.; Grade Seven, St. Gregory's School, Oshawa, Ont., per Margaret Eyre and Catherine Burnie; Clarie L. Frawley, Hamilton, Ont.; St. Monica's Sodality, Toronto, per K. Carey; Mrs. Aurele Renaud, Windsor, Ont.; Miss Margaret Maddaford, Whitby, Ont.; Clara Paradis, Sudbury,

CHINA

Ont.; K. Moore, Barrie, Ont.; R. J. Kelly; A Friend, Kinkora, P.E.I.; Mary Rose Brose, Placentia Bay, Newfoundland; Mrs. P. J. Northern, Lower Washabuck, N.S.; Annie Fisher, Glace Bay, N.S.; St. Martha's School of Nursing, Antigonish, N.S.; Mrs. M. J. O'Halloran, Brighton, Ont.; K. F. Summers, St. Johns, Nfld.; Miss Helen Coates, Toronto, Ont.; Mrs. M. J. McGuiney, North Bay, Ont.; North Bay College, North Bay, Ont.; Margaret Goettler, Stratford, Ont.; St. Ann's Academy, Victoria, B.C., per Miss Helen Stewart; Miss Evelyn Murphy, Corbetton, P.E.I.; Mrs. P. J. Keeley, Brewers' Mills, Ont.; Mrs. M. Tarrant, Roslin, Ont.; The Reverend A. Mayer, Scollard Hall, North Bay, Ont.; Mrs. T. O'Monahan, Fredericton, N.B.; Mary Lynes, Orillia, Ont.; Children, St. Patrick's Open Air School, Toronto, per Miss T. Duck; J. J. Guittard, Windsor, Ont.; Mrs. F. Ferguson, Perth, Ont.; Miss Gertrude Doucette, Hunter's River, P.E.I.; Mrs. J. B. Moriarty, Toronto, Ont.;

Mrs. J. G. McDonell, Dalhousie Station, Quebec; Isabel Beaton, New Waterford, C.B., N.S.; Miss Kathleen Cavanagh, Toronto, Ont.

Mrs. H. A. White, Calgary, Alta.; F. W. Earman Company, Hamilton, Ont.; A. J. McIntosh, Harrisons Corners, Ont.; Annette R. Lassaline, R. R. No. 5, Goderich, Ont.; Tome Pare, Windsor, Ont.; Miss Clara O'Connor, Peterborough, Ont.; Miss Marie Butler, Halifax, N.S.; Mary French, Toronto, Ont.; Mrs. G. MacEachern, Antigonish, N.S.; Miss Barbara Mary Black, Leaside, Ont.; Vernon Murphy, Kensington, P.E.I.; Mrs. Ed. Forget, Penetang, Ont.; Miss Marcella Mullins, Carbonear, Nfld.; Duncan Williams, Malartic, Que.; Nellie Sears St. John's, Nfld.; Miriam Vincent, St. John's, Nfld.; Miss Arnold, Kitchener, Ont.; Ronald Seitz, Kitchener, Ont.; Frank Skergeth, Kitchener, Ont.; Beatrice German, Kitchener, Ont.; John Barbon, Kitchener, Ont.; Mary Ciseski, Kitchener, Ont.; Joseph Cuyrilo, Kitchener, Ont.

The Religious Theatre of the Air

A WEEKLY RADIO PRESENTATION OF THE LIVES
OF THE SAINTS NOW HEARD ON FIVE
STATIONS IN ONTARIO

C H M L	—	HAMILTON	—	Sunday, 4.30 p.m.
C K S O	—	SUDBURY	—	Sunday, 2.00 p.m.
C J I C	—	SAULT STE. MARIE	—	Sunday, 2.30 p.m.
C K C H	—	OTTAWA-HULL	—	Saturday, 9.30 p.m.
C H P S	—	PARRY SOUND	—	Sunday, 1.30 p.m.

Radio's Most Popular Religious Programme

LISTEN-IN EVERY WEEK — ASK YOUR FRIENDS TO
JOIN YOU.



Convent School of Christ the King, Atlanta, Georgia, U.S.A. (These children have done wonderful work for the Missions).

● PRAYER OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER
FOR THE CONVERSION OF INFIDELS

“O Eternal God, Creator of all things, be mindful of the souls of unbelievers created by Thee and fashioned to Thine image and likeness. Remember that Jesus, Thy Son, suffered a most cruel death for their salvation. Permit not, I beseech Thee, O Lord, that Thy Son be any longer despised by unbelievers; but appeased by the prayers of holy men and of the Church, the Spouse of Thy most Holy Son, remember Thy mercy, and, forgetting their idolatry and their unbelief, bring them at length to acknowledge Him Whom Thou hast sent, Our Lord Jesus Christ, Who is our salvation, life and resurrection, through Whom we

are saved and set free; to Whom be glory throughout infinite ages. Amen.

500 days' Indulgence each recital
Plenary, once a month.

(With ecclesiastical approbation.)



St. Mary's School, St. Catharines, Ont.

China's Seven Years at War



"In the shambles that was once her home."



"Two little refugees."



"Up goes the air-raid signal at Chungking."



It's Time to Laugh



Mary had a little lamb—
You've heard this oft before—
And then she passed her plate again
And had a little more.

Mrs.: "I'll never go anywhere again
with you as long as I live."

Mr.: "Wh-why not?"

Mrs.: "You asked Mrs. Smith how her
husband was standing the heat and he's
been dead two months!"

Judge: "Did you see the shot that was
fired?"

Witness: "No, I only heard it."

Judge: "That is not sufficient evidence.
You may retire."

As the witness left the stand and while
his back was turned to the judge he
laughed out loud. At once the judge
recalled him for contempt of court.

Witness: "Did you see me laugh?"

Judge: "No, but I heard you."

Witness: "Insufficient evidence, your
Honour."

Mrs. Newrich was fond of flowers and
especially liked the Salvia, but was not
very reliable in getting her names right.
She was giving directions to her
gardener.

"On the side of the walk," she said, "I
want you to put out some salivas. Now
what would you suggest for the other
side?"

"Well, madam," replied the gardener
solemnly, "maybe it would be a good
idea to put some spittoonias there."

A newly-promoted colonel gave a din-
ner to his regiment. Addressing the men,
he said, jovially: "Now fall upon the
food without mercy. Treat it as if it
were the enemy."

At the end of the dinner he noticed
a sergeant sneaking away with two
bottles of wine.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Obeying orders, sir," was the reply.

"When you don't kill the enemy, you
take them prisoners!"

Stout Lady (to little boy): "Can you
tell me if I can get through this gate
to the park?"

Little Boy: "I guess so. A load of hay
just went through."

Mess sergeant, to private complaining
about the stale bread: "A soldier
shouldn't complain about such things.
If Napoleon had that bread when he was
crossing the Alps, he'd have eaten it
with delight."

Private: "I know that, sergeant, but it
was fresh then."

Gracie: "Did you read about the
enemy alien the R.C.M.P. just caught?"

George: "No. What about him?"

Gracie: "He had arms up his sleeves."

Manager: "We have to work to very
fine limits in this shop. Have you had
any experience?"

Applicant: "Yes, sir. For several years
I cut the ham in a restaurant."

"I want to hire a horse."

"Do you want him long?"

"Yes, there will be eight of us."

"Say," said the woman customer over
the telephone, "the next time I order
chicken, don't send me any more air-
plane fowl."

"What do you mean—airplane fowl?"
said the butcher.

"You know what I mean; all wings
and machinery and no body."

Visitor: "You don't mean to tell me
that you have lived in this out-of-the-
way place for more than thirty years?"

Brushville Citizen: "I have."

Visitor: "But, really, I cannot see what
you can find to keep you busy."

Brushville Citizen: "Neither can I—
that's why I like it."

First Actor: "There is as much strength in an egg as a pound of meat, laddie."

Second Actor: "Struck me that way, too."

Pat (pointing toward his heart): "Sure it was here where I was struck by the enemy's bullets."

Mike (looking dubiously at him): "Ay, man, sure and if ye had been shot through the heart ye'd have been killed."

"I'm sorry that I haven't a nickel," said the lady as she handed the car conductor a ten dollar bill.

"Don't worry, lady, you're going to have 199 of 'em in a couple of minutes."

Bilkins: "The fact is, doctor, that my wife does not walk enough. She can never be persuaded to go out without an object."

Doctor: "Then why do you not make a point of going out with her yourself?"

Mary: "Can you keep a secret?"

Roberta: "Sure, I can, but it's just my luck to tell things to girls who can't."

"Scientists say that the ants are the hardest workers in the world, but somehow they find time to attend all the picnics."

An Aberdonian went to Australia. When he returned three years later he found his three brothers, all with beards, at the railway station.

"What's the big idea?" he asked.

"Ye ken quite well ye took the razor awa' wi' ye," was the reply.

Shopkeeper (angrily): "What's the idea of throwing those shoes away?"

New Assistant: "They're no good. I've tried 'em on six customers and they don't fit any one."

My typist's away on vacation%
My typist;s away bg the sea;
She left me to do alz the typing%e
O bring back my typist to me!
Md typizt's aw-pg on vascation3
a fact gou can easilly zee—
IT's odd how thees letirs get mixed up
O brine back my tipr to me . . ?

Arriving home from the party, the wife confronted her husband:

"I'll never take you to another party as long as I live," she fumed.

"Why?" he asked in amazement.

"You asked Mrs. Jones how her husband was standing the heat."

"Well?"

"Why, her husband has been dead for two months."

Teacher: "Now, can anyone give me a sentence using the word 'diadem'?"

Elmer: "People who drive carelessly diadem sight quicker than those who stop, look and listen."

A professor, while tramping through a field, found himself confronted by an angry bull. Wishing only to pass and not to offend the beast, the professor said, "My friend, you are my superior in strength, and I am your superior in mind, and so, being so equally gifted, let us arbitrate the matter."

"Oh, no," replied the bull. "Let's toss for it."

So the professor lost.

"Folks," said the old coloured minister, "de subject of my sermon dis evenin' is Liars. How many in de congregation has done read the 69th Chapter of Matthew?"

Nearly every hand in the audience was raised.

"Dat's right, said his reverence. "You is jes de folks I want to preach to. Dare ain't no 69th Chapter of Matthew!"

Office Boy: "Please, sir, I think someone wants you on the telephone."

Boss: "Now, why do you say you think I'm wanted? Am I wanted or not?"

Office Boy: "Well, somebody called up and said, 'Is that you, you old idiot?'"

During a battle a general of a Negro regiment noticed that one of his dusky men seemed to be devoted to him and followed him everywhere. At length he remarked: "Well, my man, you have stuck by me well during this engagement."

"Yes, suh!" said the coloured soldier. "Mah ol' mommer back in Alabama done tol' me to stick wid de generals an' ah'd be O.K. Dem generals nevvah gets hurt, she says!"

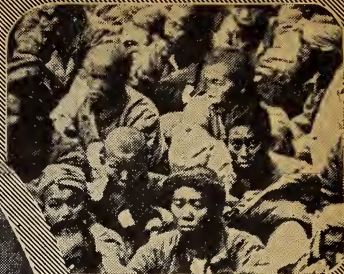
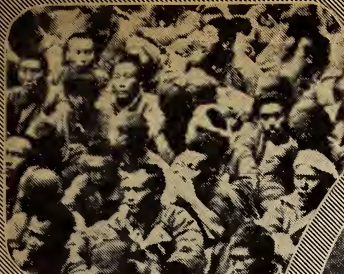


*New York's Chinese solicit aid for their brave countrymen and heroic soldiers.
Donations are thrown into this immense Chinese flag.*

We, too, plead for aid for our brave Missionary Priests and Sisters in far-off, war-torn China. We ask your help also for the millions of refugees in our district of Lishiu.

Be generous to God, Who has in His mercy sustained our arms, and given to our dear country peace and prosperity. Give an alms to Christ's missionaries, asking in return the protection and safety of your loved ones who are on active service.

Buy a Bond and give it to the Missions. Back your brave soldiers and heroic missionaries.



JUNE 1944

CHINA



Scarboro Bluffs. Ont.



IT'S YOUR MOVE

Your Canadian missionary priests and sisters, have left home and loved ones and country and gone to far-off China.

In far away Lishui these brave men and women have lived through all the horrors of the far-eastern war. Day after day, month after month, for the past few years, they have been bombed and machine-gunned from the skies.

They are homeless, poorly clad and often hungry. They have known sickness, weariness and loneliness.

Some have languished in Japanese prison camps, some are still interned.

And high up in the hills of Chekiang are the graves of those who made the supreme sacrifice.

Dear reader—it's your move now.

What Are We Fighting For?

IN A WORLD SO GIVEN OVER TO PLEASURE, so intent on the multiplication of its comforts and conveniences; in an age of international banditry, excessive nationalism and racial hatred, men would do well to study the brave, unselfish, noble example of the foreign missionaries. They have left home and loved ones, given up all those modern conveniences that we consider so necessary, willingly they have taken up the life in China's interior, where language, food, customs, and climate are so new and difficult. Their very life preaches most eloquently the international brotherhood of all men in the Mystical Body of Jesus Christ and is the strongest possible refutation of excessive nationalism, and the superiority of one race over another. A glimpse into the hearts of those brave missionaries would be a glimpse into a world for which at this moment we are waging the greatest war in history, a world dominated by the principles of justice and charity—a truly Christian world.

NEO-PAGAN, GODLESS MEN have been responsible for that titanic struggle in which we are all engaged and for the success of which we are asked to make so many sacrifices. The background of all our wars, unemployment and social unrest has been a background without God, and it would be well for us to realize that only in a truly Christian world will there ever be true liberty, justice, equality and happiness. It is the Divine Presence that makes heaven—Heaven; and the Divine Absence that makes hell—Hell.

SUCH BEING THE CASE, surely no Catholic persons will excuse themselves from aiding the missionaries and the missions because of the present

crisis. Hand in hand with our war effort must go our help in the propagation of our Holy Faith. It would indeed be an empty gesture if we won this war and did not at the same time attempt to eradicate those things which made that war possible. We would be but pulling the tops off the weeds in the garden, and leaving the roots still imbedded in the soil—to find once again, after twenty years or less, the renewed blossoming of all the old iniquities.

THE PRESERVATION AND PROPAGATION OF OUR FAITH is our first charity and our greatest duty. And the first line of defence of Christianity is not here at home, but in far-off China, India, Africa and Japan. Since it is true that to preserve our liberty in Canada we must defend it in Europe, so it is equally true that if we are to preserve our Holy Faith here in Canada we must propagate it throughout the vast pagan world.

LET THE EXAMPLE OF BRAVE MISSIONERS stir us to greater Catholic Action. Let us follow them with our prayers and support them in their missionary work in far-off China to the best of our ability. They are as courageously and gloriously fighting our battles as are the sailors, the soldiers and the Air Force, for they are making the greatest possible contribution to that longed-for world of tomorrow, in which men all the world over will be truly free and really happy, with the liberty and happiness Christ alone can give.

BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS will be their lot—*sacrifice, loneliness and discouragement* their portion. But if we really believe that we are fighting for Christianity, that the world needs Christianity, and that without a civil-

(Continued on page 21)

The Bulletin Board

Sincere Felicitations

The Very Rev. Dr. Basil Markle, English-speaking secretary of the National Secretariate of the Canadian Episcopate has been honored by His Holiness Pope Pius XII with appointment as Honorary Private Chamberlain to the Holy Father, with the title of Very Reverend Monsignor. The Rt. Rev. Msgr. Paul Bernier is the French-speaking secretary. Offices of the Permanent Secretariate of the Canadian Hierarchy have been opened temporarily in the University Seminary of St. Paul in Ottawa.

CHINA offers to Very Rev. Dr. Markle sincere felicitations.



Noted Chinese Convert

Following his wife and five children in adopting the Catholic faith, Dr. T. P. Siu, official delegate of the Chinese government in Washington, was baptized in St. Therese's Chinese Catholic mission there, last Sunday by the Rev. John T. S. Mao, who a year ago baptized the diplomat's wife in the same mission church. The five children of the Sius were baptized in the East and now attend Catholic schools. Dr. Siu took the name John in tribute to Father Mao who instructed him in the faith.

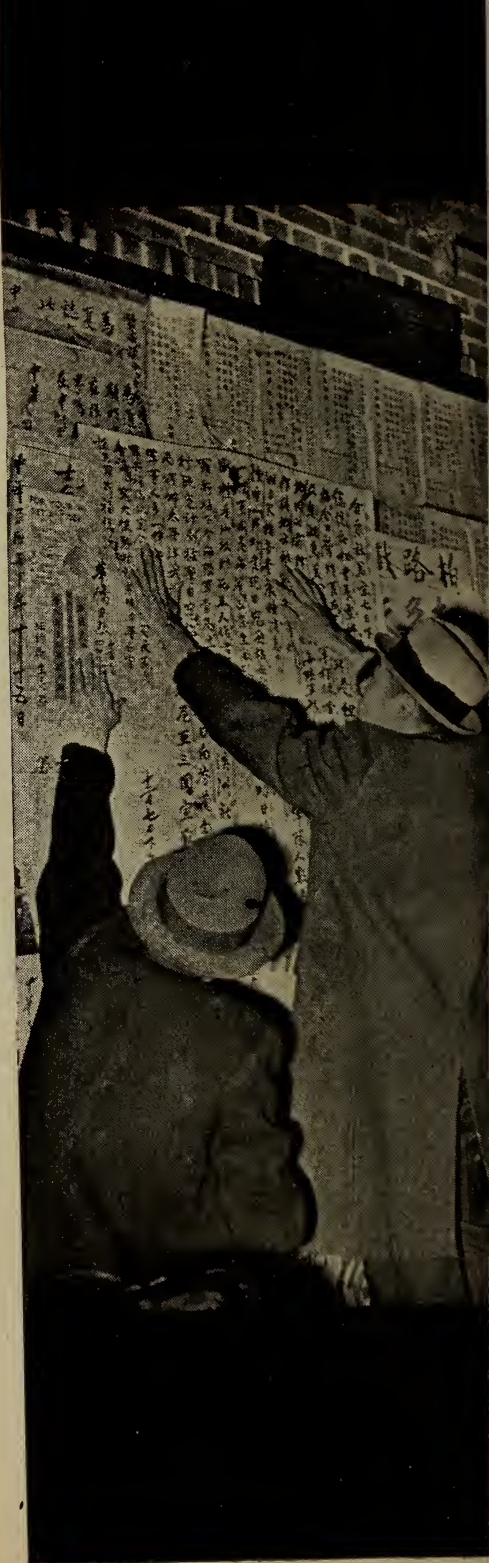


Our Cover

"Thy Kingdom Come in China."

June is the month of the Sacred Heart.

CHINA: Very Rev. Hugh F. X. Sharkey, Editor. Vol. XXV, No. 6, June, 1944. Issued monthly September to June; bi-monthly July-August. Rates \$1.00 a year. *Official Publication of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.* ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AND ADMITTED TO PRIVILEGED POSTAGE RATES AT THE POST OFFICE, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, JULY 10, 1924. *Published by Ecclesiastical authority. Printed by The Industrial & Educational Publishing Co., Limited, Toronto.*



Prelate Becomes General

NEW YORK — Mgr. Thomas Megan, Prefect Apostolic of Sinsiang has become a general in the Chinese Army.

His work, however, is wholly non-combattant and is concerned with the welfare of the Chinese troops. He receives the rank on his appointment as head of the Chinese Wartime Social Service Corps. This corps is a branch of the army and operates over the whole of North China.

Mgr. Megan, is a Divine Word missionary and was born in America. When the Japanese entered his prefecture he escaped to the mountains and made his way to the Chinese-held territory.

He has been in charge of Sinsiang Prefecture since 1936.



Hearty Congratulations

Most Rev. Hildebrand Antoniutti, Apostolic delegate to Canada and Newfoundland, announced recently that Pope Pius XII has appointed Most Rev. Joseph-Marie Lemieux, O.P., to the Episcopal See of Gravelbourg, Sask.

Bishop Lemieux, 42, a native of Quebec, is a member of the religious order of the Dominican Fathers. Ordained a priest in 1928, he went to Japan as a missionary, and in 1935 was consecrated Bishop of Sendai, Japan, at which time he was the youngest Catholic bishop in the world.

Returned to Canada in 1941 because of the Church's special circumstances in Japan, he was appointed Apostolic administrator of Gravelbourg diocese in November, 1942,

CHINA

whose residential bishop he now becomes.

The first Canadian Dominican to be appointed bishop in a foreign country, Most Rev. Joseph-Marie Lemieux was ordained to the priesthood in Ottawa in 1928 by the late Cardinal Rouleau. He then studied a year at Rome and spent some time at Oxford before leaving for Japan.



We Lose A Great Friend

A grand old lady, mother of our first missionary to die in China, has joined her beloved son in eternity.

Mrs. William F. MacGillivray, of King Edward St., Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, passed away early in May after a lengthy illness. Mrs. MacGillivray had been a faithful friend of our missions, even before Father Jim went to China.

Kindly, loveable and generous, Father Jim's mother was in her eighties when she died. Whenever any of our missionaries returned from the Far-East she was always interested in their work—and would spend hours talking of China and Father Jim.

A valued member of St. Anne's Parish, Glace Bay, and an active leader of St. Anne's Society, she was loved by all Glace Bay residents. Hers was always a hearty laugh and a cheery word for her friends. We recall her active manner of five years previous, but of late she had become somewhat feeble and looked forward to joining Father Jim. May God receive this sainted old soul and may she rest in peace.

Our deepest sympathy goes out to her devoted husband and her bereaved sons, Basil, Claude and Michael. Solemn requiem mass was sung for

(Continued on page 15)

TWAS EVER

Thus

REV. J. M^cGOEY S.F.M.



Boys will be boys the whole world over, and even though we can never condone what is undeniably wrong, still, it isn't altogether surprising when a boy gets caught at the jam jar, or, when at an age when his stomach dictates most of his bad deeds, we find him with his nose pressed flat against the local confectionary window, and his eyes obviously breaking the tenth commandment. If Our Lord could understand and pity the sinner of adult age, how much more must He who was child-like simplicity itself, understand the covetous little stomach of a child at the 'Jam-jar' age. And after all a child did make atonement for such sins when he sacrificed the five loaves and the two fishes that fed the five thousand people not counting women and *children*. And surely He must understand even better a Chinese child, for in China there are no windows to keep those hands away from the cookies in the shops, and there are not many parents who are interested enough to demand honesty in their children, especially where and when they won't be caught. So what?

Well, a couple of summers ago, before the Japanese took over, I was

in Lishui, on the sick list. Father Curtin asked me to look after a couple of small 'limbs of Satan', who had all that life and pep that make one realise that there is a lot of good in the worst of kids. They were orphans and had been brought to the mission by Father Harold Murphy who could see good in any boy; and when I came on the scene they were in the process of putting in the summer vacation time. Because the devil finds work for idle hands it was determined that I would see to it that at least four hands around those parts wouldn't be idle, but before I got through believe me I needed a vacation myself.

The two lads in question were, one Li Fu Shu, and one Ch'ien T'ieh Yung. Most of the day they spent wiling their time away in the school in the usual pranks of boys their age. I had my first introduction to the task I had assumed so rashly, when I went to the school one day looking for them, only to be faced with what looked like the remnants of another air-raid. There they were, in the midst of what seemed to be a combination jig-saw puzzle and erector-set. Yes, it was the school organ. It was a mess, and a true tribute to

that 'alarm-clock', age of every youth; an age when each embryonic inventor has the courage to assume that everything will turn out alright, and that taking the thing apart really was the hardest task. "Now boys, suppose you begin putting it together again". Two Chinese eyes sought and found two other Chinese eyes only long enough to agree that there was about to be a problem, and then four Chinese eyes with the uncertainty of grave doubt, looked into two foreign eyes. "Of course the Shenfu knows how to do that. We were sure of that or else we would never have taken it apart". Then came two ingratiatingly complacent grins, as if to say, "Now it is your move", or, "can you top that"? Herein was ample assurance that I who was so musical that B Flat only meant the second floor of an apartment house, definitely had a problem on my hands.

If busy they must be kept, then busy they would be. However, it is true that old horses wear out first, and there I was, wondering what could be done next. The penalty had always been to learn a chapter of the catechism. They beat me to it there. With their native ability to memorise, they learned the whole catechism by heart, and when I dutifully sentenced them to another chapter, they unconcernedly accepted the sentence, and remained out of my room only sufficiently long to think of something else to get into. And this Utopian state continued on until I finally realised they were away ahead of me.

At that time the bombings were so frequent that the Sisters were taking the girls from the school into the country early in the mornings, and bringing them back in the evenings after the 'All-clear' had been sounded; so in desperation I ordered the boys to carry all the things necessary for the lunch each day, for the Sisters. The boys soon came to my

room one day before they went out. "Shenfu", they said, "Our hair looks very bad. We need a hair-cut". Yes, they told me, it would be a dollar each, and immediately on receiving it they went off very happily. The cause for their great joy was not long in coming home to me. At four that afternoon, Sister Julitta, the superior said to me, "The boys have been awfully good, Father". I should have known then and there that something was cooking. Oh that womanly instinct that tells a mother that "her children would never do anything wrong". How often I myself had had cause to appreciate that instinct, and how unfortunate it had seemed to me then that a father's instinct had not faithfully corresponded. "Yes", she said, "the boys have been so good that when they asked me for a dollar for a hair-cut, I had no hesitation in giving it to them". There we were. Trouble shows its head sooner or later, and there was I at the gate of the mission to meet my beaming bambinos with their two heads shaved and shining like balls of bubble-gum, with not the slightest suspicion as to how soon the seats of their respective pants would be shining just as bright. But from the hair brush.

Those who have been so singularly blessed as to have come from a small town where all the world meets its neighbour of a Saturday night, can appreciate the evenings inside a mission compound, when after night prayers, the christians and the help all sit around inside the main gate, and chat with the priests about this that and the other thing. And where they usually wind up by asking the priest to tell them a story about something or other. So tonight, here it was. "Father Rice, please tell us a story". (Rice was my surname in Chinese). There they were, the Beelzebub twins; and I couldn't resist pricking the bubble of their 'Erstaz' happiness, and so I said. "Alright but this will be an allegory, and who



"They asked me for a dollar for a haircut."

will interpret it for me"? Sure enough, they couldn't resist completing a perfect day in a blaze of glory, and up popped the two little bald-heads. "We will, Father Rice". Then came the story of the Goose that laid the golden egg, in all its lurid details, and a very graphic picture of the deplorable effects of wanton greed and wantin' avariciousness. Now for the interpretation. "Who was the goose"? Oh yes of course, it was Father Rice. And who were the owners? Why of course, they were Li Fu Shu, and Ch'ien T'ieh Yung. Oh no! that just couldn't be. Who would be so foolish as to kill a goose that always laid a golden egg! Hair-cuts? What did Hair-cuts have to do with it? Oh! so Father Rice did know that they had chiseled a little bit on that deal. Oh, oh, what a life, and just for a few handfuls of cakes! And that new Chinese sage, Father Rice was saying, "He who sticks neck out, same gets head chopped off". Never before had they so fully realised the sheer beauty of honesty or the safety of a little humility which would have permitted them to save

face, to say nothing of neck. Yes, they had walked right into that one, and with everyone in the gateway being witness of their shameful guilt. Who could have told Father Rice that Sister Superior had given them money for a hair-cut. This was the end. Retribution was at hand. Or was it? What was Father Rice saying? "Now this old goose is not quite dead, but will lay one more egg". Ah yes that is better. Surely that egg would be apostolic forgiveness and reprieve. But gee! the look in Father Rice's face did not indicate that. Here it is. "Now boys, just one more egg, but this egg will be hard to take. It will be hard to take, but it has so many medicinal qualities that you will realise that it is good for you. Go to my room, and I will give it to you there". Oh, oh!. Yes they got a good licking but even Father Rice had to admit that it was more or less neutralised by those hard cloth trousers which Father Murphy had bought them in an all-out attempt to keep something between them and the open air, for at least one month

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The MAN ON THE CROSS

★ HUGH F X. SHARKEY S.F.



ARTHUR
KEELOR

The Man on the Cross

It lies between the winding river and the hills of Chekiang, this city of my story and the Chinese call it Tsingtien—Greenfields. Tsingtien, like most of China's rural cities, is walled 'round on every side, as a protection against two old and deadly enemies—one, the river, which, during the rainy season, swells and inundates the entire valley; the other, the bandits, who periodically swoop down from the hill country to pillage and destroy.

Now, "once upon a time", (for so indeed I should begin this fairy-tale which really happened), there lived a leper. This leper was so terribly disfigured and so eaten away by the most horrible of all diseases, that he was commonly called "the most frightful leper in all China."

He sat at the gate of the Temple of Lanterns on the main street of the city of Tsingtien. Never in all my life have I ever seen a sight that filled me with more pity and disgust than did that almost nightmarish figure, that mass of corruption and decay, that seeming embodiment of all the ills of all mankind, spilled as it were from a worm-crawling grave—the living dead.

The Chinese mother would hurriedly cover the face of her baby as she passed the spot. The dirtiest beggar on the street would keep a goodly distance from that loathsome figure. There he would sit, through all the inclemencies of the weather; under the blistering, tropical, summer sun, and in the raw, damp cold of the far-eastern winter. It was his only home, that spot beside the temple gate. He lived there through the dreary days, the long months and the longer years. He lived there, if one could call it life and one day he died there.

Half his face had been eaten away, the fetid, lice-ridden rags mercifully covered the cadaver of his body,

while the stump of a hand tried to clutch the dirty rice-bowl that was held out beseechingly before you.

I had only just been appointed to Tsingtien and it was my custom to take a daily walk down the main thoroughfare of the city and out into the country beyond. So, every day I passed the Temple of Lanterns and stopped to drop a mite into the rice-bowl of the leper—Wong Li. The stench about him was unbearable, the very sight of him struck terror and horror in one's very soul. But that awful disgust that I felt at the nearness of him was drowned out in the wave of pity and sorrow that engulfed me. I was determined that if Wong Li had nothing to live for, I would give him something to die for.

The leering pagan gods; the musty sombre temples; the ridiculous conglomeration of buddhistic and taoistic superstitions—what had they to offer this loathsome, rotting leper, but despair and darkness and abysmal loneliness! What could the intellectual lights and the great ones of this world offer? What could anyone offer? Even the mythical Superman, holding the runaway express with its precious human cargo upon the track; even the redoubtable Tarzan, hero of boyhood tales, saving the hero from the jaws of the lion and tearing the king of beasts to pieces with his naked hands—what could even these fantastic creatures do for this epitome of human hopelessness before me?

In that moment there came to me the full, marvellous, almost paralyzing realisation of what it meant to be a priest, a missionary priest. Where baffled science stopped and human endeavor turned helplessly away, I stood my ground, sublimely conscious of that tremendous power that was within me—for out of the

fetid, mass of corruption and decay and deep despair that grovelled there before me, I could in my priestly hands mould a thing of eternal and unutterable beauty.

At first, I simply said hello to Wong Li and gave him my alms with a smile. Gradually, smothering my disgust and horror, I stayed to talk with the leper. He was for a long time wary and suspicious of me. Why, he was asking himself, did the foreign gentleman take such a keen interest in him whom the people called "the most horrible leper in all China"? What did this white man with the long black dress want of him? What could he possibly want?

I found him taciturn, and at times almost unfriendly. One day I would bring him a few cigarettes, the next day a few rice cakes. Ever so slowly but ever so surely, I dissipated the fears and won the heart of the leper of Tsingtien. And when I had won his heart, I bent all my energies to the task of winning his immortal soul.

I began to tell him of God and of Jesus and of Mary and of paradise. It took me back in memory to the long-lost yesterdays, when in the twilight time I had sat at the feet of my sister and listened in rapt silence and starry-eyed wonder to those fairy-tales that always began "once upon a time" and always ended "and they lived happily ever after."

Day after day, I unfolded to Wong Li the leper, a tale that made those fairy-tales of childhood seem shabby in comparison—a tale of real people who rose from rags and poverty and wretchedness, to become princes and princesses in a land whose gates were of amethyst and jasmine and whose streets were of silver and of gold—a country of unutterable wonders, everlasting happiness and eternal glory, that lay beyond the farthest star.

I can still see that awful face fastened unalterably on mine as I told



"A boy ran up to me in the Mission compound."

my story. I can still hear the expressions of amazement that fell from those lips festered and broken by the cancerous death that was upon him.

It was so beautiful the tale I told him—incredibly beautiful. To this caricature of a man, forgotten, despised, unloved by anyone; this creature who watched from day to day the slow decay and putrefaction of his own body; and whose pagan beliefs offered naught but a nether world of continued suffering, darkness and torture — my words must have sounded like the rantings of a madman and the heaven I described but a fantastic, impossible mirage of an unbalanced brain.

But, by God's grace, in time he did believe and so, one, bright, glorious summer day, I baptized Wong Li the leper, there at the very gate of the temple. Crowded around me were the curious villagers, perplexed and astounded at my words and actions. As I poured the baptismal waters over the leper's head, I remember so well the remark of one of the pagan

bystanders. "Too little water", he said, 'you need plenty water wash Wong Li—him velly dirty". I could not help but smile, as I thought to myself of the immaculate purity and the transcendant loveliness of the soul of the leper, regenerated in the waters of baptism. If my pagan friend could only have seen the guardian angle of Wong Li fold his golden wings and shade his eyes from the splendour and dazzling brightness he could not dare to look upon.

Wong Li made his First Communion a few days later. Once again, Jesus of Nazareth walked the city streets and had compassion on the leper, for it was there at the gate of the pagan temple that the Lord of Glory wrapped poor, dirty, disease-ridden Wong Li in His sacramental arms.

And then came the day when a boy ran up to me in the Mission Compound and told me that my leper was dying and was calling for his friend the Seng Fu. I hurried to the gate of the Temple of Lanterns. Poor Wong Li lay there in his last agony and unmindful of the curious bystanders, I dropped on my knees beside him and began the prayers for the dying. Gripped tightly in the half rotten hand was the crucifix I had given him on the day of his baptism—it was his passport to eternal life, his key to everlasting happiness. Wong Li had been greatly impressed by the story of Christ's terrible sufferings and he always reverently referred to Jesus as "the Man on the Cross".

The end came very suddenly. He tried to rise to a sitting posture and I heard him whisper the name of Jesus and saw him press his bleeding lips to the lips of the figure on the cross. And thus he died.

I stood up and almost unconsciously lifted my eyes to the cloudless blue of the summer sky. I knew that

as suddenly as a blinding flash of lightning, the soul of the leper of Tsingtien had winged its way to the very portals of paradise. I tried to visualize that tremendous moment when the gates of heaven were thrown open and Wong Li walked awkwardly up the gold-paved street of paradise, awed by the sweetness of the song of the angelic choirs, amazed by the beauty that "no eye hath seen or mind conceived". I could almost hear the voice out of the Beatific Vision say—"What is your name?" And I fancied I heard poor, humble Wong Li answer in his childlike simplicity—"I am the most horrible leper in all China". And then, the light became too bright, the music too sweet, the glory too unspeakable. I seemed to see a nail-pierced hand take the hand of the leper and draw him into that nebula of unutterable splendor and heard a voice say—"I too was accounted as a leper and as one struck by God, for I am the Man on the Cross."

And so I end my story of Wong Li, the most horrible leper in all China, who "once upon a time" sat at the gate of the Temple of Lanterns in Tsingtien and now sits upon the throne of an angel in the palace of the King of Kings, in the city whose gates are of amethyst and sapphire and whose streets are of silver and of gold, where everyone 'lives happily ever after".

In making, or revising, your Last Will, please remember the Missions by inserting the following:

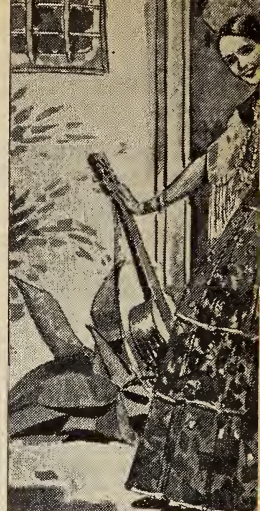
"I BEQUEATH TO THE
SCARBORO FOREIGN
MISSION SOCIETY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT., THE
SUM OF \$.....



Fiesta

by

Rev. J. King,
S.F.M.



HERE, as in Spain, our good people, who are such lovers of music, celebrate with much pomp and ceremony a great number of important festivals not unlike the one at which I assisted in Bayaguana some time ago.

This festival, of which I am anxious to tell you readers of CHINA, is called "la fiesta des los toros del Santisimo Cristo des los milagros".

Since by this time some of you are already asking the meaning of all this, let me explain.

You see, our beloved Archbishop, Monsenor Don Ricardo Pittini, is in great need of more and more priests. One of the means whereby he obtains funds for the upkeep of his seminaries is to sell at public auction as many bulls as he can procure free of cost.

These animals are promised by the people of this vast Arch-diocese, while the remote as well as the proximate preparations for the sale are in the hands of a group of selected men whom we call "comisarios". These men go out into the highways and the byways and as good members of "Catholic Action on horse-back" (la accion catolica a caballo) they, in accordance with the instructions of their chaplain, arrange to

have all these animals brought to the place in Bayaguana, where year after year they are kept until the time for the sale has arrived.

I shall never forget the hustle and bustle of those days and especially when, amid the loud clanging of bells, 130 excited though very tired bulls were herded quite near to the piazza of the church-shrine where all our comisarios, bearing banners, and seated upon their steeds, were awaiting the arrival of their Chaplain, Father Carlos Guillot, M.S.C.

From the lofty balcony of the church Father Carlos, who deserves so much credit for the splendidly efficient manner in which he organized the whole affair, spoke to the hushed crowd.

Soon a great shout was heard echoing up and down the valley. It was the great cheer given by these good fellows at the termination of the speech.

Within a few moments the crowd, which consisted mainly of comisarios, their assistants, members of their families, and hundreds of other people, in their eagerness to venerate the wonderful Crucifix which graces the triptych enclosed in the reredos of the main Altar, filled the edifice to overflowing. (Some day some of

us who, from now on, will be in charge of that place will give particularly to all those who read CHINA, a detailed account of the "fiestas" of Bayaguana.)

The sixth day of January is the day set aside for the termination of the Novena in honour of this miraculous Crucifix of Bayaguana. During those nine days all sorts of people assemble in Bayaguana. Beggars with outstretched hands plead for alms, hawkers advertise their wares, photographers take the pictures of those who pose for them, and pilgrims as well as visitors, who ride into town seated upon mules, horses and donkeys, occupy every bit of available space in the homes of the people who, as a rule, are professional caterers.

I am sure that those of you who think it quite all right to sleep in once in a while will be elated when I tell you that, after having played their musical instruments practically continuously throughout the whole night, our local musicians go out at approximately five a.m. and, amid the thunderous roar of many fire-crackers and the ringing of all the bells in the belfry, they parade up and down the streets endeavouring to awaken from their peaceful slumber all those whom the music of the wee hours might not have disturbed.

The church is usually filled when the priest, preceded by rather sleepy Altar Boys, goes out to the sanctuary for the first Mass at about six o'clock.

The Fathers who are stationed at that Shrine are very busy, particularly during the Novena preceding Epiphany, as well as during Holy Week, because there are children, and even adults, to be baptized, the confessions of the retreatants to be heard, the religious articles of the throngs of devotees to be blessed, the alms for the upkeep of the Shrine to be received, the offerings of wax to be collected and to be manufactured



Father Hymus about to leave for the campo

later on into rather crude but serviceable candles, and the children and other candidates to be prepared for the reception of the Sacrament of Confirmation.

Let me state here the great need for rosaries and medals in order to satisfy the needs of our people who appreciate these things and use them respectfully. The few plastic medals which we brought with us are quite popular. How joyful we would be if some of you would donate even a few used Altar missals. Our next Band could bring them along from our Headquarters, Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario, Canada. Or, if our benefactors choose, they could send them by parcel post directly to us here.

I hope that all the Canadian and American children, so many of whom I have met, will not forget us who have been frequently edified to see them serving Mass, visiting our Lord

in the Blessed Sacrament, decorating the shrines of our Lady to whom so many of our people here are so greatly devoted, receiving the Sacraments, going the Way of the Cross, and assisting at Holy Mass.

Surely, we have every good reason to hope that the Church is not going to suffer for the want of priests, Brothers, Sisters, and great groups of exemplary Catholics as long as so many of her youth are the spiritually healthy members of the Mystical Body of her Divine Founder.

I said something about the great clanging of bells. All of these, which are firmly attached to rods which have been inserted into the church tower, are rung, not as we are accustomed to seeing bells rung in Canada and in the U.S.A., but as ship bells are rung. One of these campanas, as they are called here, is rung solely as a fire alarm.

With very few exceptions all of these bells over here are very old. As you know, many of the churches in this country are centuries and centuries old. The bells which were installed at the time of the opening of these Houses of Prayer are in many instances still there.

Before I conclude let me assure you that, particularly during the celebration of Holy Mass and the recitation of other official prayers, we are mindful of you and yours.

May our glorious Patron, St. Francis Xavier, obtain from our Blessed Redeemer and Prince of Peace a very special blessing for you and yours.

Respectfully,
J. O. KING, S.F.M.

Bulletin Board

(Continued from page 5)

the repose of her soul in the seminary chapel by our Superior General Right Rev. J. E. McRae, who

CHINA

was a personal friend of Mrs. MacGillivray.

Please remember Father Jim's mother in your prayers.



A Great Loss

The sad news has just reached us of the death of Sister Xavier Berkeley of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. Early in April, Sister died on Chusan Island, China, after fifty-four years on the Chinese Missions. She was the daughter of Mr. Robert and Lady Catherine Berkeley of London, England, and granddaughter of the late Lord of Cranmore.

The priests of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society knew Sister Berkeley well, as did also the pioneer Grey Sisters of our Lishui district. She was one of our dearest friends in China and we owed her a debt of gratitude for her many kindnesses—a debt we could never possibly repay.

We recommend her great soul to the prayers of all our friends and readers. The Church in China has suffered an irreparable loss. May she rest in peace.



● PRAY FOR OUR DECEASED BENEFACTORS

John F. McCarthy
Mrs. Evelyn McDonnell
Miss Margaret Webster

● THANKSGIVING FOR FAVOURS RECEIVED

Thanks to the Little Flower for a favour received through her intercession.—M. Q.

● STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL

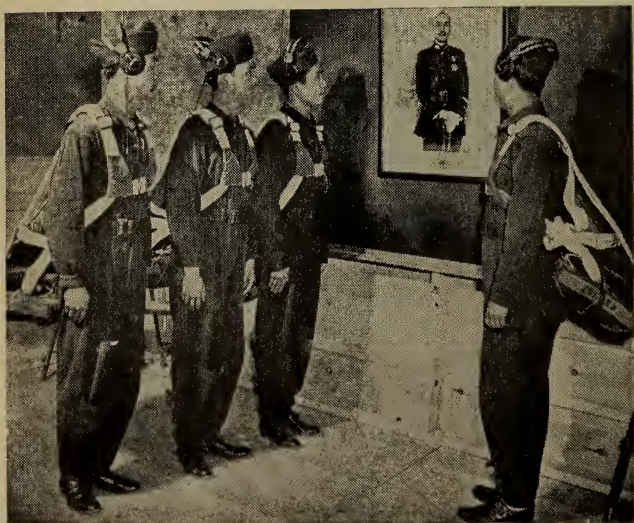
The Women's Auxiliary of our Seminary wish to announce their annual Strawberry Festival and Raffle. It will be held at St. Anne's Chinese

(Continued on page 21)



General Stillwell decorates a Chinese pilot.

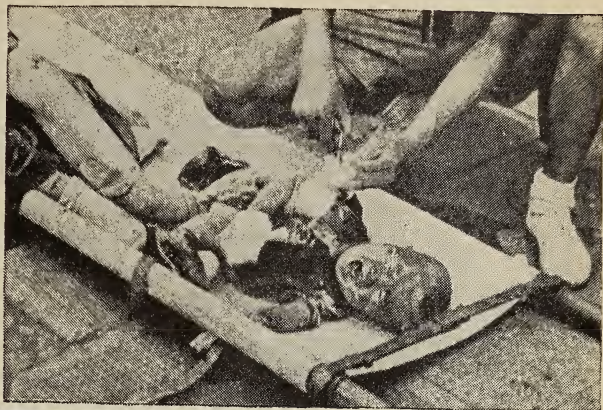
Life goes on amid the ruins.



The Generalissimo is their inspiration.

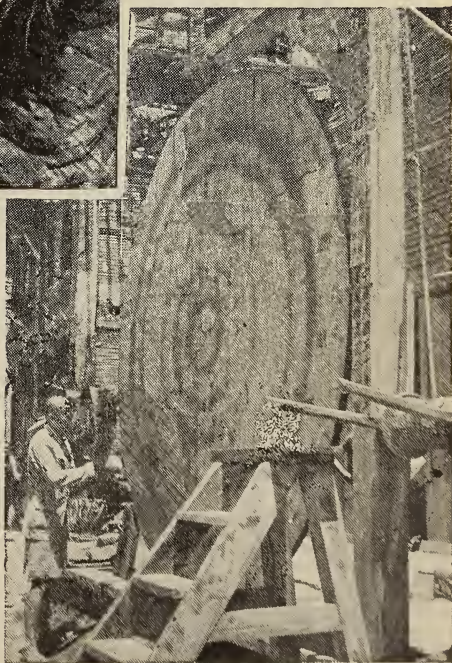
in Pictures

A tiny victim of war.



Another war orphan finds a home with the Sisters of Charity.

This huge map tells the number of planes approaching Chungking, the capital, and from what direction they come.



"...Nae Come" Back Again?"

VERY REV. M. L. CURTIN



In September 1940, a portion of the Vicariate of Hangchow was attached to the Prefecture of Lishui. This section was made up of eight civil Sub-Prefectures, including Kin-hwa, Tungyang and Tangchi, where Msgr. Fraser, and Fathers McFarland, McAuliffe, McRae, Kelly and Morrissey were stationed. Soon after the annexation of the new territory was announced and consummated I expressed my intention of visiting the district, and Msgr. Fraser kindly offered to accompany me. I was glad of this, for his knowledge of the district as well as his knowledge of the language would be most helpful to me, especially in those missions under the direction of the Chinese Priests.

In December we were notified that the First General Chapter of our Society would be held at Scarborough Bluffs in June, 1941, and that Msgr. Fraser was appointed to attend as one of the Delegates. I felt that I must step lively if I was to have his help even for part of the visitation, for I supposed he would leave for Canada shortly after New Year's. Accordingly, I went to Kin-hwa for Christmas, and we planned to visit the north eastern part of the Prefecture immediately after the Feast, for if we waited we might meet with bad weather in that mountainous district.

The first lap of the journey was to be by train, the rest by bus and sedan chair. Fr. Fu had come from that direction a few days previously, and

reported that trains going both ways were crowded, but with the help of a friend at the station he promised to get us seats. The trains ran only at night for day trains were in danger of being bombed so in the evening we went down to the station. Fr. Fu and his friend were as good as their word, and as soon as the train pulled into the station, they promptly climbed in through the windows and held places for us, while we crowded in as best we could.

I recalled the first time I had rode on a train on this line, that was in January 1936, when I had my first glimpse of Chekiang. I was with Msgr. McGrath and Father Beal, both of them returning from sick leave. Msgr. McGrath had been absent from Lishui for about fifteen months, because of a serious sickness that took him to Canada and Newfoundland, and Fr. Beal had had a major operation in a Shanghai hospital, the previous May, followed by a trip to Canada. We boarded the train at Hangchow in the morning for the five hour run to Kin-hwa. The coach compared favorably with a second class coach at home. It was comfortably filled, but not overcrowded, and everything went along well. How different the train of 1941! Every seat was filled, the aisles were jammed, every available inch of space was taken up. The baggage racks were piled high with merchandise and at every station more passengers and more baggage pushed on. The explanation was that merchants from

the smaller towns and villages in that direction found it more satisfactory to come to Kinhwa in person, make their purchases, and carry their supplies back with them, than to depend on freight or express. With the increase in passenger traffic and the decrease in the number of trains, since the day trains had been cancelled, it was no wonder there was considerable congestion. Conditions became worse, too, as time went on. I traveled over part of the same line later that year, and only once did I enter or leave a train by the door, but climbed in and out by a window. The last time I traveled on that line, it was in a box car, and we sat on our baggage.

Our train crept along at a snail's pace, and stopped about every ten miles. There were few villages along the track where we did not stop. Having stopped we never seemed in a hurry to start again. The result was that it was nearly mid-night when we reached Suchi, about 9 miles from Fr. J. B. Cheng's mission of Puchiang, our destination. There was a bus road to Puchiang, but no busses till eight next morning, so we checked in at the village inn. We were shown to our room, or rather to our dormitory, for we shared it with about six or eight other men, all of whom had already turned in.

It did not take us long to follow suit, for our sleeping quarters were simplicity itself. Readers of CHINA know by now what is meant by a "Three Season Bed", that is, no Spring. Ours had not only no springs, but no mattresses, and no trimmings of any sort, simply a few boards stretched across two benches, and these covered by a straw mat about an eighth of an inch in thickness. The traveler is supposed to supply his own bedding, and he is well advised, for obvious reasons, to do so. No matter how thick one's blanket is, such a bed is hard, and after 7 years in China I have never



Very Rev. M. L. Curtin, S.F.M.

become partial to it, though some of our Missionaries, who have had more experience in roughing it, prefer the boards to the soft mattress.

One corner of my bed must have been lower than the rest, and the straw mat slippery, for as I turned over during the night, I found myself out on the mud floor, bedding and all. It is well I did not have far to fall. As I began to pick myself up as quietly as possible, a flash light was turned on me, wielded by Msgr. Fraser, but he was the only one in the room who seemed to hear the commotion. The Chinese are like that: The house could fall down, but unless a beam fell on the bed they would not be disturbed.

We were up and about early the next morning, for we did not want to miss that bus to Puchiang. We could have taken our time, for it did not leave till about eight o'clock and it was not crowded, (for a wonder). We saw some starting out on foot, for they do not mind a walk of eight or nine miles, especially with the recent raise in bus fares, out of all proportion with that of the train. In less

than an hour we were at the bus station in Puchiang, where we were met by Fr. J. B. Cheng who escorted us to the Mission. Here we were greeted by a barrage of fire-crackers and a good turn out of Christians, and where we said our Masses in the beautiful new chapel.

Puchiang is a good sized town, and like the Mission of Yaomaotien 50 li, (18 miles) away, also attended by Fr. Cheng, is a flourishing Christian community. This was partly the result of what the people then considered a calamity, but which was a blessing in disguise. A few years ago there was a crop failure which resulted in a rice famine and starvation threatened. Through the kind influence of the late Mr. Lo Pa Hong of Shanghai, deservedly known as the "St Vincent de Paul of China", relief was arranged and thousands of bowls of rice were dispensed to the starving people at the Mission. Living quarters were set up and people were kept there by the week. In their spare time they were invited to listen to and study Christian Doctrine, and when the course was completed many signified their intention of becoming Christians and asked for Baptism. More gratifying still, the majority of them persevered, and they give the impression of being sincere unspoiled devout Catholics.

During our short stay at Puchiang many received the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist, and a fair number were confirmed. It was most edifying to hear them recite their morning and evening prayers and the prayers at Mass. Father Cheng deserves great credit for the work he has done here and at Yaomaotien.

The village of Yaomaotien is about 50 li over the mountains, and we went by sedan chair, taking most of the day. The village is smaller than Puchiang but much more compact. The chapel there is a replica of the

chapel in Puchiang, both built with funds collected by Msgr. Fraser from friends in America. Fr. Cheng was then building a school in this Mission, but we have never heard if he was able to finish it. Very little information has come from that quarter for the past nine or ten months, since it was occupied by the invaders. The district is still occupied, and we hear that soldiers have taken over the Mission at Puchiang, and that the residence at Yaomaotien, and very probably the school, there were totally destroyed by fire. Recently we heard that Fr. Cheng and his Assistant were roughing it, which means, I suppose that they are living in seclusion somewhere in the mountains. It is difficult for us to contact them, much less to help them, for they are in occupied territory and we are in what is known as Free China. After a pleasant stay of two days at Yaomaotien Fr. Cheng returned to Puchiang, and Msgr. Fraser and I went out to a station called Anhwa to return by train to Kinhwa. It meant another 50 li chair ride, but it saved us a day's wait. On the way we stopped for a while during the noon hour at a little Mission in the Ningpo Vicariate. The Catechist and his wife were delighted to see us, for they had not seen a priest for many months.

We were in Anhwa early in the evening, and would have to wait till about two in the morning for our train. As we strolled about the town we attracted a lot of attention, for apparently the people, and especially the children, were not accustomed to foreigners. We decided to rest until nearly train time, and took beds within sight and hearing of the railway station. This time we had the dormitory all to ourselves. The train that brought us to Suchi a few nights before would go up before midnight to Tsuchi, close to the Japanese lines where it would turn, so we could wait till it went up before

making ready to go to the station. When the train came it was packed as before, but we and scores of others pushed on somehow and managed to drag our baggage on after us. No matter how crowded a train is, even a box car is more comfortable than a bus in this country.

I have often thought of that trip, especially since last Spring, when that section of the Province was invaded. When I heard of the fall, and destruction of towns I had visited, I found myself wondering what became of the good Christians there as this new calamity befell them, and whether God in His Wisdom and Providence would turn it into a blessing as He did before.

In memory I can see them again, as they flocked around us and accompanied us to the outskirts of their village to set off hundreds of fire-crackers in our honour. I can hear them again, as they bid us "God speed", which if literally translated would read, "Walk slowly" and as they repeated over and over again the Chinese equivalent to the words of the old Scottish song, "Will ye nai come back again?". I wonder. . . .

•

Bulletin Board

(Continued from page 15)

Catholic Mission at 222 Simcoe Street on Wednesday, June 28th, from 2.30 until 9 p.m. Mrs. Edmund Staley is the convener and she will be assisted by a special committee of women.

All friends of the Seminary are cordially invited to the Strawberry Festival, proceeds of which will go to further the wonderful work of our brave missionary priests and sisters in China.

EDITORIAL

What Are We Fighting For ?

(Continued from page 3)

ization and world order founded on the principles laid down by Jesus Christ there can never really be a better world—the surely we will follow that reasoning to its logical conclusion and intensify, not diminish, the help given our Canadian missionaries in China. And indeed, more than ever before, our poor missionaries need your alms and your prayers. War rages throughout our district, famine stalks the rice-fields and pestilence the hovels of the poor and in the midst of it all moves the Christlike figure of the missionary, striving to cope with the impossible task—able more than ever before to reap a great harvest of souls for God were our charity to come to his rescue. Help these missionaries of Jesus Christ—
LEND FOR GOD.

Attention, Subscribers !

With the May issue of China the size and make-up of our magazine underwent a change—one which we hope will meet with your approval.

The subscription price of the new China is now one dollar a year. Our increasing financial burden and the destruction of mission property in China, coupled with that country's inflation, have made this necessary. We know you will understand.

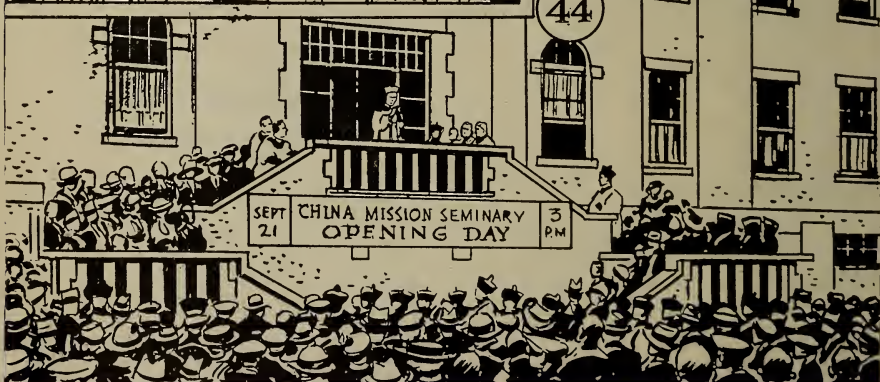
Ambassadors of Christ

42 THE PROPERTY AT SCARBORO SOON PROVED TOO SMALL. MSGR. FRASER WAS INVITED BY ARCHBISHOP MCNEIL TO BUILD, NEXT TO ST. AUGUSTINE'S SEMINARY, WHERE THE STUDENTS COULD TAKE COURSES IN PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.



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ON SEPTEMBER 16TH 1923, THE CORNER STONE OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER WAS LAID BY BISHOP ALEXANDER MACDONALD. REV. CHAS. T. CURRAN, D.D., OF HALIFAX, N.S. DELIVERED AN INSPIRING SERMON FOR THE OCCASION.



ONE YEAR LATER, SEPTEMBER 21ST, 1924, THE NEW SEMINARY WAS OFFICIALLY OPENED WITH REV. J. E. M'RAE, D.C.L. AS PRESIDENT. THOUSANDS ATTENDED THE CEREMONY AND HEARD BISHOP FALLON, OF LONDON, IN A MOST ELOQUENT SERMON ON THE FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Life of Monsignor John Fraser

Illustrated by ARTHUR KEELOR

45

THE
DEPARTURE
CEREMONY OF THE
FIRST MISSION BAND
WAS HELD IN ST. MICHAEL'S
CATHEDRAL, TORONTO, ON
DECEMBER 13TH, 1925. WITH
FATHERS MORRISON AND
SERRA, FATHER FRASER SET
OUT IN HIGH HOPES FOR
THE NEW MISSION
FIELD OF
CHUCHOW.



46



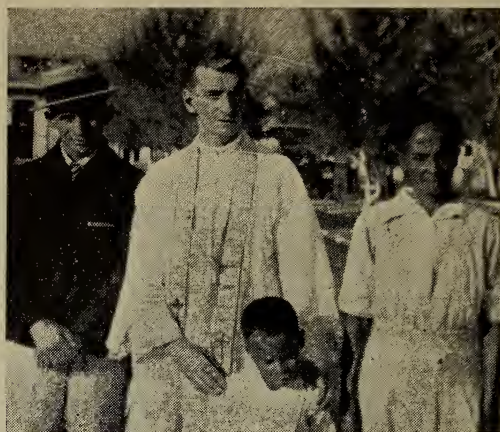
EXACTLY FORTY DAYS LATER,
HAVING MADE THE LAST THREE DAYS
TRIP BY SAMPAN, THE PIONEER
MISSIONARIES REACHED LISHUI.
THEY WERE GREETED WITH EN-
THUSIASM BY THE LISHUI CHRISTIANS
AND, AMID PLAYING BANDS AND
EXPLODING FIRECRACKERS, THEIR
RICKSHAWS WERE ESCORTED TO
THE MISSIONS.

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RESTING UP AT LISHUI,
OUR MISSIONARIES
RECEIVE SOME
PRACTICAL LESSONS
IN CHINESE LANGUAGE.

Cameos from the Carribean



*Very Rev.
Father Chafe
performs his
first baptism.*



*Archbishop
Pittini visits our
priests and their
people.*



Santo Domingo is proud of its Faith.

The

LITTLE ★ ROSE



FLOWER'S GARDEN

MY DEAR YOUNG MISSIONARIES:

This is my last letter to you before the closing of the school year. For the past few months I have tried to interest you in the subject of Vocations. So, as a last farewell for this year, I ask you all to keep praying for an increase of prospective members for the Priesthood.

* * *

June is the month dedicated to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus; it is the time of year when we are asked to think particularly on the LOVE of Christ for our souls. A love so great that it compelled the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity to assume our poor human nature and at the age of thirty-three to offer that Human Life, and the very last drop of His Heart's Blood, for the Redemption of the Human Race.

The heart is the symbol of love. Therefore the Heart of Jesus is offered to us for veneration because no man has ever loved as the Son of Man has loved us. "Greater love than this no one has, that one lay down his life for his friends."

We shall, then, during this month make loving reparation for our own sins and for the sins of all mankind. We will tell Jesus by our acts of virtue and by Christian living that we desire to live worthily for Him Who lived and died so heroically for us.

* * *

There are many of our fellow-missionaries from the Rose Garden fighting in this world-wide conflict. I therefore suggest that we prepare a Spiritual Bouquet for them that they may never forget the sufferings and the love of the Heart of their King and Lord. Let us be mindful of them during their hours of agony in their Garden of Suffering, the Battlefield.

Your devoted friend,

Father Jim

A Short Life of St. Theresa of the Child Jesus

THE LITTLE FLOWER

"She acquired such knowledge of divine things that she has been able to point out a sure way to others."—POPE PIUS XI.



THERESA of the Child Jesus was born at Alençon, in France, on January 2nd, 1873. She was imbued with the Divine Spirit from earliest childhood and desired to lead the religious life. Little Theresa earnestly promised that she would deny God nothing that He might ask of her and she had to suffer a great deal to keep this promise faithfully until death.

Theresa lost her mother when only five years old and committed herself wholly to the Providence of God under the watchful care of her affectionate father and elder sisters. Under such teachers our little saint rejoiced as she walked the way of perfection. At the age of nine she was put to school with the Nuns of the Order of St. Benedict at Lisieux, where she made remarkable progress in the knowledge of divine things. Then in her tenth year she was for a long time afflicted by a serious and mysterious illness, from which, as she herself relates, she was delivered by the divine power through the intercession of the Most Blessed Virgin, who appeared to her with a smile and to whom she was making a novena under the title of Our Lady of Victories. Filled with angelic fervour, Theresa began to prepare herself with all care for that Sacred Banquet in which she was to receive Christ her Lord.

After First Holy Communion, Theresa felt an insatiable hunger for this

Heavenly Food and, as if by divine inspiration, besought Jesus to turn all earthly consolation into bitterness for her. Thereafter she was aglow with a most tender love for Christ Our Lord and the Church, and desired with all her heart to enter the Order of the Discalced Carmelites so that by self-abnegation and self-sacrifice she might help priests, missionaries and the whole Church and gain innumerable souls to Jesus Christ. When, at the point of death, she promised that she would obtain all this from God.

ENTERS CARMEL AT FIFTEEN

Extreme youth was the source of many difficulties for entrance into the Religious Life but she overcame them by her great strength of soul, and happily entered the Carmel of Lisieux at the age of fifteen. There God disposed the heart of Theresa in a wonderful manner to ascend to Him by steps and, imitating the hidden life of the Blessed Virgin Mary, like a well-watered garden she bloomed with the flowers of every virtue and in particular with a very great love for God and her neighbour.

WHOSOEVER IS A LITTLE ONE

Theresa read in the Holy Scriptures the words: "*Whosoever is a little one, let him come to me,*" so desiring to please the Most High, she determined to be a little one in spirit and thus committed herself with childlike confidence to God as to her most loving Father. This way of spiritual childhood, according to the Gospel, she taught to others, especially to the novices, and thus filled with apostolic zeal, she set the way of evangelical simplicity before a world full of pride and the love of vanities.

A VICTIM OF SUFFERING

Jesus, her Spouse, inspired her with the desire of suffering in soul and body. Moreover, seeing that the love of God was almost everywhere neglected, she was filled with great grief and about two years before her death (which occurred on September 30th, 1897) offered herself as a victim to the merciful love of God. Then she was wounded by a flame of heavenly fire, whence, consumed with love, rapt in ecstasy and fervently repeating the words: *My God I Love Thee*, she entered the portals that lead from the visible to the invisible and eternal world, at the age of twenty-four.

A SHOWER OF ROSES

When dying she promised that she would let fall a ceaseless shower of roses, which promise she has fulfilled

since her entrance into Heaven, and still continues to fulfill by countless miracles. Therefore, Pope Pius XI enrolled her in the Catalogue of Virgins who are blessed, and only two years later, at the recurrence of the Great Jubilee (1925) placed her among the Saints and appointed and declared her Patroness of all Catholic Missions everywhere.

(From the Roman Breviary)

Saint Theresa of the Child Jesus, Little Flower of Jesus, Pray for us, always!

FROM THE MAILBAG

St. Andrew's School,

St. Andrew's, Antigonish Co., N.S.

One of our former students is studying at Nazareth House this year. He is our second member who has gone to your Foreign Mission Society and we hope and pray that the number will increase through the years.

May God bless your school with many vocations. Now, more than ever before do we need vocations to the Holy Priesthood .

* * *

Cecil Chabot, R.C.A.F.

During Lent we had a Mission with sermons after each Mass and Stations

of the Cross. The turnout was wonderful. . . Well Father, here is my Lenten offering as I cash-in my Mite Box. . .

I sincerely hope that after this war many young men will come back to Canada and join the ranks of the Foreign Legion of Christ. Thank you, Cecil and May God bless you always.

* * *

**Gertrude Casey,
Couche, Nfld.**

I am anxious to correspond with members of the Little Flower's Rose Garden. I am thirteen years of age and am fond of knitting and collecting stamps. I would like to hear from someone about the same age and interested in the same things as I am.

* * *

**Patrick Nicholas,
Bow Island, Alberta.**

I ask you, Father, to please remember my dear brother who recently arrived overseas. Now I have four brothers in the Armed Forces overseas and ask the members of the Rose Garden to remember them in their prayers. I received the little calendar for Christmas, thank you. . . My brothers were all members of the Little Flower's Rose Garden.

Yes, Patrick, we will pray for your brave brothers who are a credit to Can-



TOP, LEFT TO
RIGHT:

Marion Penney,
Berry Penney,
Cornerbrook,
Nfld.;

Betty McLunis,
St. John, N.B.



Girls of the
Sacred Heart,
School, Harri-
cott, St. Mary's
Bay, Nfld.

ada and the Rose Garden. May Our Dear Mother and Little Theresa watch over them.

* * *

Bernard Brazil,
Spaniard's Bay, Ontario.

I would like to have some boy or girl around the age of twelve or thirteen write me.

You'll be hearing from them, Bernard.

* * *

G. P.,
Newfoundland.

I am a bit of an artist and, if you like, I will send along some of my drawings.

By all means, Gerry, send them along right away .

To the very many friends who are supplying us with used stamps we send our sincere thanks and ask you to continue this noble work for the Missions. You may send all varieties and values now. We are in a position to handle as many stamps as we can get.

NEW MEMBERS

Room 13, Holy Family School,
Timmins, Ontario

Grade VII — Donald Jennings, John Liklodany, Maurice Coombs.

Grade VI—Robert Cummings, Gerald Dillon, Edward Kolodoski, Frank Yuskow, John Martan, Cletus Cotman, John Melko Cyril Morris, Kenneth Milton, Irwin McAlinden, Carl O'Gorman, Bobby Ritz, Charles Zamin, Ray Bernier, John Ward, Bobby Van Rossel, James Lynch, Paul Seubert, Ronnie Gentile, William Gwain, Howard Soucie, Lloyd Landers, Gerald McGee, Allen Kuiack, Jerry Duggan, Raymond McDermott, Austin Lloyd.

* * *

Room 2, Holy Family School,
Timmins, Ont.

Grade III—Lemaire Adams, Frances Barnes, Gerald Belanger, Rita Belanger, Betty Brewer, Jack Capeless, Henry Chenette, Betty Colgan, Billy Colton, Pat Cox, Joseph Corrigan, Peter Dolan, Catherine Dolighan, Gilbert Donovan, Theresa Duclos, Shirley Graham, Catherine Higson, Sheila Hogan, Verda Johnson Dan Kelley, Donald Kirwin, Arlene Landers, James Landers, Roger

Latendresse, Jeannette Leclaire, Jerome Leonard, Theresa Letourneau, Annie Matte, Jennie Matte, Shirley McPhail, Bobby Nolan, Terry Nolan, Kathleen O'Toole, Alice Piekarski, John Pirie, Francis Reynolds, James Ryan, Aurel Shearer, Barry Sloan, Edward Svelnis, Leslie Swain, Dorian Vallient, Alfred Yamroz, Lorraine Weinberger, Fred Dubroy.

* * *

St. Andrew's School,
Port Arthur, Ont.

Grade IV—Arthur Gagnon, Lillian McDonald.

* * *

St. Joseph's School, Blind River, Ont.
(English High School Pupils, Room 14)

Teresa O'Connor, Margaret Maddigan, Jacqueline McIntomney, Jessimae Sheehan, Donald Boyer, Wanda Dodge, Carl O'Grady, Constance McIntomney, Michael Sheehan, Robert Cassidy.

* * *

Corner Brook, Nfld.

Marion Penney.

* * *

Ottawa, Ontario.

John Graham, David Graham, Burk Doran, Eilish Macaulay, Ned Macaulay.

* * *

CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

1. To receive Holy Communion once each month for an increase in missionary vocations.
2. To recite the official prayer daily for the conversion of infidels.
3. To aid the Fathers of the Scarborough Foreign Mission Society by saving pennies for the Missions.

"CHINA"

St. F. X. Seminary,
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Enclosed find \$, as a subscription to "China" for

Name

New Address

Name

Old Address

(If you have changed your address, please give us the OLD address as well as the NEW one.)

'Twas Ever Thus

(Continued from page 8)

of sliding down posts and climbing up trees.

The egg was a success. All was serene. Had their guardian angels gone on strike that week it would have made little difference, and then, —“Father Rice, we have been pretty good all week haven't we”? Yes my angels, you have even made me slightly remorseful if you only knew it. “Well now, how about a little reward”? What? “You see”, they went on, “Li Fu Shu has a cat, and we thought that if we could get into the store-room for about a half hour we could clean all the rats out. There is only one rat-hole in the room and we would put a stone over that, and then we could catch all the rats with the cat. We could sell the rats on the street and then maybe buy a reward for ourselves in cakes”. This all seemed to be on the up-and-up, and so I borrowed the key of the room from Father Steele, and set a half hour time-limit on their hunting expedition. They were faithful as ever, but Oh my! oh my! The twenty five minute mark having been passed in came Li with the cat and the key and Ch'ien with sixteen dead rats, and both beaming all over. They

made their money honestly though, even if we were too mortified to ask in days following, if anyone had noticed a peculiar taste to the chicken stew at the restaurant next door.

Yes boys will be boys, and these two were proud of themselves. They had really turned over a new leaf, and one could not but realise that any country which could produce children capable of so much activity had a treasure in its midst if it could only turn those activities into proper channels, and along constructive lines. Father Rice could only concede that Monsignor Flanagan of Boys Town, really had something when he said, “There is no such thing as a bad boy; there are only good boys, and boys without anyone to show them how to occupy their time well.” And even though starting at rat-catching as a profession was down to pretty rock-bottom stuff, still, it was infinitely above letting children get things the easy way, which eventually prove the hard way, both for the child, and for the country which hopes for so much from its children. China, is a country which is going to need a great deal from its youth for the next few generations. What a magnificent future there would be for Chinese youth if it could have but a quarter of the chances we have. May God bring more workers to the fields, and it will have those chances.





It's Time to Laugh



Two negroes who had not seen each other in five years discovered each had been married during that time.

"What kinda woman did you all get, Mose?" asked Rastus.

"She's an angel, Rastus, dats what she am."

"Boy, you sho is lucky. Mine is still livin'."

A city boy went to work on a farm. One cold morning before daylight the farmer told him to go down to the barn and bridle the horse.

In the dark the boy got hold of a cow and was trying to put the bridle over its horns.

"I can't get the bridle over its head," replied the boy, "Its ears are frozen."

Motorist: "Have you anything in the shape of automobile tires?"

Storekeeper: "Yes, indeed. Life preservers, invalid cushions, funeral wreaths and doughnuts."

Buck: "I hear Robinson is back in the hospital."

Private: "Yeah—he took a sudden turn for the nurse."

"That's strange," said the dentist. "Here's a tooth that has never been filled and yet I find bits of gold on my drill."

"I knew it," moaned the patient. "You've worked through to my back collar button."

"Smith and Green had quite a fight down on the corner last night," said Wilson.

"Is that so?" asked his friend. "Why, I thought they were inseparable."

"They were," said Brown. "It took six of us to drag them apart."

Customer: "That lawn mower I bought last summer is all rusted."

Owner of hardware store: "Maybe that's because there's so much dew on it."

A whimsical professor trying to emphasize a point in logic asked his class this question: "If the United States is bounded on the East by the Atlantic, on the West by the Pacific Ocean, on the North by Canada, and on the South by Mexico, how old am I?"

The brighter students sat dumbfounded, but the dullest of them all spoke up and said, "You'd be 44."

Amazed that the boy was correct, the professor said, "That is right, young man. But how in the world did you know?"

"That's easy," answered the student. "I have a brother who is half-crazy, and he is 22!"

A mother who had received a bill from her son in college, was complaining about his expenses.

"Look," she remarked, "it's the languages that cost the most—Scotch, fifty dollars."

"Oh, what a funny-looking cow!" said the young girl from the city. "Why, it hasn't any horns!"

"There are many reasons," said the farmer, "why a cow doesn't have horns. Some are born without them, some grow them later on, some are de-horned, and others never grow them at all. There are many reasons, as I said, why a cow mightn't have horns, but the chief reason why this cow doesn't have horns is because it isn't a cow at all. It's a horse."

A Scotsman was strolling along the quay one day when his dog stopped beside a basketful of live lobsters. Instantly one of the lobsters snapped its claws on the dog's tail, and the surprised collie dashed off down the street, yelping with pain.

The fishmonger for a moment was speechless, then turning to the prospective customer, he bawled, "Mon, mon, whistle to yer dog, whistle to yer dog?"

"Hoot, mon," returned the other, complacently, "whistle to yer lobster."

Judge: "Do you challenge any of the jury?"

Defendant: "Well, I think I can lick that little guy on the end."

Mrs. Jones was spending a day in bed with a severe cough, and her husband was working in the back yard, and hammering nails into some boards. Presently, his neighbour came over.

"Neighbour: "How is your wife?"

Jones: "Not very well."

Neighbour: "Is that her coughin'?"

Jones: "No, you fathead, it's a hen house."

Guide—This castle has stood for 600 years. Not a stone has been touched, nothing altered, nothing replaced.

Visitor—Um, they must have the same landlord we have.

Waiter: "Will it be tea or coffee, sir?"

Guest: "I'm not bettin'. But what else is running?"

Month after month a firm sent it's bill to a customer and finally received this reply:

"Dear Sir: Once a month I put all my bills on the table, pick five at random and pay these five. If I receive any more reminders from you, you won't get a place in the shuffle next month."

A very mean man went into a glass-ware shop in search of a present for a friend. After spending some time looking at the different articles and finding them all too expensive, he at last saw a vase which was broken in several pieces. He inquired the price and finding it was practically nothing, decided to have it sent to his friend, hoping that he would think it had been broken in transit.

Accordingly he asked the assistant to pack it and dispatch it. A few days later he received the following reply from his friend:

"Thanks for the vase. So thoughtful of you to wrap up each piece separately."

Doctor, bewildered: "I can't quite diagnose your case. I think it must be drink."

Patient: "All right, doctor. I'll come back some day when you're sober."

Pupil: "Teacher, may I ask you a question?"

Teacher: "Surely. What is it?"

Pupil: "Why do we call goods sent by railroads 'shipments' while we call those sent by ships 'cargoes'?"

He: "I am thinking of getting married. What do you think of the idea?"

Sweet Thing: "I think it is all right, if you ask me."

"Why did they separate?"

"Nobody knows."

"Oh, how terrible."

"Did you read about that fellow who beat his wife with a golf club?"

"No, how many strokes?"

"Sorry to hear your engagement is broken off, old man."

"I'll get over it. But the worst blow was when she returned my ring marked 'Glass—Handle with Care'."

Constable (to motorist): "Take it easy; don't you see that sign, 'Slow Down Here'?"

Motorist: "Yes, officer, but I thought it was describing the village."

Two psychoanalysts met. One said to the other:

"You feel fine. How do I feel?"

Clipped from the Lost-and-Found:

"Found—bird or hat which flew or blew into Murphy's Service Station. It's sort of round with green and red feathers or quills in it. If you've lost a bird or a hat, or even if you haven't, drive by and see it; it's worth the trip."

A visitor was staring into the Grand Canyon.

"Do you know," said the guide, "it took millions of years to carve out this great abyss?"

"Is that a fact?" mused the visitor. "I had no idea it was a government job."

Sentimental girl: "He said he'd lay the earth at my feet."

Her mother: "You already have the earth at your feet. What you want is a three-story house over your head."

A firm advertising for a male stenographer received this reply from a Chinese applicant:

"Sir: I am Chinese Bung Ho, but can drive a typewriter with good noise, and my English is it. My last job left itself from me for simple reason that big man has dead. It was on account of not my fault. So, honorable sirs, what of it? If I can be of big use to you I will arrive on same date as you can guess."



Peace will come, come very soon. The Great White Empresses will sail again. Missioners, true to the divine command, "Go teach all nations," will set sail for China, India, Japan and the Philippines.

China alone needs one hundred thousand. Have you a vocation to the Missions? If so, write—
Very Rev. H. Sharkey, Rector, Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.



Scarboro Bluffs. Ont.

10¢

JULY AUGUST 1944



"Fishing"

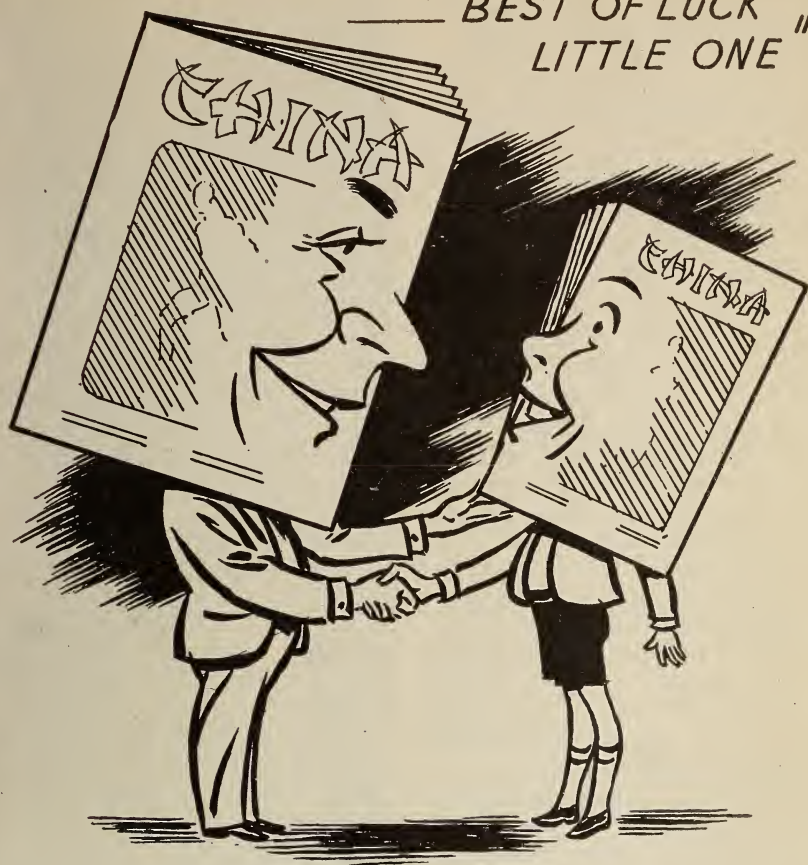
VACATION days bring fishing days, and such scenes as depicted above. What memories are stirred up by the "ole fishin' holes!" pictures of happy, carefree days?

Once, centuries ago, the Apostles were gathered on the shores of the Lake of Galilee fishing, when they were called by their Master to leave all things and become Fishers—not of fish, but "Fishers of Men"—of souls. They were called to the priesthood and asked to "Preach the gospel to every creature". It was their vocation to missionary work.

Missioners of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society have received that call too. They have heard and responded, becoming "Fishers of men" in far-off lands. Theirs is a difficult task and a life of hardship—but a grand work withal. They are numbered amongst the happiest people in this weary, war-ridden world of ours.

Young men, before Vacation ends—Have you been called—do you feel you have a Vocation to the priesthood—to the Missionary priesthood? Stop and consider. Write to Fr. Rector, Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

"BEST OF LUCK
LITTLE ONE"



Attention Subscribers!

With the May issue, the size and make-up of CHINA underwent a change. We trust that the smaller format, with its thirty-two pages, will meet with your approval. We believe that it is much more attractive and handier.

Because of our present heavy financial burden, coupled with the destruction of our Missions in China and inflation in that country, we have been obliged to make the annual subscription price one dollar. We know you will understand.

Bulletin Board

Intrepid Chinese Pilot

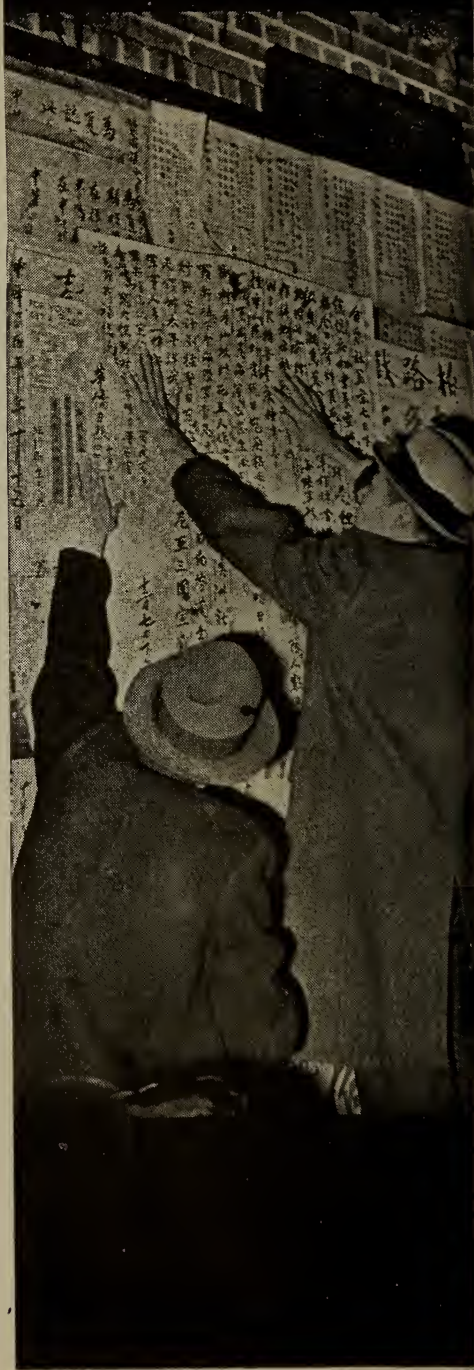
Late last year Albert Mah, 23-year-old Canadian-Chinese, received word through circuitous channels that his mother and his 13-year-old sister were in dire straits in Japanese-occupied China. Money which he and his brother Cedric had been sending them failed to arrive. They were ill-fed, poorly clothed.

Albert, then a pilot with Canadian Pacific Air Lines at Quebec City, consulted his brother, who was working for the same company in a similar capacity at Winnipeg, and decided he had to do something about it.

After securing his release he obtained a pilot's job through Pan American Airways, which operates the China National Aviation Corporation, flying from Kunming to the interior parts of China, often over Japanese-occupied territory. Then Albert Mah dropped from view for months.

Today he is again in the news. Somehow, by means known only to himself and a few others, on his first "off period" from China National, he penetrated the Jap lines on foot, by bicycle, and any other means of transport he could find.

Unable to speak Chinese or find an interpreter willing to risk the dangers of the journey, Mah, wearing his official uniform, floated down a coastal river in a junk for three days. Then, by gestures, he bargained with sedan chair coolies, who carried him through the Japanese lines. He



CHINA; Very Rev. Hugh F. X. Sharkey, Editor. Vol. XXV, No. 7, July-August. Issued monthly, September to June; bi-monthly July-August. Rates \$1.00 a year. *Official Publication of the Scarborough Foreign Mission Society, Scarborough Bluffs, Ontario.* ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AND ADMITTED TO PRIVILEGED POSTAGE RATES AT THE POST OFFICE, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, JULY 10, 1924. *Published by Ecclesiastical authority.* Printed by The Industrial & Educational Publishing Co., Limited, Toronto 1.

walked for three days over rough trails and rice paddies and then made the rest of the trip by bicycle.

"Crossing the mountains by a path through a pass, I was forced to go within six feet of a puppet Chinese sentry," Mah said. "Because he looked so miserable, shivering in the cold, I threw him 20 Chinese dollars."

As he rode into his mother's village he met his younger sister, whom he had last seen in Prince Rupert, B.C., walking along a street. His mother took his arrival calmly and invited him in for tea.

When Mah returned to Kunming, by bicycle and sampan, he brought his 13-year-old sister with him. She will go back to Canada to school.

Looking back on his trip, Mah said: "In many things I did look stupid, I guess I'm just lucky."

His mother, fearing she could not endure the physical hardships entailed in the journey, remained with friends in Canton.

Today Albert Mah is back "flying the hump" with precious war goods for embattled China.

Scarboro Fathers' Retreat

The annual meeting for our priests was held in the mother house at Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario, during the first week of June. Father Thomas Kearney, C.S.C., of Montreal, a noted Canadian retreat master, conducted the exercises. It was the largest attendance we have ever had, due to conditions in China necessitating the return of many of our missionaries. Our benefactors may feel assured that the Fathers remembered them especially, during this sacred time of meditation and prayer.

● Father Jno. J. MacDonald, S.F.M., Chaplain to the Armed Forces at

CHINA

Brockville, spent retreat week at the seminary.

● Father M. J. Maloney, S.F.M., left Canada early in June—Chaplain to the Armed Forces, for Active Service.

● Father Jno. McCarthy, S.F.M., attended Retreat, and will spend a few weeks' well-earned vacation before returning to his post in Vancouver.

● Father Wm. McNabb, S.F.M., made the retreat at our mother house.

● Father Chas. B. Murphy, S.F.M., left Toronto early in July for his new post in our Vancouver Mission.

● Father Wm. Cox, S.F.M., of Glace Bay, N.S., has been appointed Administrator of the Shrine of the Little Flower, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont. We wish him success in his new appointment.

Our Cover

The Silhouette—a Chinese sentry prepares to sound the "Ging pao"—or air-raid alarm, as enemy planes hover in Lishui Mission skies. Let us ask Our Lady of Fatima to beseech Her Divine Son for Peace. Peace for China — Peace for the whole world.

● THANKSGIVING FOR FAVOUR RECEIVED

Mrs. Dan Kennedy, R. 1, Wilton, Ont., writes in thanksgiving to St. Gerrard Majella for a favour obtained.

In Thanksgiving for favour received through the intercession of Mother Cabrini, St. Joseph, and the Jesuit Martyrs.

—Mrs. J. F. M., Dublin, Ont.

Thanks to Our Lady of Prompt Succour for a favour received.

—A. K.



Father Meeus of Chungking

ONE evening recently a large sedan pulled up in front of the modern building that houses Chungking's radio station, XGOY, the voice of China. Out of the car stepped a dignified looking lady of about forty. Her appearance at once suggested that she came from afar for she was clad in an unfamiliar evening gown with golden slippers and other accessories to match — things not generally displayed in China's wartime capital. She was Miss Irene Ward, member of the British Parliament, who is at present on an observation tour of China. Miss Ward walked into the building with poise and confidence. She was going to make a broadcast. She was going to tell her countrymen of her impressions of wartime China.

Into the same building, literally at the heels of Miss Ward, tramped five shabbily-dressed, shoeless boys about the age of twelve or thirteen. They were led by a young gentleman of prominent features and fair complexion. The youngsters were five of that vast army of Chungking's shoe-shine boys, better known as "Father Meeus' boys" and the young gentleman was Father Meeus himself. They, too, were going to make a broadcast.

They were going to tell their American friends about their wartime experiences.

The fact that they were scheduled on the same programme with a British parliamentarian did not in the least disturb the composure of the boys. They went through their broadcast with the same poise and confidence displayed by the distinguished visitor from England.

"Father Meeus' boys" are well known to Chungkingites and their ubiquity has made them a familiar sight in the streets of the wartime capital. At the break of dawn until late at night, day in and day out, these youngsters, ranging from the ages of seven to seventeen, station themselves at some convenient street corner. With dilapidated rattan arm chairs and boxes containing their stock in trade they are ready to serve all-comers who want to have their foot gear brightened up for three dollars (Chinese money).

The man responsible for setting up these boys in their street business was Father Meeus, a young Belgian priest who is a Chinese citizen by naturalization. How Father Meeus became a Chinese citizen and later helped to give a group of refugee

boys a new lease on life is one of those strange accidents of life.

When Charles Meeus left his father's comfortable mansion in 1935 to represent his native Belgium at a Boy Scout jamboree in Washington, little did he dream of the change that would come over his life. He was then still a student in the seminary. Like most of his fellow-students he knew little about China and the Chinese. What little he knew was from books—the China of strange customs and stranger people.

At the Washington jamboree the young delegate from Belgium was quite by accident housed in the same building with youngsters from China. From his young Chinese friends he learned a little more about China, but what a little he had learned from them fired his imagination. He promptly cabled his father that he would include Shanghai as a port of call in the world tour which his father had generously arranged for him.

Young Meeus arrived in Shanghai in the early summer of 1935, a stranger among a strange people, speaking a strange language. He promptly became ill. Then, again quite by accident, he was introduced to Bishop Chu Min Kai of the famous Catholic family in Shanghai. At the good Bishop's household the young Belgian student began to learn something of real Chinese customs and Chinese ways of life. He was so impressed with his new surroundings that then and there he decided to remain in China and become a Chinese citizen.

On the advice of Bishop Chu he went to a seminary in a little place called Haimen, not far from Shanghai. There he lived and studied among the Chinese. In the space of two years he learned to speak the language like a native and became the first westerner to be ordained by a Chinese Bishop. In 1940 he ac-

quired his Chinese citizenship and like a true Chinese he trekked his way up to the wartime capital of his adopted land.

When Father Meeus arrived in Chungking in 1940 he found the city virtually deserted. The enemy bombing was at its worst and most of the houses were in shambles. The good Father knew that many boys were homeless refugees, some torn away by the war from their families on the coast and some local children whose parents perished in the bombing. Such scenes were only too familiar to him. He had seen them in Shanghai, in Hankow and other war-torn cities. He felt a strong compassion for these young refugees and wanted to help them start a new life. But his means were scanty and the boys were extremely wary of strangers. Whenever he tried to approach them they would invariably run away.

By infinite patience, however, the good Father finally succeeded in winning the confidence of some of the older boys. He asked them if they would like to go into business for themselves, and outlined a proposition. He would furnish them, free of charge, shoe polish and brushes to go into the shoe shining business on condition that after defraying their living expenses all profits would go into the buying of war bonds or to helping other unfortunate children in starting a new business. The boys gladly accepted the offer.

Thus, about forty boys were sent out in the streets of Chungking armed with brushes and shoe polish. At first business was slack and the boys found the going rough. But they stuck it out. Gradually the Chungkingite got used to the idea of parking himself on some street corner while a small boy went through the motion of shining his foot-gear. Business flourished and the boys, true to their promise, bought war bonds and helped other boys start new businesses.

At the end of 1940 Father Meeus left for America on a publicity tour for the cause of Catholicism in this country. Upon his return in the following year he found, to his delight, that his original boys had expanded to a veritable army scattered all over the city; what was more, he found that his boys had not forgotten him. When word got to them that their benefactor had returned they gave him a loyal welcome. Some of the older boys got together and gave him a banquet with the menu featuring "feet" — pig's feet, chicken feet, duck feet as a symbol of their trade. The good father was deeply moved and in characteristic Chinese fashion he gave them a return banquet.

Father Meeus is extremely proud of his boys. When asked about them he said, "they are as regular a bunch of kinds as you can find anywhere. Shock Troops of Christ

Missionary Hero

A story of rare heroism is that told in *Franciscans in China* concerning the beginnings of Christianity in Kichow, Hupeh.

The hero of the story was a tailor named Kung who had been a leader of a secret society, but broke his connection with it after being converted through the good offices of a physician who visited the city in 1864. Mr. Kung accompanied the physician to Kiukiang, where his religious instruction was completed by Father Anthony Anot, C.M., Superior of the Mission.

So ardent was Mr. Kung's desire to impart his new-found faith to others that neither ridicule nor violent opposition could quench his zeal and he soon had the happiness of conducting a whole group of his fellow-citizens down the river to meet Father Anot. The priest advised them to get in touch with their own

Bishop, the Most Rev. E. Zanolli, Vicar Apostolic of Hupeh, and it was through him that Kichow received its first pastor in the person of a pious Chinese priest known as Father John Baptist. No less than 200 families destroyed all their emblems of superstition within the first two weeks after Father John Baptist's arrival. A large pagoda of the district was soon remodelled to serve as a church and centre of the nascent Christianity.

Filled with zeal, Matthew Kung continued his work of the apostolate by trying to spread the faith in distant towns and villages. He is still remembered for his remarkable spirit of prayer and his charity which on one occasion prompted him to give all the money he had received for travelling expenses to buy food for his audience so that they could continue to listen to his instruction rather than go home for a meal.

The missionary had meanwhile been invited to the town of Lotien and though Matthew suspected treachery, he boldly undertook the journey to study the conditions. His fears were not unfounded, for after preliminary courtesies, he was led out in the middle of the night with two of his companions and beheaded. It was June 2, 1866, scarcely two years after his conversion.



JOURNEY *into* FREEDOM

CHAS. B. MURPHY, S.F.M.

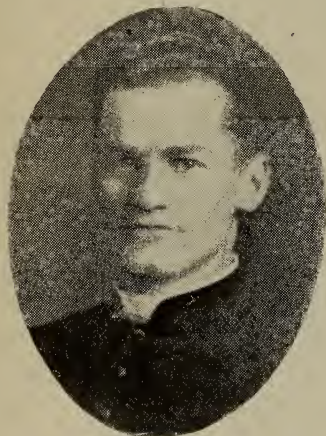


ARTHUR KEELOR

Journey Into Freedom

(First Instalment)

THE night was dark and full of mists. A strong wind had been blowing from the south west telling of a monsoon which was raging out at sea. Hong Kong was experiencing the tail end of it and that meant sheets and blasts of rain accompanied by heavy winds. The ship, *Tei-A-Maru*, was expected to arrive at Stanley Bay around about six in the evening—but six o'clock came and no signs of the repatriation ship. Could the ship have turned back to Shanghai? Would it; could it pos-



CHAS. B. MURPHY, S.F.M.,
repatriated from Hong Kong.

sibly be that negotiations were dropped at the last minute meaning that there would be no exchange of Prisoners of War—no repatriation for languishing internees? Would the rumours “no exchange” materialize and Canadian and U.S. citizens have to live on hope until news would come of another repatriation.

For the past month now—ever since word had been received of a pending repatriation—a going home to one's own country—camp rumours were rampant as to the date, the time and

the manner of its attendant circumstances just as in 1942 when U.S. citizens and a few Canadians were exchanged at Lorencos Marques for an equal number of Japanese Nationals.

● THE TEI-A-MARU ARRIVES

True, we had worked hard for another such transaction; worked hard not only for our Canadian Nationals but also for our English cousins and our U.S. neighbours, and it was well after a year's negotiations and many heartaches that it was finally said to have been signed and sealed. All Canadians in Hong Kong and some U.S. citizens were to be exchanged—this time not at Lorencos Marques in South Africa, but Goa, in Portugal East India—a shorter route for the Japanese ship, *Tei-A-Maru*. Knowing well, however, the Japanese and their manner of negotiating, it would not be surprising in the least if all exchange of Nationals of any country was called off.

Against a misty and foggy background two silhouette figures could be discerned against the grey black night—as they hurried to the improvised camp hospital. It was after 8 p.m. and it was necessary for them to go stealthily. The guards had instructions to shoot anyone whom they saw out after that hour. Arriving at the hospital bare-footed, (shoes being a possession of the past) the two young men asked for their mutual friend, Miss Cullinan, former Matron of the Queen Mary Hospital in Hong Kong, and other nurses their trusted friends, to announce that the boat had not yet come and possibly there would be no repatriation. But almost simultaneously another bare-footed internee came running into the out-patient department announcing that the *Tei-A-Maru* had just this moment arrived, and as they rushed from the hospital—there

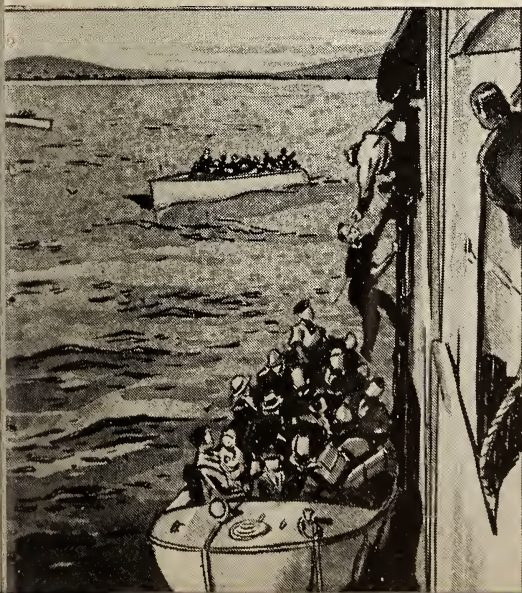
piercing the grey fog and mists were the lights of the repatriation ship.

Word did not take long going the rounds and excitement was high. Being the rainy nasty night that it was—guards were not expected to be too vigilant—hence small groups of people—farewell groups endeavouring to steal their last social gathering, before parting, took advantage of the sheltering shadows. Sure enough there in the Bay one could see the tall masts of the ship displaying her four coloured lights—two red and two green—the International sign of safe passage.

● GOOD-BYE HONGKONG

Next morning—September 3rd—dawned in an undecided sort of way. It was a fitful kind of day—one conducive to feelings of sadness and depression—one minute sunshine—the next raining heavily or full of foggy humidity. All repatriates were informed that they must assemble in front of the Hong Kong prison, where the roll would be called. All those not being repa-

The launches came alongside the big ship.



triated were separated from those returning to their Fatherland. The Hong Kong Police were asked to maintain order and to help the aged and infirm carry their baggage as far as the gate leading to the final place of examination; the Japanese had provided no means of transporting the hand baggage of the people, many of whom were incapacitated or just discharged from hospital.

Partings are said. This one especially so. There were friends who had to be left behind. Would they, too, be repatriated in the near future, as they with the others had hoped? Would they soon be in a land of freedom and plenty? Would they meet their loved ones after years of separation; or would they be left behind in Stanley to slow starvation? How many would ever meet again? How many would succumb to the vitamin deficiency league? Would any more be thrown into prison? Would they die of neglect and starvation?—and would many more contract fatal illnesses due to insufficient food and clothing? These were the thoughts and legion others which milled in the minds of departing friends. God alone in His goodness and knowledge knew, and just as well. All said Au revoir, but for many it was Good-bye, and so they parted with a complete realization of the providence of God, "I know not what the future hath of marvel or surprise, I only know that life and death His mercy underlies".

● EXAMINATION OF BAGGAGE

Through the gate and barbed wire fences eighty-six prospective free men and women passed to their final inspection before embarking on the *Tei-A-Maru*, full of apprehension and wonder. Contrary to popular belief, however, this examination was a superficial one because the threatening rain began to spit as the last

bags were being looked into. Came the inevitable torrents and pell-mell, the scurrying mob repacking, rushed to the empty school house for shelter. Friends behind the barbed wires standing on the red brick wall of the graveyard took shelter under the trees of the cemetery, yet some still remained on the wall to wave to their more fortunate fellowmen. All afternoon the repatriates awaited on ferry boats which were to carry them to the former French luxury liner—and it was not until after four that they were finally marched single file to the motor launches—and still those faithful friends were waving frantically from under the pine trees in the cemetery.

Later in the afternoon the storm abated and the wind carried messages through the intervening space between the launches and the shore. Hearts were heavy, and eyes as misty as the day as the forms on the hill became more indistinct in the growing distance, finally fading into figures indistinguishable from the rolling launches. Was it Au revoir or Good-bye to Stanley? Stanley, we hope to see you once again—but friends—Farewell!

The motor launches tossed about on the angry waters of Stanley Bay. Remember this was the day following the stormy night. They neared the Mercy Ship and as they approached, the waving figures of Stanley vanished from view and repatriates closed their eyes with one last panoramic impression of the scenes and experiences of the past two years, praying God to give those friends on the shore strength and grace to endure that monotonous life of concentration.

● A NEW PICTURE

Opening their eyes a new picture presented itself. Instead of Stanley scenes, lo they beheld other friends waving a welcome to them from the



rails of the *Tei-A-Maru*. Friends of former days—from Japan, from Peking and from Shanghai. This was the first realization of the embarking after their journey to freedom.

The launches came alongside the big ship and a hazardous climbing up the ladder steps took up a deal of time. Roll again, but now for the last time, with each passenger coming forward for their ticket and accommodation. A sudden transmission from heart-rending good-byes of Stanley to hearty handshakes of fellow-repatriates. Such a contrast could not but have a reaction on our undernourished and poorly clad Canadians from Hong Kong. In many cases it was evident in the rentless flow of tears as nerve-rocked internees were enveloped in the arms of relatives or friends. The reaction, I shall long remember. Meeting old friends was indeed a relief—but the thoughts of one repatriate were not of that calibre. Those thoughts were engulfed in a sea of sorrow and though not a tear would drop it found its outlet in silence and solitary walking to a secluded spot from where Stanley could still be envisaged in the distance. Later, as darkness came upon the water and

the shore line resembled a nightmarish abyss of blackness—that passer—weak and exhausted seated in a deck chair and immersed in thoughts of internment, was brought to by the sound of music—“Ave Maris Stella”—Hail Thou Star of the Ocean—“O by Gabriel’s Ave, uttered long ago, Eva’s name reversing ‘establish peace below’.”

Peace! What a wonderful word! How beautiful those hundred voices sounded that evening, as according to custom the Religious, Sisters, Brothers, Priests and laymen—Catholic and Protestant caught up the refrain, asking Our Blessed Mother to guard over and to guide them on this journey of mercy. Here were some 1,500 persons freed from the fetters of a totalitarian state’s concentration and suffering. Probably it was the paradoxical position of those about to be freed and those who must wait interned—that made that individual’s thoughts flee over the bay to the people there on the shores of Stanley. How helpless were man’s powers! Could that repatriate but include all those people on this ship!—In his utter helplessness he realized more than ever, if need be it—the limited potentialities of humans and the magnitude of God’s mercy and power. With a full heart and tear-dimmed eyes that ex-internee commended those souls to God and His tender mercy.

(To be continued)

Read 'Em and Grin

“Are your eggs fresh?”

“Madam, the hen doesn’t realize I’ve got them yet.”

If you tell a man there are 276,679,854,638 stars in the universe, he’ll believe you, but if a sign says “Fresh Paint,” he has to make a personal investigation.

“Nearly a generation ago my head was grazed at the second battle of Ypres.”

The little fellow looked thoughtfully at the old man’s head and said:

“There isn’t much grazing there now, is there, grandpa?”

The city youngster was roaming around in the country when he came across a bunch of empty condensed milk cans. Greatly excited he yelled to his companions:

“Hey, guys, come here quick! I’ve found a cow’s nest.”

The Colonel was defending the climate of India. “All nonsense,” he says: “there’s no better climate in the world. But there are a lot of young fellows who come out to India, and they eat and drink and they eat, and they die, and then they write home to their friends and tell them that the climate has killed them. Of course lots of people die in India. Tell me where they don’t and I’ll go and end my days there.”

A doctor attended an old lady who had caught a severe cold.

“Did your teeth chatter when you felt the chill coming over you?” asked the doctor.

“I don’t know, doctor; they were lying on the table!”

Boss: “I’m surprised at you. Do you know what they do with boys who tell lies?”

Office boy: “Yes, sir. When they get old enough, the firm sends them out as salesmen.”

“Cheer up!” said the shipwrecked sailor on a raft. “We can’t be far from civilization. I can see a couple of bombers in the distance.”

Mr. Jones found some holes in his socks and asked his wife: “Why haven’t you mended these socks?”

“Did you buy that coat you promised me?”

“No-o,” he replied.

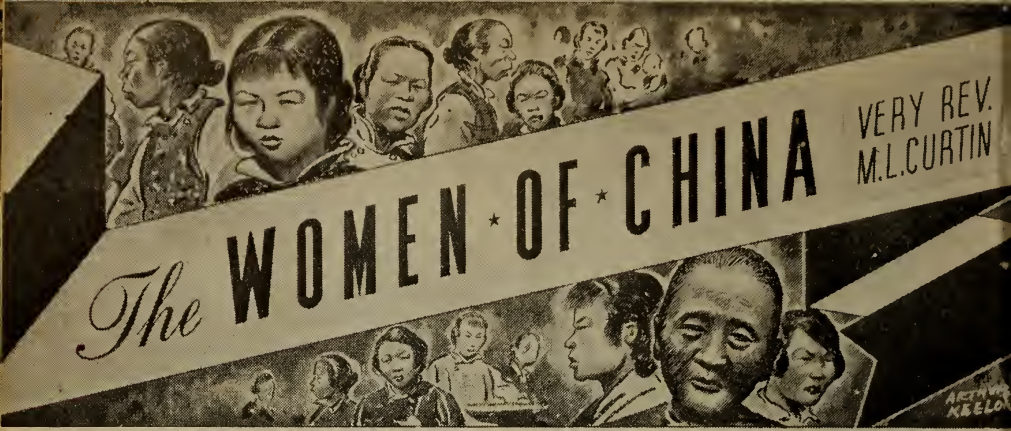
“Well, then, if you don’t give a wrap, I don’t give a darn.”

She looked pleadingly at the heavy-set man standing menacingly before her with a long knife in his hand.

“Have you no heart?” she asked appealingly.

“No,” he answered gruffly.

“Then let me have a little liver, please.”



The WOMEN OF CHINA

VERY REV.
M.L.CURTIN

SOME years ago there appeared a book which enjoyed a fairly large circulation among English-speaking readers, at least in China. Its title was, "China, the Pity of it", and the author painted a pessimistic picture of China, politically and economically. He showed the helplessness and the hopelessness of the country, and saw for her a sad future. Those who are familiar with the facts say he did not exaggerate. What will emerge from the present war and how China will fare when accounts are finally settled, remains to be seen. Some are of the opinion that with the close of the present conflict a brighter day will dawn for China. Let us hope so.

There is another subject that might well excite our pity, and that is the sad condition of the women of China,—Women of China, the Pity of *Them*. Articles have been published and books have been written which show that the lot of the women of China is indeed pitiable.

It is not China, but paganism, that is responsible for these sad conditions. Before the coming of Christ, when nearly the whole world was steeped in the darkness of pagan idolatry, women among the power brackets of society were reduced to slavery. So widespread was this condition that we find traces of it among God's Chosen People, having seeped in from their pagan neighbours. It was only after the coming of Chris-

tianity that womankind began to take her rightful place in society, and that womanhood began to receive the respect that was her due. Christ has not yet come to China, not to a noticeable degree. Though there are a few million Christians, and their number increases a little every year, Christianity has not yet been established in China. The overwhelming majority of her people are still pagan. The country is still pagan, with pagan traditions and pagan practices. This accounts for the sad conditions of the women of China.

From her birth a Chinese woman is at a disadvantage. The birth of a boy is a great event in the family, and, especially if he is the first-born, a cause for celebration. The boy's birth is called a Big Joy, that of a girl a Little Joy. The baby girl is not wanted, as a general rule, and when I once asked a young man the reason he seemed surprised that I could not guess it. He explained that the father does not welcome the infant daughter because he must support her for someone else. By the time she is useful at the home, she is given in marriage, a marriage which perhaps was arranged while she was still an infant. In the parents' eyes, she is a dead loss, and this is multiplied if there are many daughters. The Chinese have been charged with infanticide, a crime all too common among pagans. It is difficult to sub-

stantiate such a serious charge, but there are instances which seem to bear it out, and the victims are girl babies. Carl Crow, an Old China Hand, and an authority on things Chinese, does not agree with this and points to the affection the Chinese show towards their children, but his arguments against the prevalent belief is mostly negative. In a recently-published book, he says he had made exhaustive enquiries, but failed to find definite proof. On the other hand, Missionaries are often told by converts that they before conversion, due to poverty or for some other (to them) equally plausible reason, have done away with the infant daughters soon after their birth. The foundlings left at convent and orphanage doors are invariably girls and the only boys found there are the hopelessly deformed. The inference is that the parents knew that the child will be cared for by the Sisters, and rather than abandon them to certain death, they will leave them where they will be kindly treated. It is not for lack of parental love, as much as because of poverty that they abandon their children. A boy is an asset. A girl is a liability.

Among the poorer classes, the father wants to be rid of the daughter as soon as possible, and makes frantic efforts to have her espoused at the earliest possible date. In some cases she is sent to the home of her future husband while she is still but a girl, depending on the degree of poverty and the arrangements made between the two fathers. From then on her status is little better than of a slave, and even after her marriage, conditions do not improve much for her, for hers is a life of unending drudgery. She may have for a mother-in-law a tyrant, who forgetting her own early misery, seems to delight in making life miserable for her daughter-in-law, and allows her not a moment's respite.

Sometimes the daughter-in-law rebels against such treatment and we know of instances where the poor persecuted girl committed suicide rather than continue such a life of torture, but usually she accepts her fate complacently or endures it stoically. As the years go on, when she becomes the mother of a family, and her parents-in-law become old and feeble and infirm, she cares for them in their old age. In altercations between parents-in-law and daughter-in-law the husband invariably sides with his parents against his wife. Later when her eldest son reaches man's estate, she must take orders from him, as the head of the family.

She is always made to feel her position of inferiority. Walking in the street she follows her husband instead of walking at his side. At banquets women seldom appear, and if they do they are placed at a table apart, not with the men. The only double wedding at which I was the principal witness, took place in China, at a little mission station away off in the mountains beyond Nandong in the Sungyang district, where with Father Reeves I had gone on a mission trip. It was the first and only marriage in this country at which I was the principal witness. The bridegrooms were relatives, and though very poor, they managed somehow to arrange a wedding "breakfast" to which the Missionaries were invited. I was curious as to the part the better-half's were taking in it, and on looking around I spied one of the blushing brides sitting in a corner by the stove busily preparing the vegetables for dinner for the other members of the family. She was still dressed in her wedding apparel, and if anyone should ask, "What did the brides have on? My answer would be, "Blue overalls".

(Continued on page 18)

YOUR NEWS

Nazareth House, St. Mary's, Ontario

*Our Novices
of 1943-44*



*The Axis
got 'em.*



*Work to be
done.*

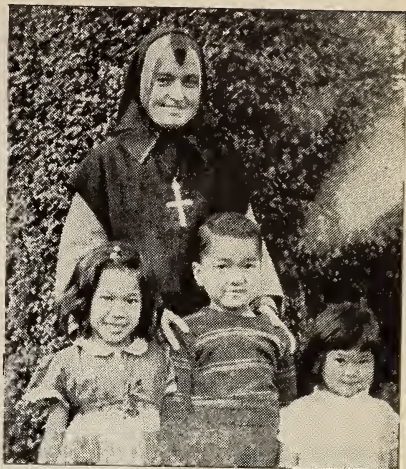
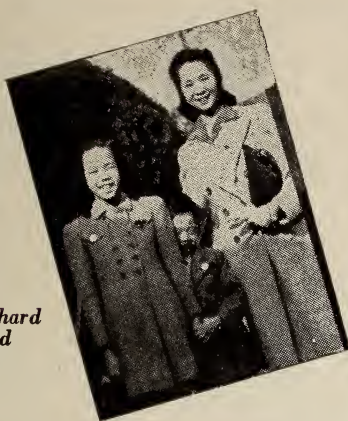


Ice-sterics.

IN PICTURES

Vancouver Catholic Mission

Mrs. Richard Chan and daughter Eileen.



Sister St. Hilda, Superior of the Grey Sisters at Vancouver and some of her pupils.



The Kindergarten tots.

Father McCarthy and his Catholic Youth Group.



BELOW: A surprise visit from Canada's Senior Army Chaplain, Bishop Nelligan.



Women of China

(Continued from page 15)

What is said here refers to the poor who are in the majority in China, as in all countries. In densely populated China there are bound to be millions and millions of very poor and the above applies or did apply to an overwhelming percentage of the women of China. An attempt has been made to better the condition of the Chinese women, and with a degree of success. This is noticeable especially in education. Formerly girls were not taught to read and write, but now they are encouraged to attend the many schools that may be found throughout the land, even in the smaller towns and villages. The New Life Movement has had its effect in this way, but it does not go far enough. It is not a thoroughly Christian movement and in its results, educationally, has very little Christianity about it. No longer will the masses, women included, be illiterate, for all are anxious to take advantage of the facilities provided by registered schools. These schools are recognized by the Department of Education of the Provincial Governments and follow the regulations of the department. The American system is followed as far as possible, even to the extent of prohibiting the teaching of religion in the schools. This clause was modified to some extent since the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese war, because the work of the Missions was brought to the notice of the authorities of the Central Government more forcibly than ever before. Now religion may be taught in the Registered Schools, but this in itself does not accomplish much. Where possible and feasible Missions establish and maintain these schools with staffs and equipment equal to or superior to pagan schools, but in a large city where there is one Mission school there may be a half

dozen or a dozen pagan schools, and the teaching of religion reaches a very small proportion of the children. No religion is taught in pagan schools, but their pupils seem to imbibe irreligion and antagonism towards the Church. In some of the institutions of higher learning the pupils are taught Darwinism and other isms frowned on or condemned by the Church.

Our Chinese girl of to-day is given opportunities equal to that of her brother and the Chinese women of to-morrow will have an education far beyond the dreams of their mothers and grandmothers. But, there is no real education without religion, and no religion with the True One; and "A little education is a dangerous thing". Education that neglects religion is little indeed, for it neglects the most important faculty of the soul. An ancient philosopher said in effect that it was like putting clubs in the hands of madmen.

The problem will be solved by a movement which is not a new discovery, but one which has been successful for nearly two thousand years. That movement is Christianity. It is the duty of Missionaries to propagate Christianity, to establish the Catholic Church in China. It is the duty of the friends of the Missions to give all possible assistance by prayer and sacrifice. Propagate Christianity throughout this country of teeming millions; train will as well as mind; develop the mothers of to-morrow, morally as well as intellectually and physically, and they and their children will no longer be the objects of our pity but of our admiration.

Landlord (to motorist who had been carried into his inn after an accident: "Yes, sir, you have had a very bad smash, but I managed to bring you to.")

Motorist: "I don't remember. Do you mind bringing me two more?"



In God's Good Time

Contributed by

R. W. White, S.F.M.

*R. WHITE, S.F.M.,
Placentia, P.B., Nfld.*

IT is a far cry from the great open spaces and the Rockies of Canada to the rock sea coast of Bandra (Bombay); from the blustering rough and tough ways of an ex-mounty, soldier and now sailor, a veteran of three wars, to the peaceful and tranquil ways of the Church; from the rough handling of an army chaplain hollering and cuffing you into Church and the gentle touch and persuasian of an innocent little convent lass; but it took the spanning of these great distances in order to bring yet another wanderer to the Fold. The life of Pat O'Neil would be the envy of every red-blooded school-boy; but as paper is so strictly rationed one is compelled to waive his story of adventure and confine this article to his conversion.

A Canadian by birth, Pat first volunteered for service in the second Boer war. While still a youth, he saw active service in far-off lands and went under many hardships and adventures. After that war, he returned home and joined the famous Royal North West Mounted Police in Canada. While in service here he experienced all the thrills and adventures we read of and even see and hear of on the screen, to-day; but he wasn't allowed a life time in this service for after a few more years, war broke again—this time in Europe—and Pat found himself a volunteer once more and en route for

France. His stories of those four years of carnage in which he served, would fill a complete volume. Here he won numerous awards and as many wounds. He was also one of those volunteers who joined the three divisions that were sent to Bulgaria; he left many a good pal behind on that fateful trip. Besides fighting, he has also done a deal of sailing and his numerous trips round the world on all the oceans and seas in all kinds of crafts and in all kinds of weathers would fill another volume if put in print. Needless to say that during these adventurous years, he has had many narrow escapes from death and not all during war time. To mention only one, it was in his home town—Pat was working in a mine when one fine day, the walls and the roofs suddenly collapsed and fell in burying 58 men—i.e., the whole crew. Out of those 58 men, only one was rescued, and that after 48 hours. "Yes, that was a near thing," said Pat; but he, too, did not come out scot-free; his bruises and injuries were so severe that it necessitated his being encased in plaster of paris for three months and it was many months more till he was a fit man again.

At the outbreak of this war, Pat, although 60 then, found himself once more before the Recruiting Officers—this time it was the Navy. He was in England during the worst blitzes

(Continued on page 24)

PICTURES



*Chinese
Air Cadets
in
training.*



*Serpentine
curves on the
Burma Road.*



*Chinese
Home
Guard.*

OF CHINA

*War Council
at Chinese
Headquarters.*



*The Holy Father beseeches his
flock to seek an honourable
and just peace.*



*The good influence of the Red
Cross is felt in China as in other
parts of this war-torn world.*



*Annual Retreat, Scarborough Foreign Mission Society, Mother House,
Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.*

Assignments Ordered by the General Council for the Scholastic Year 1944

Seminary Staff:

Rector—Rev. Dr. Pelow.
Vice-Rector—Rev. Andrew Pinfold.
Prefect of Discipline—Rev. Patrick Moore.
Spiritual Director—Rev. V. Morrison.
Director of Missiology—Rev. J. L. Beal.

Faculty of Philosophy:

Dean—Rev. Francis O'Grady, Ph.L.
Professors—Rev. Dr. Pelow and Rev. Andrew Pinfold.

Director of Vocations and Students' Prospects:

Rev. H. Sharkey, assisted by Rev. John McGoey.

Campaigns:

Rev. Harold Murphy and Rev. James Leonard.

"China":

Editor-in-Chief—Rev. H. Sharkey.
Assistant Editors—Rev. Dr. Pelow and Rev. Andrew Pinfold.

Circulation Manager:

Rev. Andrew Pinfold.

Vancouver Mission:

Rev. Chas. Murphy and Rev. J. E. McCarthy.

Victoria Mission:

Rev. Wm. Matte and Rev. Gerald Doyle.

Toronto Mission:

Rev. Lawrence Hart.

Republic of San Domingo:

Rev. H. McGettigan, Rev. Ronald Reeves, Rev. Francis Diemert, Rev. Michael R. MacSween.

Nazareth House:

Rev. Wm. K. Amyot and Rev. L. McFarland. Rev. J. McIver, Bursar.

In God's Good Time

(Continued from page 19)

and did much valuable work there. While on his way to India, his boat was torpedoed—incidentally he has been torpedoed several times; but this time he was badly injured. He eventually landed in Bombay where he was operated on and treated for his wounds. He was sent to recuperate at the Catholic Retreat House at Mount Mary Hill, Bandra, now a convalescent home for sailors.

Pat is an artist and a keen photographer; it was while pursuing this hobby, during his convalescence, that he came across a few children on the sea shore and requested them to pose for a snap; they obliged him and this led to friendship and very soon he found himself over at their homes and to his surprise greatly welcomed. Pat was greatly impressed by the home life, behaviour and Faith of his new friends—especially the last named and very soon found himself under instruction. Inside a week he had learned all that was necessary and was ready for Baptism. And on 4th March, 1943, "Uncle Pat", as he was affectionately called now, was received into the Church by Rev. Father White of the Foreign Missions, a refugee from China and a fellow-countryman of Pat's—and in the presence of his new-found friends, two of whom stood as his God-parents. The next day, he was taken over to the Archbishop's House by Father White and was confirmed. Inside two days, Pat had received four Sacraments! He was greatly impressed by the Archbishop. "He's a great fellow—that Archbishop," said Pat—"Gosh! If all my mates knew as much as I do now, they'd be falling over each other trying to beat me at this game."

It was in France, during the last war, that Pat had his first so-called clash with the Church. The Mili-

tary Chaplain—Father O'Gorman (now Bishop)—was hollering at the men to get into the Church for Mass; but Pat refused to go in saying that he was not a Catholic. "What's your name?" asked the Chaplain. "Brian Patrick James O'Neil," came the answer. "What!" said the Priest, "and you not a Catholic? Get into the Church before I cuff you by your neck," and he proceeded to follow up his words with action; but this method did not convert Pat. Neither did the numerous attempts made by the local Priests in his home town. Even a veritable miracle worked on him by the same Father O'Gorman had no effect. It was like this—Pat was ill for some time with internal haemorrhage—the result of his mining accident—and no doctor was able to do anything to ease him or stop the haemorrhage. He was pretty far from home and so he asked some of the local inhabitants to bring the Priest. Father O'Gorman, who was near, was surprised to see his old friend and hear his request. "So it's you, you Blaggard! And what do you want me to do?" "You can do something those doctors couldn't," said Pat. "You really think so?" asked the priest. "I do!" replied Pat. "But I have nothing here I can administer," said the Priest. "Have you any holy water?" "No," came the reply. "Very well, I can only do this," and he raised his hand and imparted a 'dry' blessing. "You'll be as fit as a fiddle to-morrow morning," declared the Priest before he left. And so it was—for the next morning Pat found himself fulfilling that prophesy—he was up and away as if nothing had ever happened to him. But this, too, failed to enlighten him. Though not a Catholic, he always attended a Catholic service whenever he did attend a service and carried Catholic relics and pious objects on his person. But he continued to remain

(Continued on page 31)

The LITTLE ★ ROSE FLOWER'S GARDEN



MY DEAR YOUNG MISSIONARIES:

I again return to the very important question of the Family Rosary. It is important for three reasons: First, the Rosary is a prayer made up, as you all know, of the Our Father, a prayer composed by none other than Our Lord Himself; and the Hail Mary, which to a great extent is taken from the New Testament, therefore the inspired word of God; the *Gloria Patri* is a song of praise to the Most Blessed Trinity. Second, the Rosary was given us as a form of vocal and mental prayer by Our Blessed Mother through St. Dominic. Third, when the Blessed Virgin appeared at *Lourdes* and later at *Fatima* she carried in her hand a Rosary.

The Rosary has ever been a precious chain of intercession keeping souls near to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus and bringing down untold blessings upon Christendom, and individual souls.

Now there is offered to the Young Missionaries of the Little Flower a golden opportunity to do the Will of God by joining in the world-wide crusade of the Rosary, which is gaining momentum month by month in an endeavour for peace and justice for all mankind.

All you have to do, and it is not difficult, is to begin in your own homes by asking your parents to gather their children around them for ten minutes each day to recite the Family Rosary.

When Our Blessed Mother appeared at *Fatima* for the sixth time on October 13, 1917, surrounded by 70,000 people, she said to Lucy, the little shepherdess: "*I am the Lady of the Rosary . . . and I have come to warn the faithful to amend their lives and ask pardon for their sins. They must not continue to offend Our Lord already so deeply offended. They must say the Rosary*".

These are the words of the Mother of God and our Dear Mother: they are a manifestation of the Will of God. Let us go forth, then, with the motto of the Crusaders upon our lips and applied to the powerful prayer of the Family Rosary: **GOD WILL IT!**

Your devoted friend,

Father Jim

Lives of the Saints

A SAINT is a friend of God, because when he or she lived on this earth the Saint did the Will of God. Our Saviour said: "You are my friends if you do the things I tell you".

It is our duty to become friends of God, to become Saints. "This is the Will of God, your sanctification", says Saint Paul.

Last month we gave you the story of Saint Therese of the Child Jesus, "The Little Flower", and so in this issue we publish the stories of the VISITATION and ASSUMPTION of Our Blessed Mother, the Queen of Saints.

THE VISITATION

Feast Day, July 2nd.

The Angel Gabriel, in the Mystery of the Annunciation, informed the Blessed Virgin Mary that her cousin Elizabeth was to become the mother of Saint John the Baptist. The Blessed Virgin, destined to be the Mother of God, decided she would go to congratulate the mother of the Baptist. Saint Luke, in his Gospel, tells us: "Mary therefore arose and with haste went into the hill country into a city of Judea, and, entering into the house of Zachery, saluted Elizabeth".

What a blessing came to this home, the first to honour the Incar-

nate Son of God by honouring His Blessed Mother. In raptures of astonishment St. Elizabeth pronounced Mary blessed above all other women and cried out: "Whence is this to me that the mother of my Lord should come to me?" Mary hearing her own praise was filled with humility and melting in an ecstasy of love and gratitude, inspired by God, pronounced her Magnificat: "My spirit has rejoiced in God my Saviour, for He hath regarded the lowliness of His handmaid." Mary stayed with her cousin, St. Elizabeth, for three months and then returned to Nazareth.

THE ASSUMPTION

Feast Day, August 15th.

On this festival, the Church commemorates the happy departure from this life of the Mother of the Incarnate God and her translation into the Kingdom of her Divine Son. In Heaven she received a crown of immortal glory and a throne above

that of all other Saints and heavenly spirits.

After Christ, as the triumphant Conqueror of death and hell, ascended into Heaven, His Blessed Mother remained at Jerusalem, persevering in prayer with the disciples until

Pentecost when, with them, she received the Holy Ghost.

We are told that she lived to a very advanced age, but finally paid the common debt of nature. The death of the Saints is rather to be called a sweet sleep than death; much more that of the Queen of Saints who had been exempt from all sin. It is a traditionary and pious belief that the body of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary was raised by God soon after her death, and taken

up to Heaven to be united with her immortal soul.

The *Assumption* is one of the greatest of all the Feasts of the Mother of God; it is the birthday of her eternal greatness and glory and the crowning of all the virtues of her life on earth.

O MARY, QUEEN OF HEAVEN
AND EARTH BRING THIS SIN-
FUL WORLD BACK TO THE FEET
OF THY SON, THE KING OF
KINGS AND THE LORD OF THE
WORLD.

The Religious Theatre of the Air

A WEEKLY RADIO PRESENTATION OF THE LIVES
OF THE SAINTS NOW HEARD ON FOUR
STATIONS IN ONTARIO

C K S O — SUDBURY — Sunday, 2.00 p.m.
(790 On Your Dial)

C J I C — SAULT STE. MARIE — Sunday, 2.30 p.m.
(1490 On Your Dial)

C K C H — OTTAWA-HULL — Saturday, 9.30 p.m.
(1240 On Your Dial)

C H P S — PARRY SOUND — Sunday, 1.30 p.m.
(1450 On Your Dial)

Radio's Most Popular Religious Programme

LISTEN-IN EVERY WEEK — ASK YOUR FRIENDS TO
JOIN YOU.

Sponsored by the
FATHERS OF THE SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY

The Mail Bag

Veronica Hanlon,
Fairville, N.B.
Dear Father Jim:

I am writing to tell you how many Pen-Pals I now have... I have six at the present. I want to thank you for helping me to get them.

Thank you, Veronica. In your letters to your friends don't forget to urge them to join the Crusade for the Rosary.

* * *

Duncan Williams,
Dil, Ontario.
Dear Father Jim:

We say the Rosary every evening and remember you in our prayers always.

I appreciate your remembrance very, very much indeed, Duncan.

* * *

Cecile Doiron,
Hunt River, R.R. No. 3, P.E.I.
Dear Father Jim:

We have received the CHINA and I must say I think the new "make-up"

"CHINA"
St. F. X. Seminary,
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Enclosed find \$....., as a
subscription to "China" for

Name

New Address

Name

Old Address

(If you have changed your address,
please give us the OLD address as
well as the NEW one.)

PEN-PAL CORNER

The following members of our Rose Garden request Pen-Pals:

URBAN KYER, 1215 Bishop Street, Montreal. Hobby: Catholic reading.

GERRY PENNEY, 5 Marcelle Ave., Cornerbrook, Nfld. Age 12. Would like to hear from Danny Clement, North Bay, Ontario, and other boys of his own age. Hobby: Drawing.

BETTY QUIN, R. R. 2, Blyth, Ont. 15 years of age. Fond of cycling and skating.

MARY JOYCE, 33 Darling Ave., Toronto, Ont. Age 11, Grade six. Pen-Pal of own age.

is very nice, and I am sure everybody will be very pleased with it. I enjoyed very much reading "The Story of Fatima." It was lovely.

Thanks very much for your favorable comments on the new CHINA. We hope all our readers will have the same to say for it.

* * *

L.A.C. C. Chabot,
Overseas.
Dear Father Jim:

Well, Father, a lot has happened since I last wrote to you. Would you please tell the "Buds" that I am on my way overseas. I pray to St. Therese harder each day now, Father, as I have a special favour to ask of her.

As ever, "A Bud",
C. CHABOT

CHINA

Our Lady of Fatima and the Rosary

BEAUTIFUL APOSTOLATE

① **UR APOSTOLATE**—to spread
and increase the devotion of
the Immaculate Heart of Mary,
under the title of "Our Lady of
Fatima"—Our Lady of the Rosary.

Rosary Pledge for Life

I, do
hereby pledge to recite daily the
Rosary in my home with the other
members of my family, and to do
so, as long as God gives me strength
and life.

Signed

Address

City..... Prov.....

I know all our members will fol-
low Cecil in their prayers and I
assure you that every member of the
Little Flower's Rose Garden receives
a special remembrance in my Holy
Mass each day. We have many
members overseas, so keep them in
your prayers that they may be faith-
ful "Foreign" Missionaries.

* * *

Presentation Convent School,
Renews, Newfoundland.

Dear Father Jim:

*We are praying for your missions
and for peace... A number of fami-
lies here take CHINA. Wishing you
God's blessing in your work.*

The Crusaders of B.S.

I know the Crusaders of Presenta-
tion Convent School will be among

CHINA

the most active in our drive for the
Family Rosary.

* * *

Urban Kyer,
1215 Bishop St., Montreal, Que.
Dear Father Jim:

*There is one thing I don't like
about CHINA, only one thing, and as
a subscriber I felt that I should let
you know.*

*Your book has no page in it for
the Pen-Pals writing. I hope you
understand what I mean, for example,
I wrote to St. Ann's Annals: "Would
like Pen-Pal from Ireland—boy 22
years of age. Hobby: Catholic read-
ing." Through their help I have
Pen-Pals nearly all over the world.
So consider this please, and if I'm
not too much of a bother would you
write telling me what you think of
this suggestion.*

Yours truly,

URBAN KYER

Well, Urban, I think it is a very
good idea and I am trying your
suggestion in this very issue with
your own name and address at the
top of the list.

In making, or revising, your
Last Will, please remember the
Missions by inserting the fol-
lowing:

"I BEQUEATH TO THE
SCARBORO FOREIGN
MISSION SOCIETY, SCAR-
BORO BLUFFS, ONT., THE
SUM OF \$"



It's Time to Laugh



Professor of Greek—"Miss De Mure, what is meant by the LXX?"

Miss De Mure—"Love and kisses."

Lady—Did you notice the pile of wood in the yard?

Tramp—Yes, lady, I seen it.

Lady—You should mind your grammar, and say you saw it.

Tramp—Lady, you saw me see it, but you ain't seen me saw it.

"I don't like these photos at all," he said, "I look like an ape."

The photographer, famous for his wit as well as for his art, favoured him with a glance of lofty disdain.

"You should have thought of that before you had them taken," was his reply as he turned back to work.

Customer: Where is the barber who used to tell the funny stories?

Barber: He got too ambitious. He began to illustrate his stories with cuts.

An American soldier in England was giving some illustrations of the size of his country. "You can board a train in the state of Texas at dawn," he said impressively, "and 24 hours later you'll still be in Texas."

"Yes," said one of his English listeners, with feeling. "We've got trains like that here, too."

"Tom, do you want some nice plum Jam?"

"Yes, mother."

"I was going to give you some to put on your bread, but I've lost the key to the pantry."

"You don't need the key, mother. I can reach down through the window and open the door from the inside."

"That's what I wanted to know. Now just wait till your father comes home."

"Does Mike Howe live here?"

"Your cow?" exclaimed the lady. "What do you think this is, a barn?"

"Can any one tell me," demanded the fiery orator, "who did most in the nineteenth century to raise the working class?"

"Yes," replied one of the crowd, "the inventor of alarm clocks."

Auctioneer—"And this beautiful spinning wheel goes back to the Pilgrims."

Customer—"What's wrong—busted?"

A professor of physiology was describing the organs of sense, etc., and finally asked for a summary of his lecture. The star of the class arose and said:

"Well, Prof, as I see it, I see with my eye organ, I hear with my ear organ, I smell with my nose organ, I eat with my mouth organ, and I feel with my hand organ."

Lady (at almond counter)—"Who attends to the nuts?"

Clerk—"Be patient, I'll wait on you in a minute."

Customer—"A dozen eggs, please."

Grocer—"We have first grade eggs, second grade eggs, third grade—"

Customer—"Don't bother any further. Just let me have some that have graduated!"

Quizzer—"What was the difference between Noah's Ark and Joan of Arc?"

Sizzer—"Noah's Ark was made of wood and Joan of Arc was maid of Orleans. Now tell me the difference between Joan of Arc and Queen Elizabeth?"

Quizzer—"Joan of Arc was a wonder, and Queen Elizabeth was a Tudor."

It was a deathbed scene, but the director was not satisfied with the hero's acting.

"Come on!" he cried. "Put more life in your dying."

And then there was the co-ed who was so dumb she thought hardening of the arteries was a highway project.

Prof—"Take this sentence, 'Let the cow be taken to the pasture.' What mood?"

Stude—"The cow."

"It was so cold where we were," boasted the Arctic explorer, "that the candle froze and we couldn't blow it out."

"That's nothing," said his rival. "Where we were the words came out of our mouths in pieces of ice, and we had to fry them to see what we were talking about."

An intoxicated gentleman asked a pedestrian, "I shay, which ish the other shide of the shstreet?"

"Why, over there," was the answer.

"Shtrange. I was jus' over there an' a gen'I'mn shaid it wash over here."

Visitor: "What is this on the register?"

Hotel Clerk: "A bug, sir."

Visitor (laying down the pen): "I don't mind if you have bugs in this hotel, but when they come out to see what room you take—that's too much."

She was anxious to learn the latest news about her neighbour's accident, and turning toward her husband, who was immersed in the evening paper, she said: "Henry, can you see anything in the paper about Mr. Jones running over his mother-in-law?"

"Not yet," replied Mr. Peck. "I haven't come to the sporting news!"

The magician's performance was apparently a failure. To interest the audience, he asked:

"Can any lady or gentleman lend me an egg?"

"If we'd had one, you'd have got it long before this," shouted a man from the rear.

"Are caterpillars good to eat?" asked Johnny at the dinner table.

"No," said his father; "what makes you ask a question like that when we are eating?"

"You had one one your lettuce, but it's gone now."

In God's Good Time

(Continued from page 24)

outside the Fold and it took a little convent lass in far-off Bandra to guide his wandering feet home to the Faith. He was so struck by the simplicity, purity and faith of these children—as he remarked afterwards, that it affected a great change in him. Though the necessary and final instructions were imparted by Father White, he attributes his whole change and conversion to one little girl, "his Guardian Angel" he calls her, and above the crucifix on a brawny left arm, he has had her name tattooed to remind him always of her to whom he owes so much. Uncle Pat is mighty pleased with himself now. He says that his only regret is that he did not do this before.

L. K.

Saves Her Life By Risking It

Risking her life proved the saving of it for a Chinese woman in Yuanling, baptized two years ago. It happened during an air-raid. On hearing the alarm, the woman took refuge with a group of seven or eight in a cluster of trees some distance from the city. A convent was set afire by one of the missiles and the woman dashed out of the tree shelter to help the nuns save the building and as much of their belongings as possible. Despite the scorching heat, she continued her work as long as there was anything to save, and her little act of heroism saved her own life. A bomb fell in the tree cluster where she had first taken shelter and killed all those who had remained behind.

Doctor (after examining patient): "I don't like the looks of your husband, Mrs. Kuster!"

Mrs. Kuster: "Neither do I, doctor, but he's good to our children."

Balzac was married
in a nearby ruined palace.
Chopin had played in it.

2,000 GIVE \$115,000 TO MISSIONARY FUND

The annual missionary offering of the People's church, Bloor St. E., taken up last week, amounted to \$115,000. Last year it was \$77,000. R. G. LeTourneau, a visiting U.S. business man - evangelist, gave \$10,000, and 2,000 people contributed.

It is the largest missions offering ever made by this church, which now supports 120 missionaries and 160 students and nationals in 20 mission fields, at a cost of \$60,000 a year.

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FIGHT BASIC CANCER

HAD

The above clipping from a Toronto daily, gives us an insight into the work being done for Foreign Missions by different denominations. It clearly illustrates the importance these people attach to the work of evangelization in foreign lands, and their generosity and self sacrifices for the work of spreading the Gospel.

Your own Priests of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society have been hard hit by the China incident and have a tremendous programme of post-war reconstruction. Are you able to help?

CHINA



10¢

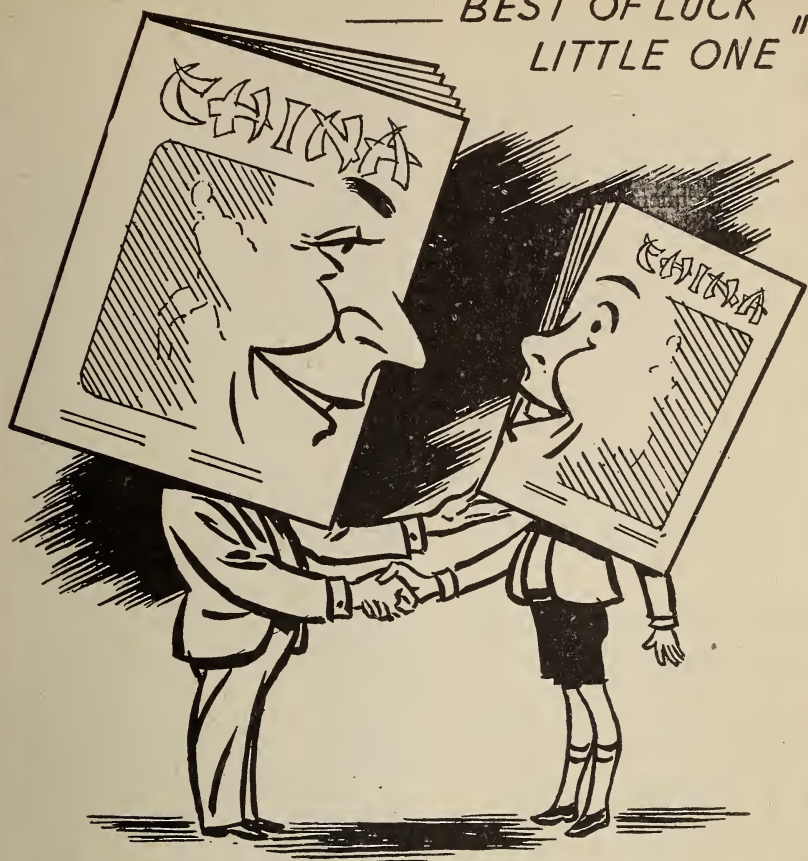
SEPTEMBER 1944
Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

What of the Future?



From the ruins and warfare of the present China looks anxiously into the future. Help us to repair our devastated Missions and rehabilitate our poor Canadian missionary priests and sisters so that China's future in Christ may be assured.

"BEST OF LUCK
LITTLE ONE"



Attention Subscribers!

With the May issue, the size and make-up of CHINA underwent a change. We trust that the smaller format, with its thirty-two pages, will meet with your approval. We believe that it is much more attractive and handier.

Because of our present heavy financial burden, coupled with the destruction of our Missions in China and inflation in that country, we have been obliged to make the annual subscription price one dollar. We know you will understand.

Sign of Cross Helps Soldier

In Hengyang one afternoon an American soldier was seeing the town. He wandered into the winding alleys and consequently lost his way. Puzzled, he finally accosted a young boy, seeking help. He pulled out his talkie book and pointed to the sentence, "I am lost." The boy, for some reason made the sign of the Cross and the American, being a Catholic, did likewise. Then the boy turned around and led the way until they reached the Catholic Mission, where the Chinese priest in charge, who could speak English, directed him back to his base safely.

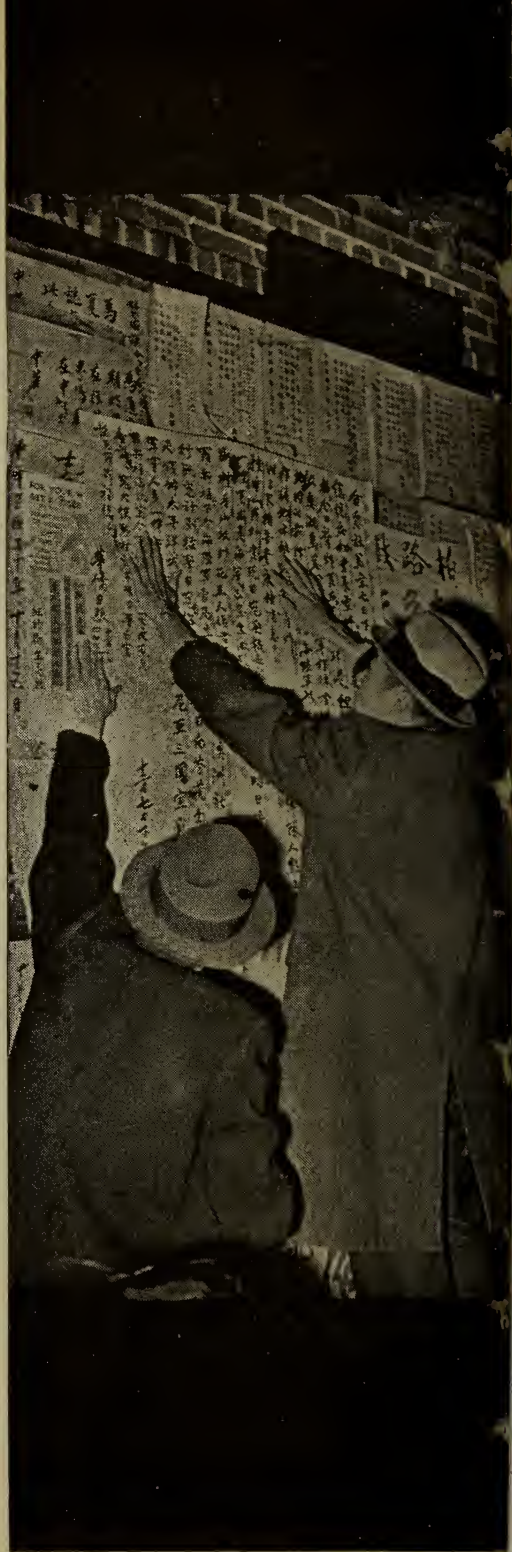
* * *

Catholic University of Peking Not Closed

The Rev. Ralph, S.V.D., national director of the Catholic University of Peking, has received a cable from the Very Reverend Chancellor of the University, who is at present in Vatican City, denying a rumor that the University had closed. The false rumor, emanating from Chungking, China, was widely printed in the United States.

The Catholic University of Peking, conducted by the Divine Word Fathers, expects to start the new Scholastic term with a large enrollment of students, Father Ralph said. Besides its educational work, the

CHINA; Very Rev. Hugh F. X. Sharkey, Editor. Vol. XXV, No. 8, September, 1944. Issued monthly, September to June; bi-monthly July-August. Rates \$1.00 a year. Official Publication of the Scarborough Foreign Mission Society, Scarborough Bluffs, Ontario. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AND ADMITTED TO PRIVILEGED POSTAGE RATES AT THE POST OFFICE, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, JULY 10, 1924. Published by Ecclesiastical authority. Printed by The Industrial & Educational Publishing Co., Limited, Toronto 1.



University is preparing vaccine for typhus and has fed hundreds of thousands of refugees during the war.

* * *

An Appreciation

Concluding words of Monsignor Mahoney in his appreciation of the address of Bishop Paul Yu Pin at the Catholic Culture Center, London, January 18, 1944:

"We have heard priests of the Scarboro Foreign Missions tell us how comparatively easy it would be to convert China were sufficient men and money available, and have wondered how that could be. After what His Excellency has told us this evening of the natural virtues of his people, we begin to understand.

"Let us all take the lesson to heart. For the English speaking Catholics of Canada, there is one organization which has for its ob-

ject the carrying out of the great project which Bishop Yu Pin proposes—The Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, with headquarters in Toronto.

"That Society has recently entered this Diocese with the inception of its Novitiate at St. Mary's. It is up to us to become interested in the noble work of that Society, to learn of it, and to back it up with active cooperation.

"We have needed this lesson; we thank Your Excellency for the clear and impressive manner in which you have taught it to us in this most interesting and instructive lecture."

* * *

Our Cover

A distinguished Chinese artist depicts Christ sending out His twelve missionary priests to convert the world.

CONSULADO DE LA REPUBLICA DOMINICANA

TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA

No. 234/44.

112 Yonge St.,
May 15, 1944.

Very Reverend Hugh F. X. Sharkey,
Editor of "China",
St. Francis Xavier Seminary,
Scarboro Bluffs,
Ontario.

Dear Father Sharkey:

The new format in which China came this month is splendid and very interesting. My family and I always enjoy reading your worthy magazine which is doing such wonderful work for the missionaries of St. Francis Xavier.

I consider it my duty to thank you and all the Fathers who are now in my country, the Dominican Republic, for the word of ponderation and love they always express in their writings. The Dominican people are very good Catholics and very hospitable.

Our President, Dr. Rafael L. Trujillo has assigned, up to this year, more than \$100,000 for helping with the creation, reconstruction and improvement of our churches, and these steps have met with the warmest applause from the Dominican people.

Yours very truly,

J. U. GARCIA,

Dominican Consul.

JUG/ES

CHINA

Page Five

To These We Are Debtors

by Rev. J. McGoey, S.F.M.

DEBTS are things synonymous with plague. They are inevitably spoken of with dread or vindictiveness. They are the constant travelling companion of man. Adam mortgaged his soul to establish the first one, and lives are being given daily now to redeem the latest one. There is an old saying to the effect that "If you would keep your friends, never lend them money". A loan means a debt, and a debt destroys friendship. Realizing this it would be hard to think of a debt that had none of the characteristics implied of the debts mentioned above. Yet it has been the privilege of the Refugees from Lishui to incur debts which were a pleasure to creditor and debtor and which will bring pleasure to the payer and payee. They were debts the foreclosure on which, will bring no odium, they were debts, the payments on which will bring no deprivation; they were debts incurred through no fault, repaid on no demand; they were debts gratuitously tendered and gratefully accepted. They were debts which have something good about them. Debit what you take in and credit what you pay out is the rule, and so here is the debit side of our ledger.

DEBIT FATHER FU, and his sister, who gave us all we ate for six days in Pucheng, the first lap of our flight from Chekiang.

Debit FATHER DEVINE, American Dominican of Kienyang, Fukien, for two days' lodging, and a barrel full of laughs when we really needed them.

Debit FATHER WERNER, Pro-prefect of the American Dominican province in Fukien province, who so hospitality received us as we showed

up in series and who opened his cupboards of precious supplies to us as we left. Who also received and looked after four of our Sisters for more than four months before the Dominican Sisters themselves were forced to flee.

Debit FATHER BERLANOS, Spanish Dominican of the Foochow Vicariate, who accepted and housed us in dribs and drabs as we floated into Nan Ping in central Kukien province. This old Missionary has been 31 years there and is still looking forward to his first furlough home to Spain. He had been on the verge of going when the Spanish Civil War broke out in '36. All he had was ours while we stayed there and even though it wasn't much it was all he had.

Debit FATHER MARTINEZ, 80 miles further down the road, and of the same Vicariate, who kindly received



Rev. J. McGoey, S.F.M.

four of the Sisters as their truck broke down, and kept them there until it was able to continue the trip.

Debit FATHER LODDING, German Dominican, of Chang T'ing on the south-western border of Kukien, who himself confined by the Chinese to the Mission and hardly able to receive funds, placed his Mission at our disposal, along with its contents. We only learned that he was borrowing money for his sustenance from his Christians as we were leaving his place.

Debit the DOMINICAN SISTERS here with Father Lodding, three in number, one Swiss, one German and one Italian, who looked after our sick and who gave fresh habits to our Sisters, the first they had had in three or four weeks.

Debit FATHERS MASON and KOHAN, Vincentians of the eastern States, who gave us the food and necessary encouragement to go on to the next stop to comfort and a general rest in Kanchow, where we had to,

debit, BISHOP O'SHEA and the SISTERS OF CHARITY, a two weeks stay and treatment in a nice little hospital. Where the Doctors set Sister Julitta's broken arm, fractured when the truck in which she had been riding had turned over three days previous, and where Father White's dislocated shoulder was fixed.

Debit FATHER CULBERT, Ta I, pastor, Vincentian, who at one time had passed through Lishui en route to Shanghai, in an attempt to run the blockade for supplies. His hospitality made the whole evacuation worth while.

Debit FATHER AUGUSTINE T'ANG, of NamShung, in Canton province, and the Hsiao Kuan Vicariate who helped us put in the two days there waiting for a ride to the rail head, another hundred miles on. He was a Chinese Secular Priest, who did all the Cantonese talking for us.

Debit BISHOP CANACE, and his Salesian Fathers from Austria, and

France, and Czecho-Slovakia, and the SALESIAN SISTERS there who supplied the first foreign meal in many days. It was hard for us to refuse to stay with them as they needed the presence of an American or a Canadian Priest so badly at that time; but none of us were fit to tarry along the road.

Debit BISHOP PALAZZI, and the Italian Franciscans with him who were our hosts for several weeks, and whose Sisters, the Franciscans of Egypt looked after so many of us in the hospital. It was here that our Priests and Sisters met Monsignor O'Gara, C.P., who was very critically ill there, while returning from his imprisonment in Hong Kong to his own Vicariate of Yuanling. The Sisters nursed him and were invited for the duration to Yuanling Vicariate. In Bishop Palazzi's Vicariate of Hengyang we were able to credit the books a little by helping to hold the property and keep it from occupation while the Italian Fathers were interned. We also here served temporarily a parish of two thousand Christians, and in which the Italian Franciscans had several martyr members.

Debit, here too, FATHER GLASS, one of the MEN OF MARYKNOLL who was in charge at the time of Bishop Palazzi's internment, and who gave us every possible help at his disposal, and through whom we met the pilots of the 14th Air Force, who made it possible for Sister Mary Vianney to be flown to India for the major operation which saved her life, hitherto despaired of.

Debit BISHOP LACIO, and his Italian Franciscans of Changsha Vicariate, the scene of several Chinese major engagements with the Japs, and whose Vicariate was being administered by Father Druetto, a French National. Here, too, we debit the FRANCISCAN MISSIONARIES OF MARY, an international community,

where we found our first Canadians, Srs. Cana and Thibaut of Montreal and Quebec respectively, and who gave the refugees from Lishui medical attention for over three months gratis. This community had two German Sisters, one Polish, one Italian, two Canadians, one Spanish, one Belgian, and five Chinese Sisters.

Debit the SPANISH AUGUSTINIAN Bishop of Changteh and the Sisters there who received our Priests and Sisters who were passing through there to their sanctuary in Yuanling. Late in April came word of the latest intrusion of the Japanese into Changteh, January, '44, and the letter says, "The Sisters were in the chapel praying when the Japanese landed and they immediately called the orphan girls and fled for protection across the field to the Bishop's house, with the Japanese in close pursuit. The Sisters and the Priests were all severely beaten in the ensuing fight, but after resisting to blood, and the Mother Superior having received a bayonet gash in her head, the Priests and Bishop succeeded in holding the Japs at bay. However, there the Mission was in ruins, and we feel we must mark the credit side of our books immediately with prayers, and the hope that benefactors will be found soon to help these benefactors.

Debit the AMERICAN PASSIONIST FATHERS, of the Yuanling Vicariate, who supplied six of our Fathers and seven of the Sisters with a home for more than a year. In this Vicariate it was that the first of our Sisters, Sister Mary Daniel, died of typhus in nursing the sick soldiers.

Debit the FATHERS OF THE PARIS FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY, that Society of the missionary martyrs, for in Kunming they kept us until we could fly over into India. There we used a Chalice sent to China by Little Flower.

Debit the BELGIAN JESUIT FATHERS, of Calcutta, and the IRISH SISTERS of Loretto, who supplied us with our first butter and white bread in many a month, and who made the introduction to many of the amenities we had not known for a long time, a generous one.

Debit the ENGLISH JESUIT BISHOP OF BOMBAY, and the SPANISH JESUIT FATHERS, for the open house hospitality shown us in Bombay until we were able to embark for the Western Hemisphere.

Debit the VICAR GENERAL, MONSIGNOR LYONS, of Melbourne, and the staff at the Cathedral of St. Patrick for a very pleasant day there, and the COLUMBAN FATHERS of Australia for two suitcases of clothes, the best attempt they could make to help us look respectable on landing in the Americas.

A final debit to the MARYKNOLL FATHERS of San Francisco, for suits to replace the old khaki clothes we were sporting since the Japs sport ours after the evacuation of Lishui.

The credit side of our ledger we must keep for the future. But the first paragraph was sufficient to make you realize that these debts will all be wiped off some day. It is not a day that our creditors are looking forward to, but it is one of which we are most anxiously looking forward to. But not because we want a debt cancelled off but because we really would relish a chance to let them know that we would enjoy doing for them what we know they enjoyed doing for us. Even though it is more blessed to give than to receive we feel we were mighty blessed to be able to receive, and if the wills of the nations were as magnificent as the wills of the nationals, our benefactors, what a futile effort would the war-mongers of the future be put to in order to stir up business.

Laughter at Night

John Patrick
Gillese



ARTHUR
KEELOR

Laughter at Night

*Reprinted by courtesy of
"The Missionary"*

VON FRITSCH placed a monocle in his eye and leaned forward at his great polished desk. Karl Emden gazed at the far-famed propaganda chief with awe. Why should one so great send for him?

"You are Karl Emden?"

"Yes, Herr von Fritsch."

"Do you know why you are here?"

"I do not, Sir."

"You are a Catholic?"

Karl's face blanched. "Pardon me, Herr von Fritsch. I am not. I was one once, when I was a child and knew no better. Now I am a Hitler youth. Heil Hitler!"

Von Fritsch permitted a flickering smile to trace his thin, cold lips. "The priests say: 'Give us a child until he is seven, and the Church will have his soul forever.'"

"If he has a soul," replied Karl, as he smiled back.

"Good! good!" commented the chief. He was greatly pleased.

"It is my business," he went on, "to keep informed about the progress of outstanding members of the Hitler Youth. I have been watching you, Emden. I believe there is a great service you can do for the Third Reich."

Eagerly the boy answered. "I will do it gladly, Sir. I am ready to die for our Leader."

Glancing at a closely-typed record, the older man asked: "How long were you a Catholic?"

Karl fidgeted. "Until two years ago, Sir."

"You still remember the rites—practices?"

"I have done my best to forget them, Herr von Fritsch."

The thin lips tightened. "Answer my questions directly, Emden."

"Yes, Sir. I still remember them."

"Good. You were confirmed?"

"Yes. When I was ten years old."

"Did you ever think of becoming a priest?"

"Not really, Sir. But my mother wanted it very much. My pastor, too, felt the same way. I was sent to the preparatory college in Munich, and was almost ready to enter St. Columban's Seminary."

"Splendid," broke in von Fritsch. "Of course you are willing to swear that you now despise the Catholic religion?"

"With all my heart, Sir. I hate it," replied the youth.

"You realize, I take it, Emden, that the Catholic Church is our strongest enemy—that it stands as a stubborn obstacle on our road of progress?"

"Fanatically stubborn, Sir," agreed Karl.

"So much the better for us, Emden. Those who fight us face to face are the easiest to destroy. We're going to blast the ground from under old Faulhaber, von Preysing and all that stupid crowd. Listen carefully, young man. We're going to send fifty, perhaps even a hundred clever students like you into the Seminaries. They'll pull wool over the eyes of their dreamy old professors. Soon they'll be made priests. Then suddenly and all at once they'll proclaim from their pulpits that Catholicism is a fraud, a deceit, a hoary superstition. That will smash the Catholic Church in Germany."

Karl was too amazed to say a word. Smiling at him von Fritsch continued: "I'm sure of that, and so I'm going through with the plan. You are to be one of those priests, Emden."

The boy gulped. "May I say something, Herr von Fritsch?" At the other's nod, he continued: "I must have credentials to enter the Seminary—certificates of my par-

ents' marriage, of my baptism and confirmation, especially a letter from Father Eindecker, my pastor."

Von Fritsch smiled indulgently as he drew a sheaf of papers from a folder. "Here," he said, "is everything you will need. We are very careful and thorough. Some weeks ago we got rid of old Eindecker. But here is a letter, dated before he disappeared, in which he heartily recommends you for the priesthood. Send word today to that old fool Moeller at St. Columban's that you'll be there tomorrow evening. Leave on the noon train. Take with you nothing that might betray your connection with us. At roll-call in the morning you will be publicly flogged at your barracks—a hundred lashes—and dismissed from the Hitler Youth in disgrace. I'm sorry, but we must start you off right with the Seminary professors. Is all this clear?"

"Very clear, Sir," answered the youth, trying to keep out of his voice the cold shivers that ran down his body.

"One more word, Emden. You must not tell anybody of these plans. The slightest leak will ruin them. The penalty for any slip will be death—a painful death."

"Naturally, Sir," responded Karl as he raised his hand in salute. "Auf wiedersehen, Herr Direktor. Heil Hitler."

St. Columban's Seminary stood high in the blue Bavarian hills, not far from Berchtesgaden. Karl wondered reverently whether one could see the home of his beloved leader from a high peak ten miles away.

His first day in the Seminary was strange! Old Father Moeller welcomed him with open arms; gazed in compassion at the wounds on his back.

"Forgive them, my boy! They know not what they do."

"I do forgive them, Father," replied Karl, "but after all, I think

they know what they are doing. They are fanatical against our holy religion."

The rector kissed the letter with Father Eindecker's signature. There were tears in his blue eyes.

"We were ordained together, Karl. If my old friend recommended you for the priesthood, surely it is your vocation."

"I trust that is God's holy will," said Karl as he thought: "There must be smart forgers in Fritsch's bureau, unless the signature was wrung from Father Eindecker by torture."

"It gets worse and worse," Father Moeller said sadly. "We cannot talk freely of God any more. Poor Father Schmidt has been warned to stop insisting on the sanctity of marriage and the home. It is contrary to Nazi teaching. . . ."

Just then a heavy hand clapped him on the shoulder. Wincing, for the stripes on his back were fresh, he whirled to meet a big, jovial man.

"I'm Father Schmidt," the priest laughed. "You're our new boy. Welcome, son. We need men like you. Men who can smile and die for God. Germany's soul is crying aloud for priests. Somehow, I have a feeling you'll be one of her best."

Karl stared at him. The irony of it struck him as a huge joke. Then he, too, laughed long and heartily. How simple-minded they all were!

"That's the stuff, my boy, that's the stuff. You'll make good," said Father Schmidt.

Thus Karl's new life began. Surprisingly, the routine was very similar to that of the Hitler Youth, though the spirit and ideals of the Seminary were the very opposite of their schools.

At first it was very hard for Emden. The strict discipline did not bother him. It was not near so rigid as that of the Hitler Youth barracks. But almost everything else—prayers, meditations, Masses, ves-

pers, benedictions, confessions, Communions—raked his soul raw. Even his meals and games and classes gave but little relief. It was hard, desperately hard to be a successful hypocrite, day in and day out, every day, every hour, every minute. How he longed to let himself go, to tell the whole Seminary, as Hitler could, what simpletons, dolts, utterly blind fools they were. Some day he could and would. But not now; that would be treason to the new Germany, to Hitler. That would bring a painful death. Von Fritsch knew how to make death a long drawn-out agony.

As the months went by his fears of betraying his secret faded. Everybody plainly looked on him as a hero. They all knew how his back was torn and gashed when he had joined them. But a deadlier fear grew up in his soul. Truths that he had been taught and had once devoutly believed came back irresistibly. His studies drove them deep into his consciousness, and clinched them fast. The slogans he had heard in Hitler's schools, and had welcomed so confidently—"childish fears," "moss-grown superstitions," "old wives' tales," could not dislodge them. God, judgment, hell, became more real and vivid to him than ever before. Sometimes as he tossed restlessly on his bed at night he fancied that he saw the devil grinning at him — the devil with von Fritsch's face, with Hitler's. He would have shrieked aloud had he not been paralyzed with terror. Still he could not, or would not break the chains with which they had bound him.

His only moments of forgetfulness and relief came when he went on long walks with jolly Father Schmidt. The old man was as light-hearted as a boy—plucking the petals from mountain daisies in the children's "she loves me, she loves me not" game; imitating the birds until they answered back; shouting

down rocky glens and gleefully counting the echoes. It brought Karl's mind back to his boyhood days, and gave him a little of their happiness. For this he was grateful. Affection for the old man grew steadily in his reawakening soul—affection, admiration, and a growing conviction that religion was not the deadening, paralyzing, degrading thing that Nazi schoolmasters called it. One day when swimming in a mountain lake he took cramps, and would have drowned had not Father Schmidt dived deep and dragged him to safety. After that the big smiling priest loomed larger in his heart than Hitler. But when he thought of his own treachery, he called himself a snake in the grass.

A month later Father Schmidt showed him the sermon he meant to preach the following Sunday. Karl's face whitened as he read. "Father," he cried, "you mustn't preach that sermon. You laugh at the Fueher; you make fun of him; you hold him up to ridicule. Please, Father, please don't preach that sermon. They'll kill you."

"I'm only standing up for God and the truth, Karl," answered the old man. He looked up into the blue sky. A little kingbird was chasing a hawk. "Look, Karl," he said with a tender smile. "Look at that little bird, fighting that big hawk. He may lose his life, but he isn't afraid; he isn't running away."

Sunday evening a detail of brown-clad troops drew up at the Seminary door. "Stand back in the shrubbery, Father, I'll talk to them," whispered Karl. "No, son, I think they're after me," he whispered back. "I wonder why," he added with a smile and a wink.

Karl rushed up to the hard-faced Captain. "You mustn't touch Father Schmidt," he said sternly. "He is an old man."

With a sneer the Captain replied: "You'd better remember, young man,

to whom you are speaking. Your old Schmidt will never again ridicule our Fueher."

"I ask this as a favor of the Third Reich," pleaded Karl.

"You don't want much, do you? Would you like to talk it over with Herr von Fritsch?"

Unthinkingly Karl blurted out: "He sent me here."

"Oho!" replied the Captain with a sardonic smirk. "I wondered why he told us not to molest the students. Well, well, isn't that fine?"

A cold sweat broke out on Karl's face. A shiver ran down his spine. "I have been indiscreet," he murmured. "As a comrade please overlook what I said."

"Of course," answered the Captain with a wicked grin. "Why should

I bother von Fritsch with a trifle like that? Find Schmidt, men, and deal with him as ordered."

Ten minutes later the brown shirts were on their way. Battered and bloody Father Schmidt lay as if dead on the grass. Slowly consciousness returned. Karl was weeping bitterly on his knees beside him. "Leave me alone with Karl," he whispered through bruised lips.

"Father," sobbed the broken-hearted boy, "my life here has been a living lie—a horrible, horrible sacrilege."

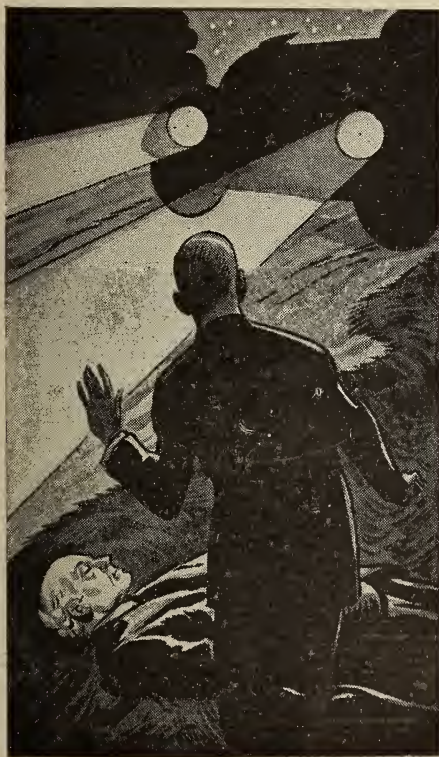
"I suspected and feared that, my son. But now all that is ended. Confess quickly. I have but a few minutes to live."

They were enough. Unable to rise the dying priest lifted his hand. His words came slowly, faintly: "I absolve thee from thy sins in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

An hour passed. Brilliant headlights came around a curve in the road and shone straight on Karl.

"Ah! there you are, filthy pig. You didn't run away. Too scared to move, eh?" gloated the savage Captain. "Renegade! traitor! we've come for you. Herr von Fritsch is waiting. Heil von Fritsch. Heil Hitler."

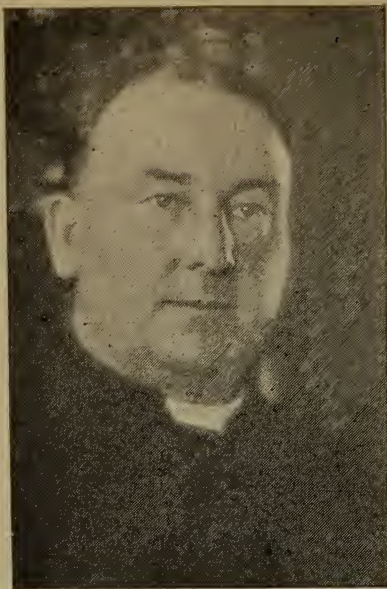
"Praised be Jesus Christ, forever and ever, Amen," answered Karl.



"Brilliant headlights come around a curve in the road and shone straight on Karl."

In making, or revising, your Last Will, please remember the Missions by inserting the following:

"I BEQUEATH TO THE
SCARBORO FOREIGN
MISSION SOCIETY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT., THE
SUM OF \$



Rev. V. Morrison, S.F.M.

Orientalism versus Occidentalism

by

Rev. V. Morrison, S.F.M.

THE ORIENT, land of topsy turvy, where things are different, and to our notions and to our attitude utterly ridiculous. We enter this strange country with our own ideas and conceptions of how things should be done, and we think our way is the best and only way for the oriental to get anywhere, and we begin at once to impose our way and to inject our ideas to have them change their way of life and live as we do. If any of us go to the Orient with these notions in our head we are beaten before we embark, though we don't know it. It is a fatal mistake which many have made before us, and by now we should have learned our lesson, that "East is East and West is West and ne'r the twain shall meet."

When we speak to an oriental about our great civilization — they merely smile and say "You are quite right but I am not wrong." When you tell them about the rapid advance of western countries in the arts, sciences and mechanics—it does

not impress him in the least. He replies that his forefathers had all these things before our country was discovered. Our civilization goes back thousands of years and during that time we had our great and holy men who used their science for the benefit and welfare of our people and taught them a way of life which endures to the present age; and we feel a pride and satisfaction in their accomplishments which we are loath to relinquish for your new ideas—especially as our civilization is best suited to the wants and desires of our race.

Our teachers and prophets were holy men who taught us wise precepts and counselled us in the way we should act. Confucius outlined a most minute plan of life for the Chinese, and taught a code of morals which is in practise among them to this day. He lived six hundred years before Christ — established schools and academies which propagated his tenets and these teachings and tenets formed for the Chinese their way of

life. Buddha and his disciples who taught the Indians their way of life was a contemporary of Confucius and he, with Mohammed, who came on the stage later formed the mode of life for the immense population of the Indies. A true Confucian, Buddhist, Hindu, or Mohammedan will rarely give up his views in religion or politics in favor of Christianity or of the adopting of the Occidental mode of government or politics. In China we have the Litterati class and the Student groups. These are steeped in the mode of life taught by their sages and any attempt on the part of foreigners to change their attitude, or as they think, to better their conditions, change their customs, is met with by a wave of anti-foreign slogans, strikes and boycotts. Where the foreigner is concerned he always loses. They always pay for their overzeal and mistakes—and the Chinese, triumphantly, are filled with arrogance and pride and thus an anti-foreign feeling is fanned in kept glowing by the mistakes and **underestimation of the people** among whom they live, and for whom we leave our own country.

If the picture be reversed and the oriental, the Chinese, the Indian, the Egyptian or the Persian, all these, with their most ancient civilization were to come to the Occident and introduce their customs, mode of living, literature, etc., how would we feel about it? Would they be received graciously by the authorities? Would they be accepted as teachers and leaders in our universities, colleges or schools? There is much in the civilization and culture of these nations which is a closed book to most of us in the Occident and which if it were taught and inculcated and put in circulation would alter our views and ideas that the Orient is not lacking in culture and refinement and it would strengthen the ties and solidify the understanding which we

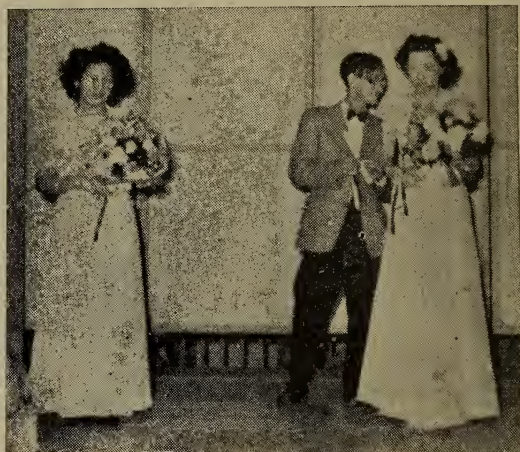
hope to accomplish with our post-war specifications.

How many of our upper classes, doctors, professors and teachers in our higher institutions of learning know anything about the sages of China, Confucius or his disciple Lao Tze? How many of our students and graduates know anything of his writings and treatises on Moral Law? I am sure very few of them interest themselves in this great man. And the sacred books of India and Persia together with their art and literature are closed books to the ordinary student. Only specialists in oriental cult and literature are conversant with these works and the number of students who would submit to a course in these subjects is quite limited, so that their influence in the Occident is next to nothing. Now you may ask "What is the effect of this attitude towards these ancient monuments of culture and civilization"? There is only one answer to this question. Complete and total misunderstanding of these people, their history, their manners and customs and mode of life, because their manners and modes of life are fashioned on their sacred books and the literature of their prose writers and poets, their dramatists and professional actors who go through the country staging performances for the benefit of the people. This lack of knowledge of the East constitutes a barrier between the two worlds, preventing a sympathetic understanding of the two races. Perhaps when the smoke of battle has cleared away and peace returns something more will be done to break down this barrier than has been done in the past.

And now we might inquire into the causes of this neglect and indifference towards those ancient masterpieces of history. Most probably you will reply that the language in which they are written is so difficult to learn that it presents an unsur-

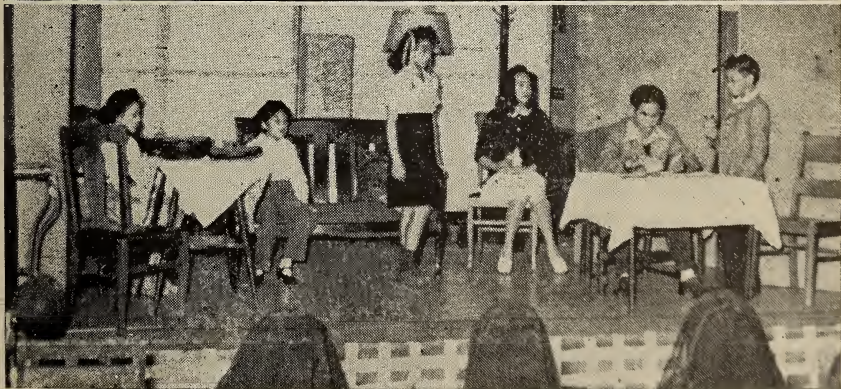
(Continued on page 18)

Our Chinese Catholic School at



TOP—Father Moriarty addresses the pupils. CENTRE—Three graduates: Miss Evelyn Wong, Mr. George Mah and Miss Evelyn Lee, BOTTOM: The Rythm Band.

Vancouver Has Its June Closing



TOP—Kindergarten graduates perform.
CENTRE—The cast of the play and Rythm Band.
BOTTOM—Cast of the play—The Lucky Cat.

Orientalism versus Occidentalism

(Continued from page 15)

mountable obstacle. Those who have studied these languages tell us that they are not so difficult after all. It requires time and patience to learn well a foreign language especially an oriental tongue. We know of Catholic Missionaries who have mastered these seeming difficulties, wrote treatises and translated western classics into Chinese, Hindustani and Persian. They spoke these tongues as natives, preached in it, taught in it and made the language their own. Abbe Huc, the Vincentian Missionary, who toured through Tibet and Tartary, spoke these languages as a native would speak, and he has left us his writings about these countries in two admirable volumes which throw much light upon these two little understood and unknown countries. So it is to men such as Abbe Huc and Abbe Leeb and their like, that we are indebted for our knowledge of the lives, customs and language of these most ancient people. They translated many of their books into French and English, and these while not in large circulation may be procured at the headquarters of the Catholic Missions, and at book shops in our Canadian and American cities, and in all large public libraries. But because of the apathy of our Western people towards these works, they are still little known, and being little known, the barrier between the East and the West still remains. East is East, and West is West, can we not make them better acquainted.

Now let us look at the attitude of the Oriental towards our culture, civilization and literature. He wants to know all about it—wants to read about it—wants to write about it. English is taught in all middle schools of China—and India—; in

fact English is the medium of instruction in all the schools of Bombay—though Marati is the language of the people. So that when the pupils graduate or leave school they are fluent in both English and Marati. The Chinese students are most diligent to study English—to read and speak it. Though not all succeed in mastering it many of them make considerable progress with it. Aboard the transport which brought us from Bombay, India, to Los Angeles, California, were one hundred and eight Chinese going to different parts of America and Canada. And all these one hundred and eight could speak fluent English, read English books, periodicals and newspapers. Several of them were accomplished musicians, and gave recitals from the compositions of Wagner and Mozart. The Hindus were equally fluent in English. The Persian boys aboard, though not so fluent, were constantly studying the language—going about book in hand, and conversing as best they could with the other passengers. They were on their way to an agricultural college in Wisconsin for a three-year course in Agriculture after which being completed they were returning to their native land to put their acquired knowledge into operation.

What a contrast between their attitude towards our culture and literature and our attitude towards their ancient civilization with all its good points. When they arrive in our country they are able to speak the language, read our newspapers, and so become imbued with the spirit of the country. They enter the college of their choice, imbibe the atmosphere of the college and so understand the spirit of democracy which there prevails. Have they not a great advantage over us who go to their country—knowing scarcely nothing of the language we will have to speak, and only a hazy idea of the manners and customs of the peo-

ple with whom we will be living. It will require three or four years of concentrated study before one is able to preach and teach. When I began the study of the Chinese language I did not find it too difficult. I gradually formed a liking for it and so without a great deal of hardship, as the years went by I acquired a working knowledge of the language which permitted me to preach doctrine, teach in the schools and perform other works connected with the ministry of souls.

Along with the study of the language there is the study of the customs, and mode of procedure — for orientals have a ritual according to which everything must be carried out and for a "Big Man" to offend against these rules would be an unpardonable offence and a great loss of face. The orientals, and especially the Chinese are great actors—they are always on the stage of life and we must meet them and take part in the play and know our lines well. And this is the most difficult of all phases of Oriental life for the Occidental to learn and practise and so it is generally left out of the picture and the barrier between the races remains as impregnable as ever.

Will this barrier ever be broken down so that all these people may stand on the same footing with Occidentals and mix freely with them—discuss matters without simulation—lay aside their untrustworthiness—speak their minds openly and accept the consequences whatever they may be? In my opinion after twenty years in the Orient and after viewing the stirring events of the past seven years when there was so much intercourse between the West and the East; so many good-will missions; so many representatives of foreign states entertained at the Capital, and so little good accomplished by all these missions all lead me to give

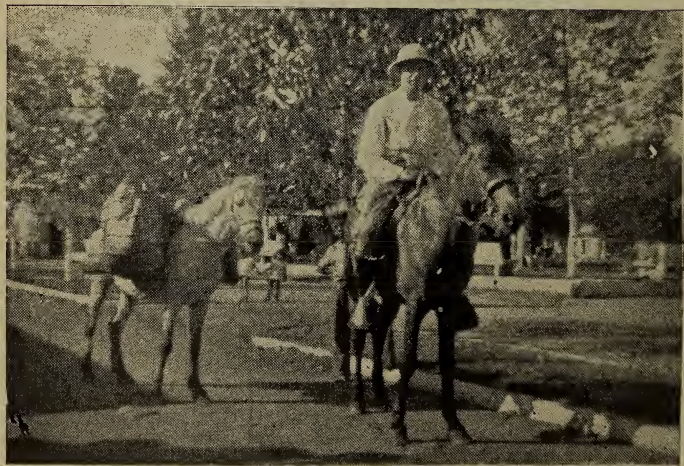
an answer in the negative so that the barrier between the East and West is as strong as it ever was and will remain so until oriental thought, oriental literature, language, drama, music and the arts are widely circulated and propagated throughout the western world. Then, and then only, will there be a destruction of the barriers which separate the Orient from the Occident.



The Gossip

Have you ever heard of Gossip Town,
On the shore of Falsehood Bay,
Where old Dame Rumour, with rustling
gown,
Is going the livelong day?
It isn't far to Gossip Town,
For people who want to go;
The "idleness train" will take you down,
In just an hour or so.
The "Thoughtless" road is a popular route
And most folks start that way,
By its steep down grade; if you don't look
out,
You'll land in Falsehood Bay.
You glide through the valley of "Vicious
Folk,"
And into the tunnel of "Hate,"
Then crossing the "Add-to-Bridge" you
walk,
Right into the city gate.
The principle street is called "They Say,"
And "I've Heard" is the public "well,"
And the breezes that blow from Falsehood
Bay
Are laden with "Don't You-Tell."
In the midst of the town is "Tell-Tale
Park,"
You're never quite safe while there.
For its owner is Madam "Suspicious
Remark,"
Who lives on the Street "Don't Care."
Just back of the park is "Slander's Row,"
'Twas there that "Good Name" died,
Pierced from the dart of "Jealousy's" bow,
In the hands of "Envious Pride."
From Gossip Town peace long since has
fled,
But Trouble, Grief and Woe
And Sorrow and Care you'll meet instead,
If ever you chance to go!

With Our Priests



TOP—"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

CENTRE—Father Hymas enjoys an afternoon lunch.

BOTTOM—Father Fullerton prepares to leave for the Campo.

n Santo Domingo



TOP—The Catholic community at Monte Plata.

CENTRE—After the Nuptial Mass.

BOTTOM—A young lady has a birthday party.

Ambassadors of Christ



FATHER FRASER DISCOVERS A CHINESE BOY WANDERING IN A PAGAN TEMPLE. THE BOY SEEMS WORRIED AND WILLING TO SPEAK WITH THE FOREIGNER.



SPEAKING TO FATHER FRASER, HE SAID: "I HAVE BEEN COMPELLED TO GIVE UP SCHOOL BECAUSE OF ILL HEALTH."



"WELL MY YOUNG FRIEND YOU MAY COME TO OUR MISSION, AND WE WILL CARE FOR YOU UNTIL YOU REGAIN YOUR HEALTH."

Campaigning for Christ in China

Illustrated by ARTHUR KEELOR



BECAUSE OF THE KINDNESS SHOWN HIM THE PAGAN BOY SPEAKS TO A COMPANION ABOUT HIS DESIRE TO BECOME A CHRISTIAN.



53

FATHER MORRISON IS WALKING IN THE COMPOUND, AND OUR YOUNG FRIEND APPROACHES HIM TO ASK IF IT WOULD BE POSSIBLE FOR HIM TO BECOME A CHRISTIAN.

SIX MONTHS LATER:—
"I BAPTIZE THEE IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER AND OF THE SON AND OF THE HOLY GHOST."

The LITTLE FLOWER'S ★ ROSE GARDEN



Scarboro Foreign Mission Society,
Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.
September 1, 1944.

MY dear Young Missionaries:

Here we are all back again at school and ready for another big year for the Missions. During the coming year we hope to see the end of the war both in Europe and in the Far East so that by next autumn our Missionaries will again be able to set sail from Vancouver for China and, perhaps, other lands in the far-off Orient. This thought should be in your prayers—all through the newly-begun school year.

* * * * *

Last month I wrote to you about the ROSARY. Since then I was speaking to a chaplain who told me this very interesting story: Recently on one of the islands of the South Pacific an American flier awoke from unconsciousness. When he awoke a Japanese soldier was leaning over him; the American immediately reached for his gun but the Japanese put it out of reach and the flier fell back again into unconsciousness. Some time later he recovered and the enemy still knelt above him; the American tried again to get his gun but the Japanese calmed him and pointed to the medal around his neck then he, the Japanese, put his hand in his own pocket and drew out his Rosary; from then on they were friends. Daily they recited the beads, each answering the other in English and Japanese.

The above story illustrates how enemies can be made to know and love each other and one another. Here is an example of the work of your foreign missionaries. Catholic Missionaries from some part of the Christian world brought the faith to that Japanese and through that faith two men who, according to the teachings of modern war, were meant to hate, came to know and to love each other in the recitation of the Holy Rosary, that precious chain that unites us to our Creator as we mediate upon the Mysteries of Joy, Suffering and Glory.

Pray the Rosary every day for peace so that within a short time Priests, Sisters and Brothers will be able to set sail from Canada for China, where souls await the Glad Tidings of the Gospel of the Son of God. This is our work as missionaries, THE SALVATION OF IMMORTAL SOULS!

Sincerely yours in Christ,

Father Jim

Five Hundred Candles

By Father Kevin Kidd, O.F.M.

Can you imagine a birthday cake with five hundred candles on it? What a sight—and what a cake! And whose birthday cake would that be, you ask? Well, I guess no cake like that would ever really be made, but someone this year is having the spiritual equivalent of a five-hundred-candle cake.

Who? A Saint. Saints in Heaven and in the Church celebrate as their birthday the day they died. Because that was the day their eternal life of happiness began. It was five hundred years ago that this Saint left this world for Heaven. It was on May 20th, to be exact, but when you have five hundred years behind you, the celebration spreads out over all the year!

Which Saint? Saint Bernardine of Siena. You don't know much about him? Well don't you think his five hundredth anniversary is a good time to get to know him better? You can get to be friends with the Saints in three big ways: Firstly, *learn* about their lives by reading, etc.; Secondly, *talk* to them in prayer and ask them to intercede for us. They like that. And then, Thirdly, *act* like them. They just love that!

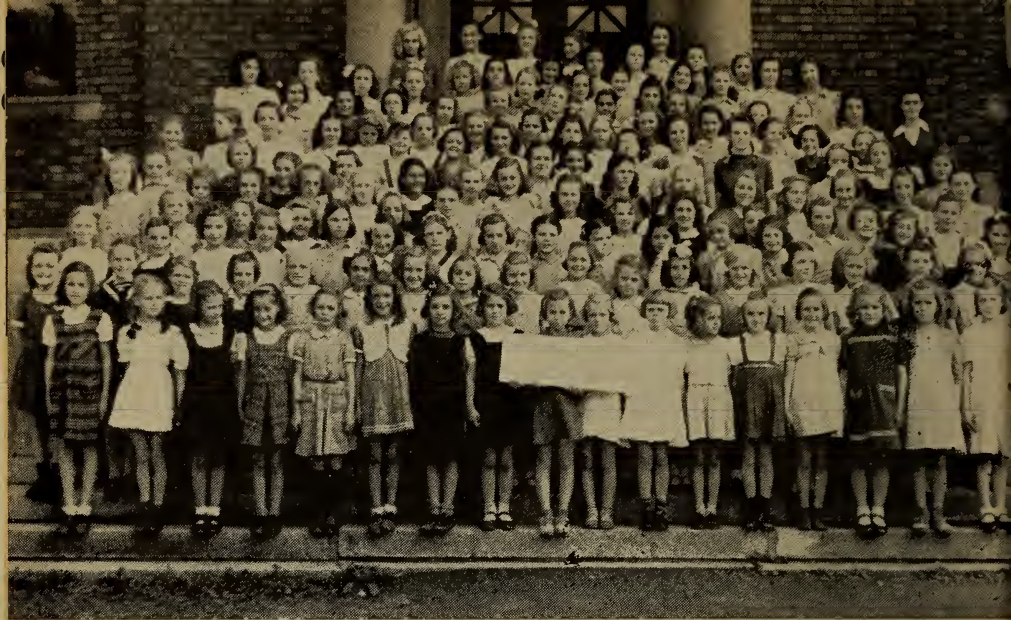
Firstly, then, who was he? Saint Bernardine was born away back in the fifteenth century in Italy, in a seaside town by the name of Massa. This town

was near the city of Siena. Later on, young Bernardine moved to Siena and it became his home town. He was a happy, big-hearted boy who made everyone around him feel better. One day he gave his own dinner to a poor man who had none. He loved good company and fun, but there was one thing he could not stand. That was any kind of nastiness in words or action. One day, on the public square in Siena, a big man said something like that to him. Bernardine jumped up and landed a blow on the chin that was heard right across the square—then ran for his life!

He was a tease, too. One day as a young man, he told his careful old aunt that he must go and see a lovely lady that he loved very much. Auntie went after him, and found him praying before a nice painting of Mary, Our Blessed Mother. All his life long, he was specially devoted to the Blessed Virgin. She helped him over many a difficulty and as an old man he loved to pay a visit to the same picture he knew as a boy.

He tried to be a hermit. He retired off to a solitary place in the woods and started to spend his time in prayer, reading and fasting. He wanted to live on wild herbs and water. The water he could swallow but—not the





St. Joseph's School, Halifax, N.S.

herbs! He gave up his vegetarian diet which he afterwards called a temptation and sought for a safe and sound way of life.

He entered the Order of Saint Francis of Assisi on a Feast of the Blessed Virgin. On the same day a year later, on the eighth of September, the Nativity of Mary, he pronounced his Holy Vows and became a full-fledged Franciscan Friar. On that same day, Mary's Birthday, a couple of years later, Bernardine was ordained a Priest.

Soon he was launched on his preaching career. With the help of God, his zeal for souls and ready learning gradually drew more and more people to listen to his fervent sermons. He spoke the language of the people and they responded to his manifest love for them all. Soon people were flocking around his pulpit and he would preach in the open air, in the public squares. His preaching drew many back to Our Lord, healed many a cruel feud and many a bitter quarrel.

A great and potent feature of his preaching was his devotion to the Holy Name of Jesus. All his teaching and exhortation were summed up in the Sacred Person of Christ Jesus. And he crystallized his presentation of Christ's personality in the Name that is above all names. He had it painted on banners, on shields and over doorways and the Holy Name worked wonders.

This great devotion was to be the occasion of perhaps his greatest trial. He was accused on its account of heresy and idolatry and the matter even came before the Pope. In Rome, Saint Bernardine easily cleared away all suspicion, but it all caused him great suffering. All was not rosy in his life, but he became a Saint by taking his crosses as Our Lord took His.

Finally, after a life spent for Jesus and Mary, he went to his Heavenly reward on the Feast of the Ascension in 1444.

So now you know a little more about him. This evening, why not say a little prayer to him? Ask him what he thinks to-night of those trials he endured for Our Lord five hundred years ago. Ask him if he is glad, after five centuries of unspeakable happiness, glad that he loved Our Saviour more than everything and laid his heart at Mary's feet.

And then ask him to help you be like him!

Quiz on Stamps

QUESTION:

Do you prefer used stamps on or off paper?

ANSWER:

Just send them ON the paper, we will do the rest.

The Mail Bag

St. Theresa's School,
Ottawa, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

This little contribution is to help your work. . . . However, bright and early in September we will be back to work again.

Boys and Girls of Grades IV & V,

Per Barry McGrory, Secretary.

Thank you, boys and girls, and we appreciate your co-operation in the great work of saving souls.

* * *

Reserve, C.B.

Dear Father Jim:

I am in the new "Harmony Nine" and we played for the first time . . . yesterday. The old "H.N." are all gone, Omer and Stewart are training for nurses.

Where in all the world would anyone find a more loyal unit than the "Harmony Nine", past, present or future? May God bless you all.

* * *

St. Rita's School,
North Bay, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

Enclosed herewith please find a long overdue Money Order from the pupils of St. Rita's School. Special credit may be given to the boys and girls of Grades VII and VIII for a couple of money-making activities for the Missions, also

to Grades II and III for direct Mite Box contributions. . . . We sincerely hope this will be of some assistance . . . in whatever way you see fit to use it.

Pupils of St. Rita's,

Per Dan Roveda, Secretary-Treasurer
of Class Club.

Better late than never and never too late to be appreciated by our missionaries. Many, many thanks.

* * *

Mount Carmel Convent,
New Waterford, N.S.

Dear Father Jim:

Please find enclosed a Money Order . . . a tiny gift from my class of boys, Grade VI. . . . One dollar is to pay for a subscription to CHINA. The remainder is a small donation to aid in your great work.

Yours respectfully,

Sister Gerard Majella

Thank you, Sister Gerard Majella and pupils. Our Priests and Sisters in China will certainly appreciate your assistance as we do here at Scarboro.

* * *

Mount Carmel School,
New Waterford, N.S.

Dear Father Jim:

On behalf of our Grade VIII (Girls) class I am enclosing . . . this year's closing contribution of our "Commandos for Christ" Mission Club. . . . Perhaps you would be interested to know how we raised this money. We made a Mission Book entitled "Our Mission Work".



St. Mary's Academy, Room I, Toronto, Ont.

This book consisted of various articles and illustrations on the Foreign Missions. Then we sold a number of tickets at three cents each; the remaining sum was raised through the Mite Boxes.

Yours sincerely,
Shirley Beaton.

In reading a letter like yours, Shirley, the readers of CHINA will certainly be impressed with the Mission-consciousness of our school children. We who are the direct recipients of your zeal ask God's blessings upon you and upon your teachers.

* * *

Carbonear, Newfoundland.

Dear Father Jim:

Here I am again... It is a long time since I sent you a letter. The last Money Order I sent you was from proceeds of CHINAS sold up to the end of April.

Enclosed you will please find one dollar to renew my subscription which expired March, 1944.

I like CHINA in its new form, and although it has advanced in price I still have no trouble in selling them. No one objected to the change.

My cousin, Joan Lahey of Trinity, who was a member of the Rose Garden, died on the 16th of June. She was fifteen years old. Please ask the members to pray for her.

Respectfully yours,
Angela Hoskins.

I know, Angela, that every member who reads this letter will pray for Joan and rest assured that I shall continue to remember her soul at Holy Mass. We are most grateful for your long and zealous aid in disposing of CHINA in Carbonear and you will certainly share

in our prayers and good works. May God's choicest blessings and graces descend upon you and remain with you forever.

* * *

St. Joseph's School,
New Victoria, N.S.

Dear Father Jim:

Enclosed please find a Money Order. This money was collected in our classroom from Grades V and VI, so that we could help the missions in China. . . . In school each morning we pray for the Missions. Next year we plan to do a lot for the Missions; you will hear from us again sometime in September.

Sincerely,
Hilda Brown.

Dear Hilda, with the young people of Canada behind us like you and your fellow-pupils are, the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society should have no need to worry. Your Priests will carry the cross of Christ to China knowing that back home Young Catholic Canada is at work and at prayer to back them up in their battle against Satan and the powers of darkness. Thank you, one and all!

* * *

Dill, Ontario.

Dear Father Jim:

We have just received our CHINA and we think its change in size is most convenient. . . . We say the Rosary every evening and remember you in our prayers always.

Your little friend,
Duncan Williams.

I appreciate your prayers for me very, very much, Duncan. Many thanks.

MOUNT CARMEL SCHOOL New Waterford, N.S.

Shirley Ann Beaton, Sheila Chiasson, Catherine Curtis, Doris Dal Bello, Teresa Donovan, Carmel Fleming, Rita Graham, Inez Kavanaugh, Georgina McCarthy, Rita McDonald, Mary Mccil-lan, Florence Nolan, Norma Parisotto, Dorothy Podursky, Anna Coirier, Frances Coirier, Therese Roach, Claudia Rose, Rita Gaskell, Louise Strek, Helen Tonary, Thelma Watson, Carmel Bates, Winnifred Campbell, Rosina Chiasson, Teresa Coady, Leila Doyle, Leila Fleming, Marilyn Fleming, Teresa Jones, Elizabeth Le Blanc, Mary McCormick, Anna McEachern, Cecella Murrant, Rosina White, Anne Winstanley, Georgina Chiasson, Dorothy Springall, Lillian Ivy, Teresa Gardiner, Carmel Parr, Sister M. Evarista.



Convent of Mary Immaculate,
Pembroke, Ont.

NEW MEMBERS FOR THE ROSE GARDEN

Angela E. Butler, 247 St. George St., West St. John, N.B. Norma Diotte, 170 Andrew St., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. Mildred Reardon, Perry Cove, via Carbonear, Nfld. Doreen Hooky, 15 Ready St., Fairville, N.B., Box 73. Elizabeth O'Leary, age 11; Agnes Butler, age 10; Mary Gear, age 8; Cicile White, age 7; Freddie Callendar, age 10; Billie Gear, age 5, all of Perry's Cove, via Carbonear, Nfld.

CONVENT OF MARY IMMACULATE

Pembroke, Ont.

Shirley Mulligan, Anne Galligan, Catherine Howe, Doris Needham, Marguerite Hennessy, Nan Kehoe, Joan Hammond, Joan Cannon, Jeannette Bernier, Noreen Mulvihill, Stella Doering, Barbara Carruthers, Lois Klatt, Teresa Sammon, Shirley Chaput, Sheila McGuire, Bernice Sharkovi, Madeline Bouille.

A LETTER FROM OVERSEAS TO FELLOW MISSIONARIES OF THE LITTLE FLOWER

Somewhere in England

Dear Father Jim:

Hello, Canada, this is England calling! It is only a short time since I left Canada, destination unknown, feeling happy, and pondering how long it would be before I would hit the shores of our own soil again. Well, that remains to be seen.

My trip to this isle was fair, but I really didn't like it as it was very dreary and tiresome with nothing to do but sleep or go up on deck and listen to the continuous slap of the briny waters against the sides of the boat. The time really dragged, luckily I knew several of the boys, so that broke the loneliness of the trip.

The people over here are different to those at home. The homes are different also. Busses are really all double deckers and the cars are smaller. The food here is different also; food in the



Marcella Mullins
Carbonear, Nfld.



C.C.S.M.C. Boys, St. Joseph's School,
Grade VIII.

mess hall is good but we have to walk 1½ miles to meals and by the time you get there you eat twice as much as you would ordinarily, at least I do.

I met Reverend Father J. P. Mann over here at our station and he was really pleased to see me. I served his Mass very frequently at home, in Coniston. Everyone liked him a great deal.

Best regards to the BUDS.

As ever,

Cecil (Chabot).

Pen-Pal Corner

Mildred Reardon,
Perry Cove, via Carbonear, Nfld.

Hobby: Collecting Used Stamps for the Missions. Age fourteen years and in Grade VIII. Would like to hear from Young Missionaries of St. Theresa.

* * *

Change of Address:

Marie Butler from 13 Grafton Park to 23 Clifton St., Halifax, N.S.

* * *

Joseph Keller,
220 Queen St., Wallaceburg, Ont.

Age: Eleven. Hobbies: Swimming and skating. In Grade VII. Would like to hear from Gerry Penny, Cornerbrook, Nfld., and other boys of own age.

* * *

Bernard Brazil,
Spaniard's Bay, Nfld.

Would like a little ROSEBUD to write me about the Missions.

* * *

Norma Diotte,
170 Andrew St., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Age twelve years. In Grade VI. Would like a Pen Pal of own age.

* * *

Angela Butler,
247 St. George St., West St. John, N.B.

Wishes Pen Pal 15-17 years of age.



It's Time to Laugh



A colored soldier was busy around the wrong end of an army mule when suddenly it lashed out with both feet and sent him sailing. As he hit the ground, his comrades called stretcher bearers, who picked up the unlucky fellow and started to carry him off.

The colored boy opened his eyes and gazed at the reeling sky overhead. Feeling around below the stretcher with his hands, he encountered nothing but empty space.

"Lawdy, Lawdy," he groaned. "I ain't hit de ground yet."

Mike and Cassidy met in the lodge room.

"Sure, Mike, my boy, and what's the idea of wearing a mourning band on your left leg?" asked Cassidy wonderingly.

"Me mither has passed away, an' all an' all," said Mike miserably.

Cassidy scratched his head, puzzled.

"Why, then do you wear it on your leg instead of on your arm?" he asked.

"Well, she was my stepmither," said the other.

The teacher was giving a lesson on the Creation when Johnny interrupted with the remark:

"My father says we are descended from apes."

Teacher: "Your private family affairs have no interest for the class."

Mr. Ducken (the new foreman, making the rounds of the factory, discovered John idling behind some crates): "I'm Ducken, the new boss."

John: "So am I."

"Whatsa matter with you, are you blind?" said the pedestrian.

"Blind?" snapped the driver. "I hit you, didn't I?"

Over the head of a bald man a fly was walking with a baby fly.

"There sure are a lot of changes in the world," sighed the older fly. "When I was your age, this was only a footpath."

"Yes, he's a year old now and he's been walking since he was eight months."

"Really? He must be awfully tired!"

I like the one about the man who was doing a Home Guard test.

"What is the best way to immobilize your car?" the instructor asked.

"Let my wife drive it," he replied.

Boy: "Did Edison make the first talking machine, Daddy?"

Dad: "No, son, God made the first one; Edison made the first one that could be shut off."

Private Smith had volunteered for a special job and was being interviewed by the colonel.

"Have you the firmness of character that enables a man to do his duty in the face of ingratitude, criticism, and ridicule?" asked the colonel.

"Sure," said Smith. "I was a purchasing agent before I joined this man's army."

Sunday School Teacher: "When the prodigal son arrived home, what happened Tommy?"

Tommy: "His father ran to meet him and hurt himself."

"Why, where did you get that?"

"It said his father ran and fell on his neck. I bet it would hurt you to fall on your neck."

"My word, this tastes good," said the old lady, drinking a glass of beer for the first time. "It's just like the medicine my husband has been taking for the last forty years."

The best story of the week told inside Germany is about a man who stands for hours in a queue waiting to buy some clothes at a local store, and the queue doesn't get any shorter.

Suddenly he goes wild with rage and shouts: "Queues, queues, queues all the time! Who is to blame? It is Hitler! I will go and kill him!"

He rushes off, and after great difficulty finds Hitler's house. Of course, there's a queue there, too.

The train was a cross-country affair that stopped at all stations and frequently several times in between. Toward the end of a very long journey the conductor came around.

"Look here, sir," he said to one of the passengers as he examined his tickets, "that boy is too big to travel half-fare."

"Is he really?" replied the passenger quietly. "Well, he was small enough when we started."

Harefoot: Before we were married, my wife and I agreed that I should decide on all major matters and she would decide all minor ones.

Mikhail: How did the arrangement turn out?

Harefoot: So far no major things have come up.

The school board visited school the other day and, of course, the principal put his pupils through their paces for their benefit.

"Henry," he asked, turning to one boy, "Who signed the Magna Charta?"

"Please, sir, 'twasn't me," whimpered Henry.

The teacher, in disgust, told the boy to sit down, but old Jed Smith, chairman of the board, was not satisfied. After a well-directed aim at the stove, he said: "Call back that there boy. I don't like his manner. I believe he done it."

Pahson: "Does you all take dis man fo' bettah or fo' wuss?"

Mandy: "Lan' sake, pahson, how kin Ah tell so soon?"

Orator: "And now, gentlemen, I should like to tax your memory."

Member of Audience: "Good heavens! Has it come to that?"

Did you know that Jonah was three days in the stomach of a whale?"

"Dat ain't much. Mah uncle was longer dan dat in de stomach of a alligator."

"Yo don't say! How long?"

"He's dere yit."

"Here comes the parade! Where's Aunty?"

"She's upstairs waving her hair."

"Goodness! Can't we afford a flag?"

Diner: "Waiter, there's a button in my soup."

Waiter (e-printer): "Typographical error, sir; it should be mutton."

Teacher: "Tommy, translate 'Rex Fugit.'"

Tommy: "The king flees."

Teacher: "You should use 'has' in translating the perfect tense."

Tommy: "The king has flees."

A man went to work for a large corporation. With his first salary check he noticed a deduction with the notation, "FIT." Returning to the pay desk he sought an explanation. "I don't recall," he said with a somewhat heavy effort at humour, "having had a fit."

"Oh, yes," said the cashier earnestly. "Everybody has fits every pay day. FIT is for Federal Income Tax!"

"Your husband seems to be a man of rare gifts."

"I'll say he is—he hasn't given me one since we were married."

During the Sunday morning sermon, a baby began to cry at the top of its voice, and its mother carried it toward the door.

"Stop!" said the minister. "Your baby is not disturbing me."

The mother turned toward the pulpit and addressed the preacher: "Oh, he ain't, ain't he? Well you're a-disturbing him."

APPEALING ADVERTISING

Use Lumpo soap. Doesn't lather, Doesn't bubble. Doesn't clean. It's just company in the tub.

"It must be rather difficult to eat soup with a beard," suggested the young lady who was seated under a bearded gentleman at the banquet.

"Yes," he agreed, "I find it quite a strain."

For two long hours the members of the town council had been discussing a new means of communication with a neighbouring village. Every time a suggestion was made one member or another would find some fault with it.

At last the chairman arose.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this quibbling is getting us nowhere. Now I suggest that we put our heads together and build a concrete road."



IS THIS NOTHING TO YOU?



Read it and then be surprised that you never saw it in this light.



"In reviewing attentively the history of the Church, one cannot fail to see how from the very first ages of Christianity the especial care and solicitude of the Roman Pontiffs has been directed to the end that they, undeterred by difficulties and obstacles, might impart the light of the Gospel and the benefits of Christian culture and civilization to the peoples sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death. FOR THE CHURCH HAS NO OTHER REASON FOR EXISTENCE, THAN, BY ENLARGING THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, TO MAKE ALL MEN PARTICIPATE IN HIS SALUTARY REDEMPTION. AND WHOSOEVER BY DIVINE COMMISSION, TAKES THE PLACE ON EARTH OF JESUS CHRIST, THE CHIEF SHEPHERD, FAR FROM BEING ABLE TO REST CONTENT WITH SIMPLY GUARDING AND PROTECTING THE LORD'S FLOCK, WHICH HAS BEEN CONFIDED TO HIM TO RULE, ON THE CONTRARY, FAILS IN HIS ESPECIAL DUTY AND OBLIGATION, UNLESS HE STRIVES WITH MIGHT AND MAIN TO WIN OVER AND TO JOIN TO CHRIST ALL THOSE WHO ARE STILL WITHOUT THE FOLD."

The great Pope of the Missions, PIUS XI, wrote these words: They are the opening words of his Encyclical Letter on the Foreign Missions given to the world on February 28, 1926.

His was not the complacent view that we who already are within the fold are the only pebbles on the beach, that it is none of our business to go to far off China to save souls, that we have enough China at home to take care of. No, Pius XI stated boldly that the Church has no other reason for existence than to spread the Gospel.

How does this fit in with our easy going, self satisfying conception of our role as Catholics? Think it over and ask yourselves if you may safely continue to be indifferent and cold to the main issue, the great issue, the issue that brought the Incarnation and Calvary—the recognition of the value of those souls who know not their God.



boro Bluffs,
Ontario

10¢

OCTOBER
1944



Picture taken on the occasion of Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen's second Labor Day Lecture at Toronto. The group—The Laymen's Committee of the Religious Theatre of the Air, who sponsored the Lecture.

The Mail Box

St. John the Evangelist Burse

The following friends of the Seminary have started a burse in honour of St. John the Evangelist.

Mrs. F. J. Cooney
Mrs. J. J. O'Toole
Mrs. F. Pape
Mrs. A. P. Ryan
Mrs. T. J. Ford
Mrs. J. P. Healy
Mrs. F. C. Graham
Mrs. George O'Brien
Mrs. C. J. Boulton
Mrs. T. J. Campbell
Mrs. J. Groark
Mrs. L. J. Mulligan
Mrs. A. Hymus

Money to swell the fund has been raised by card parties during the summer and donations of five dollars each have been received from Mr. T. Halligan and the T. D. F. Club.

Those interested in helping out this burse fund should send their donation to Miss Mary E. Graham, the Secretary-Treasurer, 49 Geoffrey St., Toronto.

Chinese in the Movies

HOLLYWOOD.—Chinese actors here may not be wildly excited about playing Japanese characters but at least it gives them "breaks".

Up to the war Oriental character actors had a tough time in Hollywood. When Darryl Zanuck was casting "The Purple Heart" it was a toss-up whether to employ Orient-



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al actors in important Japanese roles or whether to fake up occidentals to look like Japanese. They tested Akim Tamiroff and Sir Cedric Hardwicke for the part of General Mitsubi, Japanese tyrant, then wisely decided to give the role to Richard Loo, Chinese actor in such films as "Wake Island," "Flight for Freedom," and "China."

We see through Richard Loo's portrayal, a credible make-up to fit the characterization for which his intelligence and education so well equip him. Loo is a graduate of Sacred Heart College, San Francisco, a practical Catholic, and a student, who, after majoring in foreign trade, set out for a Master's degree at Columbia. He became an actor only because necessity compelled him, but when he took to the stage and later to the movies, he brought with him all the qualifications to portray Oriental characters and not merely caricatures.

Chinese Official

Many distinguished personages from China, now resident in Washington, were present at the Solemn Funeral Mass celebrated in the Shrine of the blessed Sacrament, Chevy Chase, for the repose of the soul of Ting Min Joseph Liang, a member of the Chinese Defense Mission to the United States.

The Most Rev. Paul Yu Pin, Bishop of Nanking, China, and a close friend of the deceased, was the celebrant of the Mass. Bishop Yu Pin delivered the sermon.

Mr. Liang, a convert to the Faith, and the head of a family which numbered four converts, was a member of a prominent Chinese family. His father served as Minister of Finance in China and also for a time as Acting Premier. Mr. Liang's wife, Mrs. Mina Mary Liang, his two daughters and himself were all converted to the Faith in this country.

Mrs. Liang and her two daughters, Betty and Sophie entered the Church in New York City. She and her daughters were received into the Church by the Rev. William J. Flannery of St. John the Evangelist Church, New York City.

Mr. Liang was received into the Church by the Right Rev. Msgr. Thomas G. Smyth, pastor of the Shrine of the Blessed Sacrament. Mr. Liang's son, Thomas, who was baptized after his parents and sisters had become converts was given the baptismal name of Thomas in gratitude to Monsignor Smyth.

All the children attended Blessed Sacrament School.

Mr. Liang came to the United States as a member of the Chinese Defense Supplies Mission and did splendid work on his mission.

Chinese Diplomat

CHICAGO.—Following the example of his wife and five children in embracing the Catholic faith, T. P. Siu, member of the Chinese diplomatic staff in New York, was baptized recently in the St. Therese Chinese Catholic Mission here by the Rev. John T. S. Mao. On Easter Sunday last year Mrs. Siu was baptized by Father Mao, founder of the mission. Their five children who had been baptized earlier are now attending Catholic schools here.

Dr. Siu came to Chicago last week to complete his instructions. Mme. Siu came from New York to be with her husband on the day of his Baptism. Schoolmate of Dr. Tao Ming Wei, Ambassador to the United States from China, Dr. Siu has held many important positions for the Chinese government.

Our Cover —

Our Lady of the Missions. Offer up your October devotions for our work.

Damian

by Rev. R. J. Hymus, S.F.M.

A REALLY good man is like a shining light in the darkness. Now I don't mean to say everyone else stands in awe of him. I mean to say that by his everyday actions he almost passes unnoticed, until one day someone casually mentions some kind anecdote about him and then all contribute to his praises from numerous examples. Well, such a man I have in mind. He is by name Damian Placencia. If you notice his face, you will see the mark of goodness. But let me tell you about him.

Damian's home is in a place called Arroya Cana, some six or seven hours by mule over the Nizao mountain trail. He lives in a thatched three room cottage, and tends a two acre garden farm. Just "a small time farmer" to the "big-business" mind. But let us enter to drink a little hot coffee according to the famed hospitality of the Dominican Republic. Inside the plank door is a cleanly swept earthen floor. You sit down on a thirty-cent chair, holding a small cup of steaming brown coffee to your lips. Damian sits across the room asking if the coffee is sweet enough or no. You answer "very good, thanks," and a moment of silence gives you a chance to view the interior. Your gaze wanders up the wall to a framed picture of the Sacred Heart. And if you turn your head a little you will notice another saint perhaps unknown to you. "Who is the saint," you ask, to make conversation "Ay it's the good San Isidro." (Saint Isidor). "Who was he?" you continue, handing back the empty cup to the attending wife. "Ay, mi buen Santo, ((my good Saint)) he was a poor farmer like



Damian Placencia, man of faith.

me. He prayed hard and put his trust in God, and the Blessed Lady. He is patron saint of Madrid. I try to be like San Isidro." Yes that's what I mean, Damian tries to be like San Isidro, and he does everything with that motive in mind. He doesn't know you are reading about him in Canada. I don't suppose he cares. Who he worries about as regards reading, is God, and if He is reading well of him.

Damian wanted to see God and his Saint honoured. He spoke to his neighbours about raising a small chapel. But it was only talk they did. Damian saved the small earnings from the sale of coffee beans. He purchased a small piece of

ground more central in location than his little farm. There he carried poles and palm tree boards. Day by day he worked alone and raised a little chapel. The neighbours passing by talked and looked. Later he put on a thatched roof and white-washed the walls. With lumber of a better quality he shaped an altar and a little niche for his beloved saint. The next harvest saw Damian some ten hours ride to a nearby city to order a statue to be made. Finally San Isidro stood in his little niche of honour in the chapel named after him. This didn't happen in one year, but it happened!

One day Damian mounted his pack horse and rode to visit El Padre. The father returned with him to bless the little chapel and celebrate Mass. Oh yes, the eyes of Damian shined brighter that day. But what is a church with nobody in it? So Damian visited his neighbours again and spoke of God and the Virgin and San Isidro. He spoke of life, of crops and of the blessings of God. And he practised what he preached! He led his family morning and evening to the shrine to say their daily prayers. Time passed and with its passing the force of example and proof of life brought results. You see, farmers know exactly what Christ meant by "by your fruits you shall know them, can an evil tree bring forth good fruits?" Today that little chapel is the only one within a radius of some fifteen miles. And that little section is the most promising of any section in this huge parish.

Damian is still carrying on his apostolic work. His little farm does not suffer from many prayers, for like San Isidro who while he prayed, an angel ploughed, so too with Damian. God is with him. He only has Mass two or three times a year as the priest has many sections to visit. But every Sunday he goes to his little church and reads the prayers of



Rev. R. J. Hymus, S.F.M., stationed at San Jose de Ocoa in the Dominican Republic.

Mass. And every two months or so he rides the long trail for Mass at the large parish church. Would you understand if I told you why God is with this kindly-faced man? Listen—each year Damian prepares for the feast of San Isidro, May 15th. For nine days he leads his family and faithful in a novena of prayer. The vigil of the feast finds them in chapel throughout the whole night reciting endless prayers until time for Holy Mass. At Mass the little group receive Holy Communion. After Mass he has the people prepared for marriage and baptisms. If you mention the date of birth Damian will tell you the saint of your birthday. San Isidro must indeed harken to his prayer.

Or again, for the Feast of Corpus Christi there were no fresh flowers to be had for Our Lord. This year brought a long dry spell. I was resigned to use paper flowers. Then, the day before the feast in rides

Damian with a parcel wrapped in two big banana leaves; Fresh flowers carried six hours by horse! These flowers sent their pleasing aroma about our Eucharistic King all next day. And amidst heat and dry spell they retained their freshness almost a week. They were Damian's gift! Yes, he confessed himself and received Holy Communion and rode home happy, with a few holy pictures to distribute.

Or again, not long ago our archbishop paid a visit to our parish. Damian could not have known he was coming. But sure enough that same day in rode Damian! How reverently he knelt on two knees to receive the bishop's blessing and to kiss his ring. This was for him a great favour and a benediction more treasured than hours of idle pleasures.

There is no glare to this shining light. Its clear white rays don't harm the optic nerve. For it's only when someone mentions a kindly action he did that the light begins to dawn.

I could tell you more of Damian Placencia—but look at his picture.

An Appreciation

IT is with regret that we announce the resignation of Mrs. Annie Hymus, President of the St. Francis Xavier Women's Auxiliary. Forced to give up the leadership of the Auxiliary because of ill health, Mrs. Hymus leaves behind her a record of outstanding achievement and unswerving devotion.

When the Auxiliary was formed several years ago, Mrs. Hymus was elected its first President and she has been re-elected yearly ever since. Her ability at organization, her deep devotion to the cause of the Foreign Missions and her remarkable energy and initiative, admirably fitted her for such a position.

The Women's Auxiliary of St. Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary has been a wonderful example of real Catholic Action in the field of missionary endeavour. These devoted women have greatly furthered the work of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society both by their generous



The Apostolic Delegate to Canada and Newfoundland, Most Rev. Ildebrando Antoniutti, visits our Noviciate at St. Marys, Ont.

financial assistance and by their prayers. They have helped to make the cause of the Foreign Missions better known and better appreciated in Canada. We owe to their faithful retiring president and to them all a debt of gratitude that we can never adequately repay.

As Mrs. Hymus reluctantly relinquishes her office as President, we regret with her the ill health that necessitates her decision, but we know that she resigns the presidency with the realization of a work well done—a work so generously and efficiently accomplished that it will draw down upon her abundant blessings from Almighty God.

Not content with her work on the Auxiliary, Mrs. Hymus has made a still more personal contribution to the work of our Society, for her son Rev. Robert Hymus is now labouring with our priests in the Dominican Republic.

Also resigning from the Auxiliary is its Vice-President, Mrs. George Clarke, who will be unable to carry on her work any longer because of sickness in her home.

Mrs. Clarke has given of her best in the work of the Auxiliary and we are indeed sorry to see her go. Her interest in the work of the Seminary and its missionaries never lagged and she was an indefatigable worker in the cause of China.

For their labour of love for the Society and for their outstanding contributions to the work of the Foreign Missions we say from the bottom of our hearts, thank you and God bless you Mrs. Hymus and Mrs. Clarke.

Boston Chinese Sent as Delegate

BOSTON.—Albert Lee, prominent member of the Chinese community here and proprietor of the well-known Moongate Restaurant, has

been sent by the United States State Department on a secret mission to Chungking. Mr. Lee, who covered the entire distance to the Chinese capital in a special government plane, is expected to return to this country in the latter part of May.

Born in Tai Shan, Mr. Lee came to the United States as a youth. After studying in several American colleges he settled in Boston and went into the restaurant business. He soon became prominent in Chinese affairs.

EXCLUSION REPEAL

He was a familiar figure to the State Department, as he was one of the leaders who fought for the repeal of the Chinese Exclusion Act. When Madame Chiang was in this country, it was Albert Lee who persuaded her to visit Boston, and he arranged the reception given China's First Lady at the Boston Opera House.

A member of the Immaculate Conception Parish in Boston Mr. Lee was instructed and received into the Catholic Church by Bishop Paul Yu Pin in 1939. He has worked extensively with Bishop Cushing, administrator of the Boston Archdiocese, in the interest of the Chinese missions.

The Harvest Indeed Is Great —

Announcement that 300,000 persons a year embrace the Catholic faith as a result of labours in the mission fields throughout the world was made by the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. In the mission fields, the statement disclosed, there are nearly 22,000 priests, 9,000 brothers, 53,000 nuns, 76,000 catechists and 33,000 other assistants, all collaborating with the heads of mission areas.

JOURNEY *into* FREEDOM

CHAS. B. MURPHY, S.F.M.



ARTHUR
KELLY

Journey into Freedom

(Second Instalment)

THE TEI A MARU was formerly a French Luxury Cruiser—the *Aramis* it had been called. Originally intended to carry a passenger list of four hundred and fifty passengers and crew, one may readily envisage the congested condition now with over fifteen hundred passengers, together with some four hundred Japanese, its crew. Never mind though—a Chinese expression—it represented a means to freedom and to lands of plenty, liberty and home and friends. If the cabins seemed to be crowded, then one had only to peer into the hold of the ship where over five hundred of the younger men had been billeted, or should I say herded. Here they were, crowded together, sleeping on the floor, on their mattresses of straw, and one set of clean sheets for the whole month's voyage. So stuffy and unsanitary was the hold, that many of the men took up their blankets and slept on deck, with the stars of the tropical skies blinking down on them in unabashed curiosity.

Numbered among the repatriates were some one hundred religious,—priests, sisters and brothers—forced to give up their missionary activities among their people, sadly leaving souls whom Satan would try hard to reclaim during their temporary absence. Mass was offered daily. As many as thirty were offered each day and it was a rare treat to see so many different congregations and societies represented. There were the many different branches of the Franciscans, Maryknoll Fathers, Vincentians, Scarboro Fathers, and the rest. Sisters and Brothers were numerous and took great interest in the organizations on board ship. The Jesuits prepared for Goa in Portuguese, East India, where the great St. Francis Xavier's tomb is situated,—where the body of that great Missionary

rests in a state of incorruption even to this day.

The casket is opened for public inspection every ten years, (Many miracles are wrought at the open tomb of the church's greatest missionary). The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception who had done such heroic work before and after the fall of Hong Kong were aboard,—frail looking little women—but with the zeal and love for souls equal to and surpassed by none; Sr. St. George was the Acting Superior,—their little mother—Sr. St. Stephen, who for the past twenty-six years had laboured among the poor of China in Hong Kong, and with the orphans and lunatics and lepers of Canton district, Sr. St. Phillipe who taught our own foreign children in camp their hymns and prayers and French, Sr. St. Antoine who cooked for the other sisters and many others at Stanley, whipping up miraculous dishes from the meagre quantities of rice and vegetables and meat, trying to tempt the temperamental appetites of the sick. There were the Congregation of Notre Dame nuns from Montreal: The Ursulines and Sisters of St. Anne, and Little Sister Mary Rose of the S.V.D., from Peking, suffering untold pain of tuberculosis: and oh so many other religious sisters,—Mother Britt, the famous Lady of the Sacred Heart and Mother Nolan her companion,—all ousted from their religious activities in Japan and China—sick at heart because they had to leave their Spiritual charges.

There were Franciscan Fathers; Vincentians: Dominican Father Fournier, who had spent three years in a Japanese prison,—now a mere shadow, Father Daly the Stigmatine Father,—and, of course, our own Scarboro Foreign Missionaries.—Fa-

ther Beal who was suffering from a very rundown condition, Father Doyle from Shanghai, Father Pinfold with a bad case of jaundice and Father Clement, rundown after his internment period; also Father Michael McSween, trimmed to streamlined proportions after his six months of concentration diet.

Each time there was to be a Red Cross distribution one would always see Father "Gus"—Father Mike Maloney—carrying huge cases of chocolate datebars from the Red Cross stores—and the rest of us, of course. Yes, interesting group!—those repatriates from the realm of mission activity alone.

There were over six hundred non-Catholic Missionaries aboard that ship, too, as well as hundreds of professional men and women, diplomats, consul generals, consuls, ambassadors, foreign ministers, newspaper reporters, authors and magazine representatives, photographers of large monthly and weekly newsprints,—even a number of derelicts and "bad boys"—some who on account of their misdemeanors on board ship necessitated being locked up in the brig. Such a strange menagerie of humanity—all on the same journey — the Journey to Freedom.

The Tei A Maru, although it was a thing of beauty to repatriates as they boarded her, did not become the proverbial joy forever once the repatriates were aboard. At a distance it looked wonderful; like far away fields looking greener! but do not get the impression that our people were critical. They were profoundly grateful. The ship could not, in any sense, be compared with our liners—even during these times of war. It was painted a drab gray, with eleven huge white crosses painted in different points of vantage. Five of these crosses were ablaze during the night with electric bulbs. Help was as scarce as it is here at home these days, so that service was poor. Floors



"Off Singapore a submarine could be detected —Japanese."

were not kept clean and lavatories were absolutely unhygienic and a menace to good health. Lifeboats were not in good shape and much rust encrusted on their iron parts. However, Providence looked after us constantly, and we all realized that God was never far distant. Weather conditions made it easy for the ship to glide through the usually heavy Chinese seas on to the Phillipines where more repatriates were taken aboard.

San Fernando was the port of call. Again, passengers were brought to the ship by means of motor launches—for it was quite evident by now that foreigners were not to be encouraged in looking at occupied territory. This was one of the means for preventing enemy subjects seeing any new emplacements or the prevailing conditions at the points of call. The shore line was white with tropical sands—and the deep green foliage of the Coconut trees and Teakwood forests leant a foreboding quiet to the calmness of the green waters surrounding the Phillipines—

a paradox to the turmoil and unrest we inherently felt and knew was going on in the interior of those paradise islands. Here the ship took on a supply of water and oil, of bananas and cocoanuts as well as pineapples. Were the passengers to receive such luscious looking fruit? For a price, yes! Two more peaceful days at sea and as the hot sun set on Saigon one evening the "Ave Maris Stella" floated out on the hot evening breezes to the shores of French Indo China—still not under Japanese domination but ominously looking like it. How lovely it would be could we but disembark here and get back to China once more to help poor, suffering, heroic China, who had borne the brunt of invasion for over five years now, and who was still holding at bay her oppressors. How peaceful it all seemed here in the inland harbor not far from the Port of Saigon, yet in each repatriates' heart he or she knew that it was a false quietude, an uncertain feeling of freedom. More water and oil,—more tropical fruit which not many had a chance of tasting!

Coffee was served on the Tei A Maru at night, if one could pay ten dollars Japanese currency for a cup of that precious refresher. Apples and other fruit at correspondingly ridiculous prices could also be obtained from the stewards. And one incident insists upon returning to my memory. One evening an elderly lady went to the steward for a thermos of boiling water. Yes, she could have it for One Hundred Dollars. She was a lucky lady—she had a hundred dollars. But this made it harder for ordinary folks who were less fortunate in monetary affairs. The stewards on occasions even treated this type of passenger with contempt. Small matter—Goa was coming nearer each day, and exchange—one Japanese P.O.W. would be returned to his fatherland in exchange for one Canadian. Conjectures as to

whether each repatriate would see the person replacing him on the Tei A Maru were in order and all these small distractions helped to pass the day.

Off Singapore a submarine could be detected churning up the murky bottom of the South Indian Ocean and a feeling of apprehension passed over our ship as it broke through the surface of the ocean not very far distant from the Mercy Ship. Painted on its side was the Japanese flag—and the whole picture seemed like a weird nightmare—the muddy waters churning around the snake-like submarine whose slim, sleek surface was spotted with rust,—the result of being submerged for long intervals. It glided away from our ship as quietly as it had split the waters, and the ship seemed to heave a sigh of relief as we both sailed in opposite directions.

Then came Singapore! Would we see Britain's former impregnable fortress, and how would our arrogant conquerors have changed things? Would they allow us to view the humiliation of the whites in the Pacific, or would they shower us with a condescending sort of hospitality? Our speculations were groundless, for, far from seeing our humiliation or our victors' spoils, the Tei A Maru anchored about six miles outside the harbor of Singapore,—and water and fuel were brought to our ship by lighters and as the tropical sun glistened on palm trees, and silhouetted sampans scampered along the horizon we wondered what thoughts crowded the minds of our Japanese guards and the garrison on shore? Were they glad the East was being emptied of the exploiting whites, as they were wont to call all foreigners in Asia? And did they honestly believe that they were fighting for a purged Asia for the Asiatics?—or did they secretly feel that they had bitten off more than they could chew? The tide of events was visibly turning for the

Orient. They were suffering many setbacks, and their production could never approach or be compared with Britain's or America's. They, of course, would never admit these facts in so many words—but still we who had lived in the East and had become accustomed to their ways and reactions, could deduct such an attitude. It was no longer Asia for the Asiatics, we could plainly see—but Asia for the Japanese—every subjugated race—the Chinese, Japanese, Phillipines—all were sick of the regime—and, if they thought that the British and Americans were exploiters before, they realized now and knew that they were their friends; would welcome them back — were praying for their return in lieu of what they were putting up with now.

The sun was setting; palm trees wavering in the evening breeze, and, looking out to sea one could see huge transports, carrying troops, as well as numerous convoys carrying supplies to where? To India perhaps—probably to the South Pacific—to the mandated Islands of the Pacific—to

any islands where their troops were trying to stem the onslaught of American troops enraged at the thoughts of how their boys were treated in Bataan and Corregidor — intent upon giving back what they were meted out. Yes, we knew, that secretly, the hard front and the superior attitude of arrogance and pride were but external manifestations of an inferiority complex—and the expression of treatment towards us was that of contempt for the foreign organized power.

The moon, a flood-light playing on the Singapore waters, created all sorts of glistening diamonds, as the Tei A Maru steamed out towards Java and the Straits of Sunda on her trip to Goa—and freedom—while the strains of the Ave Maris Stella made us pray with all our hearts that Peace might come to this weary world of ours soon.

O, by Gabriel's Ave
Uttered long ago
Eva's name reversing
'Stablish peace below.
(To be continued)

Forsees China as Catholic

WASHINGTON. — Post-war China will embrace the Catholic Faith as the one religion which is "neither Oriental nor Occidental."

This prediction was made Monday by the Most Rev. Paul Yu Pin, Vicar Apostolic of Nanking, China, at the annual Conference of the Catholic Association for International Peace.

The seven centuries during which the Church has laboured in China, Bishop Yu Pin said, have brought into the fold a total of 4,000,000 Chinese Catholics. He pointed out that while there are more Catholics

in China than there are even in Ireland, the number does not measure up to 1 per cent of the vast population of that country.

Bishop Yu Pin was optimistic in his view of the Church's role in post-war China. He expressed confidence that there will be no more difficulties placed in the path of Catholicity from the government of the nation. He said that the great post-war need of China will be a vast army of Catholic missionaries — priests, religious and laymen — to spread the Faith among a people, who, he asserted, will be eager to embrace it.

Our Lady in India

by Rev. H. McGettigan, S.F.M.

WANDERING about the globe—and I have done a wee bit of that—one runs into customs that to say the least, are peculiar. The peculiarities are racial, national and religious. The religious and national are coloured and often distorted by the racial. Different modes of thought, climate and many other strong shapers of national life go towards making bizarre sights for the traveller. That person then, after a superficial glance, sometimes writes authoritatively about what has been seen. He may even write a book or may be prevailed upon to write an article. It is rare that I gaze on anything for the purpose of photographing it on the patina of my memory with the object of later refurbishing it for print. A rarity indeed! Not that I should not like to be able to do it, but the simple fact is, that I have always been so dumfounded by what was before me, that many a forest have I seen but not one tree. It is only in nightmares that I see myself writing books. I *have* been prevailed upon to write an article. By dint of much hacking I have brought a few trees into view. May they not prove to be without foliage.

Navigation has always been a hazardous avocation, and not too seldom, a haphazard one for those sturdy, deep-water men of some three hundred years ago. Fearlessly—begetting traditions—they went down to the sea in ships, sailing them into what, at best was little known, or even the unknown. Their guiding star was the Star of the Sea, their Mother, who would bring them into a safe anchorage in time of eternity. Thus, in appreciation and deep-seat-

ed devotion to their Navigatrix, they erected in every port of call, churches and shrines in honour of the Mother of God. Some of these, richly adorned, still exist. The two of which I write are not classical examples of religious art or devotional largesse. They bespeak, rather, the faith of those sailors and the legacy of it in what was once Portuguese India.

Early in the sixteenth century, after defeating the king of the Gujerat, the Portuguese settled on the Island of Bassein—some forty miles from the present island city of Bombay. On this island they founded the fortified town of Bassein. Such was the climate and beauty of the place it became in time a resort for those who had spent the more vigorous part of their lives as builders of an empire. The fort section—built in old Portuguese style—was practically self-contained. Not the least of its structures were its churches. It could boast of having had at least four visits from that dynamic Apostle of the Indies, Francis Xavier. It also had the distinction of being the birthplace of the first Indian Saint—St. Gonsalo Garcia. It was St. Francis who gave it its college, the College of the Holy Name of God—the first establishment of its kind in the East.

It was not until the eighteenth century that the even tenor of life in this Catholic, provincial capital met with disruption. Then it was that the Mahrattas, a bellicose tribe, went on the warpath. They took the fort, desecrated the church and left little of this oasis of Christianity which had rivalled even Goa, the Rome of the Indies.

The British routed the Mahrattas on the turn of the nineteenth century. But the grandeur that was once Bassein's has not yet returned. Despite this fact, some tens of thousands of Catholic live there; but poor, forlorn Bassein bereft of much, still retains some of the greatness that once was hers.

Recently, a much venerated plaque of our Blessed Lady which once reposed in the main church of the fort, has been returned. This icon has an odd history. It was taken from the Church by the marauding Mahrattas and disappeared beyond the ken of Catholics. Years later it was discovered in a Hindu temple where it was receiving the devout salaams of the temple's devotees. Thence it passed into the art collection of a maharajah. This prince, realizing its christian character, presented it to the Viceroy of India, Lord Irwin, now Lord Halifax, the present British Ambassador to the United States. The Viceroy, as was fitting, presented it to His Grace the Archbishop of Simla. It remained in Simla until last year. Now, after a tour of the churches in Bombay, it has received the veneration of the descendants of those from whom it was so rudely taken, for it has returned home to Bassein.

In the town of Branda is a church known as Mount Mary. It is a shrine as its name indicates, dedicated to our Blessed Lady. The object of veneration at this shrine is an old, carved wooden statue—a real *object d'art*. It is breathlessly beautiful and is fittingly draped. I have heard a few versions of how it came to be at Mount Mary. This one is my choice:

The Portuguese ship carrying it, foundered in a terrific typhoon. The statue found floating near the shore was the only trace of the ship. Because of its seemingly miraculous appearance in the accustomed haunts

of the fishermen, the finders enshrined it on the height overlooking the place where it was first seen.

Before long it became the scene of many pilgrimages. What makes it so worthy of record is the *pot-pourri* beliefs of its pilgrims. Naturally, Catholics came in great numbers to pay homage to their Mother. (Hindus, however, of every caste, came in even greater numbers. Among them were Mahomedans and Parsees)—the worshippers of Zoroaster. There one sees the turban, the fez and the coalscuttle hat of the Parsee—all heads bowed in veneration. There one hears the mysterious naunces of many Indian tongues. There, one is surrounded by the worshipful abandon of the East.

It is to be expected that strange customs exist there—strange to us. One custom which infrequently is seen in Southern Europe, it truly Oriental in origin. It deals with the manner of presenting petitions. Unusual, is mildly descriptive. But who would dare pass judgment? After all, we Occidentals write letters. These peoples recognizing the ambiguity which can so easily arise from wordiness, prefer to put their faith in a more substantial form. Thus the one seeking natural favours e.g., the cure or amelioration of illness, presents a waxen representation of the part afflicted. To be specific the cure of a paralyzed hand is petitioned by the presentation of its waxen replica.

To a priest born and educated in the western world, the strangeness of such startles. On reflection those customs do not seem to be in conflict with true devotion. Pagan in origin, this homage offered by pagans and infidels has no savour of idolatry.

I have been told about an old Parsee woman, who said: "Never a day

(Continued on page 19)

YOUR MISSION



UPPER—Madame Chiang Kai Shek on her recent visit to Canada.
CENTRE—Tiny refugees at a Catholic Mission.
LOWER—Shanghai—it, too, will be liberated.

WS IN PICTURES

*China enters her
thirteenth year of
war.*



Generalissimo Chiang Kai Shek.



Chinese tanks move up to the front lines.

What's In a Name?

by *Very Rev. L. Curtin, S.F.M.*

THE last issue of CHINA that we have seen on this side of the Pacific was that of October, 1941. We used to look forward to the arrival of this monthly like a letter from home, and now that it no longer makes its appearance, it is sadly missed.

Some time previous to that date we read an interesting article from the gifted pen of Father Strang on Chinese names, in which he outlined the process of selecting names for the newly-arrived Missionaries by which they would be known during their life on the missions. In the beginning an attempt was made to choose a name with a sound similar to that of the priest's real name. This was easy in the case of Father King; in Ningpo it was Kin, in Lishui Jing, meaning gold. Father Venadam's is Van, and Father Strang's Sun, Father McGoey's Mey, and Father White's Wey. Mine is Kaw, because it has a faint resemblance to the first syllable of my family name, but the same name was given to the late Bishop Misner because he was a tall man. As our numbers increased this plan could not be followed, for we had many Mac's and other names with somewhat similar sounds, so one of the "hundred names" was chosen, usually the name of some virtue or other pleasing quality or characteristic. Father Strang concluded his article by giving a list of our Missionaries with the Chinese name assigned to each.

An equally interesting study would be that of the names of places in China. Names of provinces, cities, towns and villages are quite picturesque and invariably have a



Very Rev. M. L. Curtin, S.F.M.

connection with the physical features of the place named. Something similar existed among the Indians of our native continent, for example Canada originally meant a collection of huts, but like so many other old Indian names, Ottawa, Toronto, Ontario, Saskatchewan, the meaning has long been forgotten. A few places in America denote some physical feature, such as Three Rivers, Lake of Two Mountains, Little Rock, Big Valley, Grand River, but for the most part places are named for some saint, such as St. John's, St. Thomas, St. Lawrence, St. Raphael's, or for some historical personage, Hamilton, Kitchener, Prince Edward, Prince Albert, Brantford, Brockville. Again, a name may be borrowed from some place in the Old World: London, Dublin, Paris, Bethlehem.

Chinese names of countries and places are more interesting, because they have more meaning. The name for China is Chung Kuo, Middle Kingdom, for in ancient times China was considered the centre of the world. England, (Y)ing Kuo is Brave Kingdom or Brave Country, United States of America is Mei Kuo, Beautiful Country. Everyone has heard of Shanghai, Upon the Sea, Peking, Northern Capital (or Peiping, Northern Peace), and Nan-king, Southern Capital. The Huang Ho is the Yellow River, and it is yellow with the sands from the Gobi Desert, but the name of the great river of China, the Yangste, is hard to express in English. The Mississippi in the United States is called the Father of Waters, due to its size and length, and the Yangste Kiang deserves a similar designation, but it is called the Son.

The province in which our Prefecture is located, Chekiang, is Wind-ing Rivers, and anyone who has travelled by water there will agree that the name is appropriate, as is the name of Lishui, Beautiful Water. Kinhwa, Golden Flowers, is in a rich farming district, where there are good harvests, and Tungyang to the east is East Sun, with Tangshi to the west, the Stream. Tsingtien is Green Fields, Dolu is Great Road, Pai Yen (Ba Nga) is White Rock, and Huangtan is Yellow Valley, all of them well named. Pihu is Jade Lake, with a small lake there the colour of jade, and Lungchuan is Dragon Springs.

Hunan, the province in which many of our Missionaries have been refugees for the past year, is South of the Lake, for in the extreme north-west corner of the province is a large lake. Names familiar to us here are Siangtan, i.e. Siang River Rapids,

and Changsha, where this is being written, Long Sands, because of the long, sandy beach along the water-front.

To the south of us is the Province of Szeshewan, Four Rivers, so named because there are four large rivers in that province, from which a vapour continually rises, causing great clouds. To the south of that province is Yunnan, which means "South of the Cloud Country" and in Yunnan province is the city of Kunming, which translated means "Bright and Clear". It must be well named, for those who have visited Kunming are loud in their praise of its invigorating climate, which is pleasant even in summer, when the humidity of most places in China is stifling. Then, farther south, just off the mainland, is the island of Hong Kong, the Crown Colony, and its name means "Fragrant Lagoon". People whom we have met from there are justly proud of its fragrance.

These are but a few of the names of places familiar to the readers of CHINA. They are indeed picturesque and expressive, as are all the names of provinces, cities, towns and villages of this most picturesque country.

Our Lady in India

(Continued from page 15)

passes that I do not pray to that Wonderful Woman, for the spiritual and temporal safety of myself and family." This woman was a fire-worshipper—a devotee of Zoroaster. It makes us forcibly realize that God's ways are not ours. We would like to believe that His Mother is preparing those people for the acceptance of His word.

Two Letters from Peking

(Rev. J. Murphy, of Toronto,
writes from internment)

December 15, 1943
Maison Chabanel,
1 Shih Hu Hutung,
Peking.

DEAR MOTHER AND DAD:

It's a long time between letters. There is a possibility of having this letter go to you through Chungking; so I will take this chance and tell you all the news since I last heard from you. October, 1941.

Christmas 1941 we spent at our old house. We still had the radio and tuned in on American and London news. Then in September 1942, we moved to the home of an Italian Order of Fathers. Here we spent the Christmas of '42. In March '43 the Japs decided to intern us in a former Chinese school south of Peking. Then there were 1,200 other nationals so that altogether, we were about 1,750 people living together.

After the first few weeks, internment was not so bad. Nothing of course, had been made ready. Sanitation at first was bad; buildings were good—substantial if not clean. However, heavy and sometimes not very clean work was started; after a few months, the place was not so bad. What food there was, was substantial, if monotonous. However, in our kitchen there were three shifts of cooks, who each had their own way of preparing the meals.

At first there was much bigotry shown towards Catholic Fathers and Sisters. Slowly, when the rest of the camp saw the Fathers take on the heaviest of the work and the Sisters usually the dirtiest, ignorance gave way to admiration. So much

so, that when the Catholic Fathers baseball team played against the rest of the Camp, 90 per cent. of the people were cheering for the Padres. Four of us shared one room; here we could say Mass daily.

We were there until September. Meanwhile—the Apostolic Delegate—Msgr. Zanin was pulling diplomatic strength to have the Fathers back in Peking. In September we came back with some of the Sisters and here we are. With 95 Belgian Fathers—including two Bishops, we are back at the Jesuit Language School.—where we began studying Chinese three years ago. Except we have special permission from the Japs, we cannot go out, but that is o.k. We know the city by now, and there is nothing to see—not even a good movie. I have been out two or three times since September—to the Dentist.

Here, we have an hour's class every day. Then after some hours of private study—there is time for sports activities. These Belgian Fathers are good mixers—great sports. They all know at least some English. With two of them who are anxious to learn more English, I am having French Conversation classes in my room—eight classes a week.

Fr. McSween has probably told you all this. He of course, had to go home—health reasons. The others were taken alphabetically by the Japs except Father Carey—who as Superior thought it best to stay. Father McQuaid and I were unfortunate enough to have names near the end of the alphabet. However, we will catch the next boat and as

say Mass. God bless you all —
Happy Easter—

* * *

Jan. 1, 1944.

HELLO EVERYBODY:

Happy New Year wishes are in order to-day, but by the time you receive this it will be "Happy Easter" — possibly even, Merry Christmas again. I wrote to you just before Christmas. In case you received it, pardon any repetition in this letter.

Father MacSween probably told you everything regarding our internment, both before and after. We are still here with 95 Belgian Fathers from the Mongolian Mission. They are a great crowd; since Christmas they have staged a daily musical treat, at which now and then one or all of us Canadians assisted. Of the three internment places for Priests here, we have undoubtedly the best. For we are used to its spacious grounds. We three are fortunate in having private rooms—much better than four in a room as at Wei Hsien.

We had a "White Christmas." It snowed on the 23rd and although it partly melted under the warm sun, there still was enough snow to whiten the earth. Again on the 27th a fairly good flurry occurred. Yesterday, it was warm enough for me to place outside in the sun two plants I started last October. One was a wax plant and the other a creeper, but because of the concert at 4.30, I forgot them until after supper. Of course, they had frozen! and this morning they were dead. Under my bed in the dark, I have stored two fine geraniums. You used to place yours in the cellar. Mother, well, while the gardener here has placed many in the heated storeroom, they have all turned to leaves. Mine now, of course, have only the stem; but when it becomes warmer, I'll bring

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*Rev. J. Murphy, S.F.M., interned at
Peking with Fathers McQuaid and
Carey.*

there seems to be no hope of getting through to the Mission, we will be glad to be home again.

Re money, we get a 200 allowance every month, that is about \$25 Canadian through the Swiss Consul. This is borrowed for we three from the Canadian Government—this will have to be repaid after the War. There is a small ration of cigarettes (I would give a carload of them for a pack of Buckinghams.) The pipe I bought in Lindsay and the one from the United Cigar Store are still going strong — stronger than ever for we smoke the pure tobacco leaf.

Am making preparations for a small Crib in my room. It will add something to the Christmas Season not so far away. Believe me dear dad and mother, brother and sisters, I am happy and hope you are the same—and we will continue to be so if we continue to trust in Divine Providence. We still can

Ambassadors of Christ



FATHER BEAL PREACHES TO THE TOWNSPEOPLE OF NAN TANG. HE TELLS THEM ABOUT HEAVEN AND THAT OUR LORD DIED FOR ALL MEN, EVERYWHERE.



AFTER A LONG JOURNEY, PREACHING AND TEACHING OUR MISSIONARY LAYS DOWN HIS WEARY HEAD ON AN OLD BED IN A COW-SHED.

NEXT MORNING FATHER BEAL SPEAKS TO AN OLD PAGAN WOMAN WHO HAS PLACED JOSS STICKS ON HER DOOR. THIS IS AN ACT OF SUPERSTITION.



Campaigning for Christ in China

Illustrated by ARTHUR KEELOR

THE FOREIGN TEACHER SPEAKS ABOUT HIS GOD AND THE WOMAN IS OFFENDED BECAUSE HE DOES NOT MENTION THE DEVIL WHOM, SHE SAYS, MUST BE WORSHIPPED TO BE APPEASED.

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58



ON ANOTHER OCCASION, SOME YEARS LATER, FATHER BEAL MEETS THE WOMAN AND SPEAKS TO HER ABOUT GOD AND HEAVEN. HOPING AND PRAYING THAT SHE WOULD RECEIVE THE GIFT OF FAITH.

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FOUR MONTHS LATER THE OLD LADY IS NEAR DEATH AND SENDS FOR THE LOCAL CATECHIST TO RECEIVE BAPTISM. FIVE MINUTES AFTER BAPTISM SHE DIED.

Two Letters from Peking

(Continued from page 21)

them out from under the bed, and start them over again.

Dad, at different times, I have put to good use the tools I brought over in '40. But never was the hammer more useful than this winter, not for nails, but for coal. Each room has a small stove which we keep going ourselves. Much of the coal is too big and that's when the hammer was useful. The Yankee screw driver is still doing good work, and so is the small drill, although I wish I had brought over more and sharper bits. Time enough for them when we get to the Mission.

There are two electricians here, and between them they hung tiny electric bulbs all over the altar for Christmas. Between 60-70 lights (coloured) shine from altar and beam over altar. In my room, I have a small Christmas stable—15x15x12—complete with blue bulb.

In regard to clothes — only one thing do I need—and that is sox. A size large enough cannot be found. Tom Kindly lent me some good woolen ones. My black suit is still almost as good as new, for it is never worn. I have worn out three or four pairs of cheap trousers — picked up downtown, leaving the suit. For we wear always either soutane, or the long Chinese gown—slashed to the knee at the side, and buttoning up the right side, under the arm to the collar. My soutane—I was foolish enough to entrust to a former teacher (last January '43 to have cleaned) with strict orders to have it cleaned — not washed. (For the Chinese gowns are washed only) When the soutane returned, it had shrunk so badly, that even a tailor could not repair the damage. So I gave it away. However, everyone wears the Chinese gown, so it is not a great loss. Just before this winter set in I had a new pair of flannel

pyjamas made—\$50.00—altho' this means between 2-5 Canadian dollars at the present rate of exchange it is still extremely high.

I mentioned in the last letter that we receive \$200.00 a month, borrowed on the Canadian government through the Swiss consulate. We can get by on it. Soon I will have to have my shoes repaired and this is going to put a big hole in the \$200.00. New leather shoes are about \$100.00. I soon wore out my second best pair in Wei Hsien, stoking, carrying coal, etc. The best ones are becoming thin on the soles; not bad life at all for a three and a half year old pair of shoes.

We can get some cigarettes. But much more pipe-smoking is done. I have invested in Chinese pipes, long in the stem—16 inches with the brass bowl not much larger than a thimble, for very fine tobacco. The tobacco—straight from the plant, is strong—but fairly good, costing less than 40c lb. Canadian. By the way it is grown in a neighbouring province that exported much tobacco to U.S.A. and which found its way into most brands of American cigarettes.

Fr. Carey is our Baker here. A new oven was recently installed here and on the flour rationed by the Japs. he turns out a fairly good product. Each of us gets half a loaf a day, which is quite sufficient.

During our internment in Wei Hsien, we could still say Mass. The eight of us were in two neighbouring rooms, and each room had an altar. Simply an altar stone laid on an ordinary table. The Sisters there kept our linens clean. Naturally, we can say Mass here, and as long as this continues, we come into daily contact with our Friend and Consoler—from whom we continue also to ask health and blessing to all our friends and relatives — especially those dearest to us. God bless you all.

Sincerely, Joe.

The
★

LITTLE ROSE



FLOWER'S GARDEN

Scarboro Foreign Mission Society,
Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.
October 1, 1944.

MY dear Young Missionaries:

I am very happy to be able to tell you that our priests on The Campaign Band are preparing to leave Scarboro Bluffs to bring the latest news from China to our friends all over Canada. Before the end of this school-year we earnestly hope that one of these priests will be able to visit **YOUR** school.

Father Sharkey is now Director of Vocations and therefore would appreciate invitations from Boys' High Schools. On receipt of such invitations he or his assistant, Father McGoe, will endeavour to sign your school up for a talk on the things every prospective missionary priest wants to know. Address all such invitations to: Reverend Hugh F. X. Sharkey, S.F.M., Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario, as soon as possible. Naturally only a certain number of schools can be visited during the school-year, so it must be a case of "first in, first served."

* * * * *

October, The Month of the Rosary and of devotion to Mary's Holy Spouse, St. Joseph, is a good time to begin that drive for the Family Rosary. During this month we also celebrate the Feast Day of our Little Theresa of the Child Jesus, The Little Flower. Therefore it is quite appropriate that the article on the "Miracle" of Lisieux, by Frederick Griffin, should appear in this issue; be sure to read it and with St. Theresa return thanks to God.

* * * * *

I must apologize for the delay in sending out Membership Certificates during the past few months, but rest assured that all overdue certificates will be in the mail within the next week.

* * * * *

Keep praying for our members in the Armed Forces and please do not forget your Monthly Communion and Daily prayer for the Missions.

Sincerely yours in Christ,

Father Jim

Lisieux Fire Stopped at Chapel's Very Door

By FREDERICK GRIFFIN
Toronto Star Staff Correspondent

Lisieux, France, Aug. 26—On a hill above Lisieux stands the great unfinished stone shrine of "The Little Flower"—"Ste. Therese of the Child Jesus." The town itself in a valley, is another shambles with 11,000 of its 16,000 scattered people homeless. But the Basilica erected to the memory of this young pure saint is unharmed by shell or bomb except for a couple of slight exterior scars.

So is the 12th century cathedral. It rises in ancient grace from devastation which stopped at its very door.

Also undamaged is the Carmelite convent, a couple of kilometres away, where Ste. Therese took her vows when she was 15 years old and lived her short devoted life.

So are a school and a cemetery untouched in the heart of this terrific devastation, as if spared by a miracle. Indeed many people are convinced that yet another miracle of Ste. Therese saved these religious places from destruction.

"Protection was evident," I was told by Monseigneur Octave Germain, vicar of the Basilica, as he told of the series of bombings which began on the night of June 6. Lisieux was a communications point of great importance to the Germans and it was hammered hard by the R.A.F.

Finds Canadian Nun

Among those most firmly convinced of a miracle in the saving of their monastery at least are the sisters of the Carmelite order, nuns in brown garb with white clerical collars and black head covering. I found more than 20 of them living in the crypt of the basilica built to Ste. Therese.

For the first time in years these religious women who live lives of prayer and silence had left the walls of their convent, the seclusion of their strict monasticism to take shelter from the bombs and the surge of battle. Nothing could better epitomize the fearful upsetting of French lives in the liberation than the sight of these gentle religious women plucked from their devotions to live in this crypt.

Two of these nuns whom I saw today were living human sisters of Ste. Therese. One was the prioress, the Rev. Mother Agnes of Jesus. Eighty-three years old, she had lived 60 years inside the convent's walls until she came out in June to shelter in the Basilica. The other was Sister Genevieve of the Holy Face whose age is 75.

Among these women I found a Canadian nun, Sister Anne of Jesus, who was born in Montreal 65 years ago and named Anne Goyer. She had lived, she said, 42 years in the monastery, as she called the convent.

I had a considerable chat with this quiet, stooped woman in the severe

brown habit with the black-hooded gentle face. "We were obliged to leave our house," she said, "because of the fire which came sweeping toward it. No, it is not destroyed—damaged, of course, but not destroyed. We shall return to it soon."

Like Brother Andre Shrine

Sister Anne, the Canadian, was firmly convinced that Ste. Therese had intervened to save the convent. "We feel that we had spiritual protection," she said, "because the fire stopped at the chapel. We prayed so much—all the time we prayed—to her and to the immaculate heart of Mary."

She told me that she had not been outside the monastery walls for 30 years, where life had been very silent. "You must find this all very curious," I suggested. She smiled and said, "Here at the usual times we keep our silence."

Catholic readers will know much more about Ste. Therese of the Infant Jesus, "The Little Flower," than I dare tell them. Born in Alencon in 1873, she was a child of beautiful spirituality who at 13 sought to become a nun. The Pope, I was told, said, "Wait until you are 15," and she waited. Then in Lisieux she began her life so gentle and powerful in its devotion and faith that even before her early death miracles were attributed to her. She was canonized a saint in 1925 and many miracles

have been attributed to her since, notably this most recent saving of these holy places in Lisieux.

The great basilica on the hill was begun in 1929 and was not finished in 1939 when war came and no work on it has been done since. It is a vast, fine, magnificently domed edifice of soft, white stone brought from the neighborhood of Soissons. In many ways it reminds me of the shrine to Brother Andre on Montreal mountain.

Mattresses Beside Altar

The church proper, unfinished except its walls, unfurnished and without an altar, is reached by an array of granite steps. Underneath is the finished crypt where the Carmelite nuns and many other people found sanctuary. I found the nuns eating a simple meal on benches in one of the little side chapels, the chapel of the Virgin of the Smile. In this and other side chapels of the crypt they have slept while men, women and children have also been living and sleeping in close proximity, very different from the seclusion these women had known for years.

There were mattresses even on the flagged floor of each side of the altar.

This crypt is very beautiful. Its style is Roman-Byzantine. Heavy round white pillars support an arched and vaulted ceiling of exquisite mosaic.

To-day I happened on a strange effect in the upsets brought about by this war. For in this sanctuary of these silent nuns nearly 1,000 soldiers from a famous division had worshipped. And their engineers had strung electric lights for the service, the first divisional Mass these men had attended since Tripoli where one was held at the conclusion of their long trek across the desert with the Eighth Army.

In making, or revising, your Last Will, please remember the Missions by inserting the following:

"I BEQUEATH TO THE
SCARBORO FOREIGN
MISSION SOCIETY, SCAR-
BORO BLUFFS, ONT., THE
SUM OF \$

Pen-Pal Corner

When writing state your age, grade at school and hobby.

The following members request Pen-Pals:

GLORIA SURPRENANT, 266 Belle Isle Avenue, Windsor, Ont. Hobby: Fond of swimming, cycling and reading.

* * *

MARGARET MOORCROFT, 72 Newlands Avenue, Hamilton, Ont. Age 13 years. Would appreciate Pen-Pals from all over Canada at ages 13-15. Hobby: Drawing and sewing.

* * *

ANNETTE LASSALINE, R.R. No. 5, Goderich, Ont. Age 12 years. Hobby: Reading Catholic Books. June 12th, Birthday.

* * *

St. Theresa's School, Ottawa, Ont.

Duncan Mayo, Frankie Morrissey, Jackie Baizana, Wallace Burke, Alfred Charron, Allan Dacey, Gerald Doyle, Billy Enright, Paul Ferrigan, Gene Lacharice, Ronnie Lake, John Maxwell, Barry McGrory, John McLean, Bernard O'Callaghan.

Lives of the Saints

A SAINT is a friend of God, because when he or she lived on this earth the Saint did the Will of God. Our Saviour said: "You are my friends if you do the things I tell you".

It is our duty to become friends of God, to become Saints. "This is the Will of God, your sanctification", says St. Paul.

Last month we gave you the story of Saint Bernardine, and so in this issue we publish the life story of ST. JOAN OF ARC.

SAINT JOAN OF ARC

SAINTE JOAN OF ARC was a little shepherd girl who became a soldier. She did not like to be a soldier but God wanted her to lead the French army, and crown the French king so the country could have peace. And so God told her to become a soldier.

This is what happened. One day when she was out in the fields looking after a flock of sheep, she heard a voice and saw a blaze of light. She was fourteen years old. It was the year 1426. After a while she heard two other voices, and all three made themselves known to her. They were three saints who had come out of heaven to tell her what God wanted her to do. They were Saint Michael, Saint Catherine, and Saint Margaret and they said to her: "God wants you to save France." She was frightened and said to them: "How can a little girl save France?" They said: "Go to the Commanding General and tell him God wants you to save France by leading his troops to victory."

When she first told the general he laughed at her. But on her second visit he listened to her for she had given him news of a French defeat that nobody in his camp knew about. The report came in a little while, and the general said: "Joan must be close to God for He has told her what nobody else knew. I will send her to the King."

She put on a soldier's uniform and with three soldiers by her side she rode off from the little town of Vaucouleurs to the town of Chinon where the King was staying. She reached there on March 6, 1429. The King said, "I will fool Joan." So he took off his king's uniform and put on a uniform like any other French officer. But he did not fool Joan. She knew him, and went right up to him and said: "Put me in command of your army and I will lead them against the English who are besieging Orleans and I will save the city, and you will be crowned at Rheims."

Everyone was against such a thing and they gave Joan a lot of trouble. People said that she was crazy. Finally the King appointed a group of smart men to examine Joan. This board of examiners kept asking Joan questions for three weeks. When they finished they said to the King: "God must be with Joan. Give her an army."

Joan put on white armor, mounted a big horse, and took a special flag that was made for her. On the flag was written the Holy Name and the name of Mary. Joan would not carry a sword but she wanted only that flag. The army under Joan's command reached Orleans on April 29th and by May 8th the English army that had surrounded Orleans ran away.

Joan had been wounded but she did not care. She wanted to follow up her victory and scatter the English troops but she was told not to do this. However she was allowed to go after another English army that was in another part of the country. She defeated this army, too. Then she sent word to the King to go to the city of Rheims. He went and Joan went there too and stood by his side holding her battle flag, and he was crowned. This was what God told her would take place.

Joan took part in another battle. Her soldiers were defeated and she was taken prisoner. Neither the King nor anyone else tried to save her from her captors. She was kept in prison for a long time and treated very badly. She was put on trial and asked a lot of questions. Even though she did not know how to read or write she answered all the questions well. But her examiners were all bad men so at the end of the trial they told lies about her, saying that her victories came from the devil and not from God. They condemned her to death by burning. On May 30, 1431, when she was not twenty years old she was burned to death in the marketplace of the city of Rouen. She only said one word before she died—JESUS. They scattered her ashes over the river Seine.

On that sad day so long ago, only one man shouted out the truth. He was one of the King's secretaries. He said: "We are lost; we have burned a saint." Just a few years ago Pope Pius XI before thousands of people gathered together in Saint Peter's at Rome, said: "As God's representative on earth I declare Joan of Arc a saint." That was a glad day for the whole world.

The story of St. Joan of Arc and other lives of Saints may be obtained in one pamphlet by Father Treacy, S.J., Paulist Press, 401 West 39th St., New York 19, N.Y.

The Religious Theatre of the Air

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It's Time to Laugh



Teacher: "Spell 'straight.'"

Junior: "S-T-R-A-I-G-H-T."

Teacher: "Correct. Now, what does it mean?"

Junior: "Without ginger ale."

Customer: "Waiter, this plate is wet."

Waiter: "That's your soup, sir."

"With what weapon did Sampson slay the thousand Philistines, Tommy?" asked the Sunday school teacher.

"The axe of the Apostles," replied the child after a long pause.

The disgruntled shareholder was venting his wrath on the chairman of the company meeting.

"Sir," he said, "I think you're the biggest rascal unhung"

The chairman retained his dignity. "Sir," he said, "you forget yourself!"

Amateur Performer: "I can pick up a cent with my toes."

Bright Spectator: "That's nothing. 'My dog can do that with his nose.'"

"What is the title of your new book?"

"My Wife and I."

"Oh, another war novel!"

Sammy: "Papa, vat's a vacuum?"

Papa: "A vacuum is a void."

Sammy—"I know, papa, but vot's the void mean?"

A colonel of the old school was addressing two guilty-looking privates, whose clothes were torn and ragged.

"Look here, you fellows," he exclaimed, "I'll have you know that I simply won't tolerate fighting in my regiment."

Boy: "And, now, doctor, that I've told you I am going to marry Anne, there's one thing I want to get off my chest."

Doctor: "You just tell me about it, mv boy."

Boy: "A tattooed heart with the name Mabel on it."

Heroine (frantically): "Is there no succor?"

Voice from Audience: "Sure! I paid two bits to see this show."

"Have you forgotten my chops, waitress?"

"I never forget a face, sir."

"Tell what you know about nitrates."

"I don't know much about them but I do know they are cheaper than day rates."

Mrs. Blow: "How did you ever get a reference saying you were a perfect lady's maid?"

Maid: "I worked for a perfect lady, once."

Enthusiastic Golfer (in letter to sock manufacturer): "Fifteen minutes after putting on a pair of your socks, I made a hole in one."

There were special guests that night, and the hostess was a little dubious about the new maid.

"Mary, when you are in the dining-room to-night I want you to be careful that you don't spill anything."

Mary looked at her mistress knowingly and smiled.

"You can rely on me, ma'am, I don't talk much."

Then there was the North Carolina farmer who posted the following notice outside the door of his chicken house:

"Any one found here at night will be found here the next morning."

A little girl, sitting in church watching a wedding, suddenly exclaimed:

"Mummy, has the lady changed her mind?"

"What do you mean?" the mother asked.

"Why," replied the child "she went up the aisle with one man and came back with another."

A small boy asked his father how wars began.

"Well," said his father, "suppose that England quarreled with France."

"But," interrupted the mother, "England mustn't quarrel with France."

"I know," he answered, "but I am taking a hypothetical instance."

"You are misleading the child," said the mother.

"No, I'm not," he answered.

"Yes, you are."

"No, I'm not."

"Yes."

"No."

"All right dad," said the small boy, "I think I know how wars begin."

A youth came to a farmer to borrow a lantern. At first he refused to say why he wanted it, but eventually confessed that he wanted it to go courting. The farmer was scornful.

"I did my courting without a lantern."

"Yes," replied the youth, "and look at your missus."

Fay—Did you get any relief when you went to the dentist?

May—Yes, he wasn't there.

A western farmer writes:

"If you want to see the biggest hog in these parts, come to my ranch and ask for me."

"Mother, do people ever get punished for telling the truth?" asked little Willie.

"No, dear, of course not," was the reply. "Why do you ask?"

"Because I have just taken the last three tarts from the pantry."

A man struggling in a doorway with a piano was glad of the offer of assistance from a passer-by.

A fresh struggle began, and after half an hour's tugging and straining, the owner of the piano gasped:

"Phew! At this rate, it will take us hours to get it out!"

"Out!" almost screamed the other. "Why didn't you say you wanted it out? I've been trying to push it in!"

Sitting in a concert hall waiting for the concert to begin, a man, seeing a little boy in front of him looking at his watch, bent forward and asked: "Does it tell the time?"

"No", answered the little boy, "you have to look at it."

He: "Dearest, your stockings are wrinkled."

She: "You brute, I haven't any on."

Walking along a lane one bright sunny morning, the vicar met a local farmer driving some cows.

"Spring in the air, Mr. Giles," he hailed the man cheerily.

"Whatever for, sir?" replied the farmer in amazement.

"He thinks he's Henry VIII, doctor, is that serious?"

"Not unless he thinks you're Ann Boleyn."

In one part of the Near East, we are told, a husband ties a stocking round his wife's chin if she is talkative. This is certainly more humane than a sock on the jaw.

Guide (conducting students through an Art Gallery): "By a single stroke of the brush Joshua Reynolds could change a smiling face into a frowning one."

Young student: "So can my mother."

"Mr. Jones left this umbrella again. I do believe he'd lose his head if it were loose."

"I dare say you're right. I heard him say only yesterday that he was going to Colorado for his lungs."

A fellow drew a lucky elephant in a sweepstake. He had three wishes so he rubbed the elephant once and asked for a thousand pounds. The money dropped right into his hand.

He rubbed it again and asked for something that money could not buy—a crate of bananas. They duly appeared.

Then he thought he had better ask for something that would benefit the whole of humanity, so he said, "I'd like to kill Hitler."

Next day he got his call-up papers.

Tourist: "I've come here for the winter."

California: "Well, you've come to the wrong place. There's no winter here."

Tattered Tim: "I've been trampin' four years, ma'am, and it's all 'cause I heard that the doctors recommended walkin' as the best exercise."

Mrs. Prim: "Well, the doctors are right. Walk along."

"Mister," said the ragged man, "will you give me a loaf of bread for my wife and little one?"

The stranger looked at him kindly: "I won't take advantage of your destitution. Keep your wife and children. I don't want them!"



*"This Is The Hour Of God And
The Hour Will Pass"*

BISHOP PAUL YU PIN
VICAR APOSTOLIC OF NANKING

We announce the
**Monsignor
Fraser Fund**
for the
China Missions

From his concentration camp in Manila, in the Philippines, the beloved founder of Canada and Newfoundland's Scarborough Foreign Mission Society, appeals for assistance so that the glorious work of the Missions may go forward with renewed effort as soon as the last shot is fired in the Pacific War.

Financial assistance is needed now that we may prepare to take immediate advantage of the golden opportunities that will await the Catholic Church in China, at the close of the Far-Eastern War.

Never was the Church's opportunity greater, never was China and her 500,000,000 people more ready to accept the Faith. In the words of Bishop Paul Yu Pin,—"This is the hour of God and the hour will pass."

Missions must be rebuilt, hospitals reopened, schools re-established. For the conversion of China, one hundred thousand missionaries will be needed.

What will Catholic Canada and Newfoundland do in this gigantic missionary movement of the Church?

Please send in your donation to-day* to the Monsignor Fraser Fund for the China Missions. Be generous.

— — — — TEAR OUT THIS COUPON AND MAIL TO-DAY — — — —

To, the Scarborough Foreign Mission Society,
Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

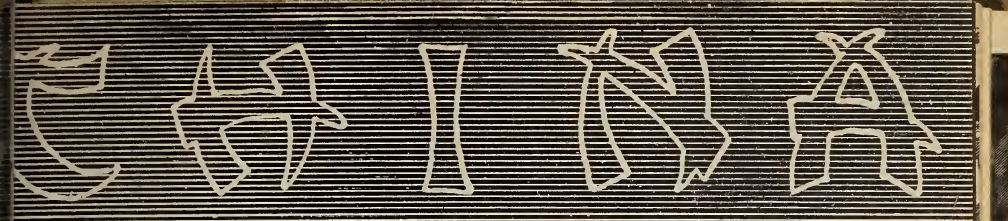
Enclosed my offering for the Monsignor Fraser China Mission Fund.

Name

Address

For whosoever shall give you to drink a cup of water in my name, because you belong to Christ; amen I say to you, he shall not lose his reward. (Mark IX, 40).

THE SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY
Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario



Sarboro Bluffs,
Ontario

10¢

NOVEMBER
1944



"The Harvest Indeed is Great, But the Laborers Are Few"

Yes, these are the famous rice-fields of China, and without the labourers necessary to harvest them, the very life of the nation itself would be at stake.

But there are other harvest fields of far greater importance—the harvest fields of five hundred million souls. Ripe unto harvest as never before in her long history, these mission fields of the Church in China, are in dire need of harvesters of Christ.

It is the eternal life of the Chinese people that is at stake. This is the hour of God in China, and the hour will pass. One hundred thousand missionary priests are needed and they are needed NOW.

Have you a vocation to the missionary priesthood or the missionary sisterhood? If you feel that you have, do not put off the issue. Prospective students for the priesthood should write to—**REV. R. J. PELOW, J.C.D., Rector,**
Scarboro Foreign Mission Society,
Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

Any young ladies who are interested should write to—

MOTHER ESTELLA, Superior,

Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception,
Pembroke, Ontario.

The Mail Box

Canadian Co-Missionary Crusade Established

A new form of activity in support of the missions has just been announced by the Mission Society of St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto, the details of which are listed below:

A new opportunity for the exercise of the great virtue of love, which so distinguished the early Christians that even their pagan countrymen remarked in astonishment: "See how these Christians love one another," has recently been introduced into Canada.

This is an organization which gives every Catholic, whether of the laity or religious, the opportunity of sharing intimately in the great labour of love carried on by our heroic missionaries.

WHAT IT IS

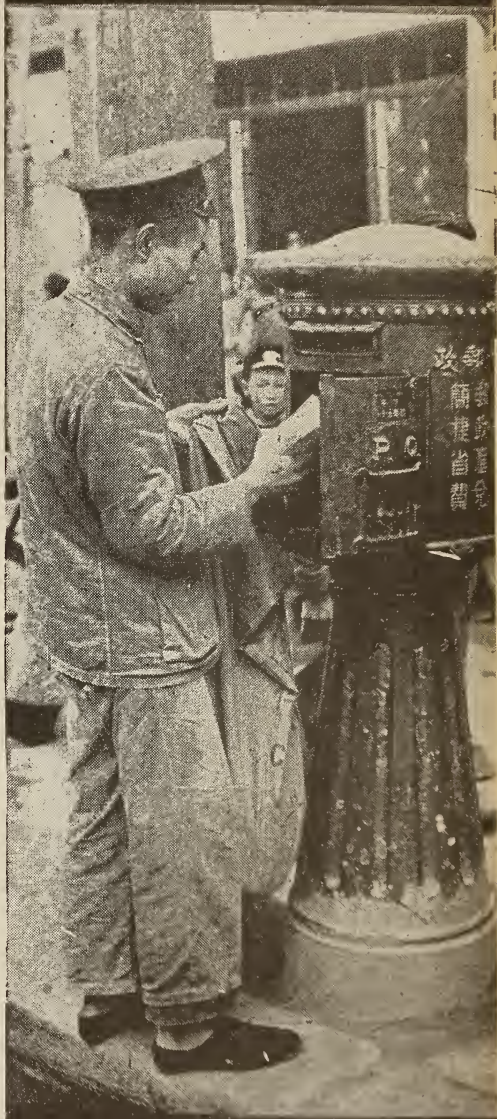
It consists in a simple promise to offer up the daily round of duties, joys, cares and crosses on one or more specific days of each week for a particular missionary.

The Co-Missionary Crusade was begun in the United States by the Fathers of the Divine Word, and is being sponsored in Canada by the Mission Society of Saint Augustine's Seminary.

FOR ALL

The promise of a Co-Missionary does not in any way conflict with other devotions, such as the Morning Offering, the DeMontfort Pledge, the Heroic Act, etc.

Regardless of one's state in life, every man, woman, boy, or girl can



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fulfill the requirements of the Co-Missionary Crusade, since it consists solely in directing one's merits more exactly. The mother sweeping the kitchen floor, the stenographer typing letters, the nurse dressing a wound, direct the broom, the typewriter, the bandage, to God in prayer, for some priest working in the mission fields.

SOCIAL ASPECTS OF THE SACRAMENTS

By Baptismal consecration we became members of the Kingdom of God, and by Confirmation we became Soldiers of Christ and Apostles of the front lines. But a nation that is not united is helpless and a soldier who fights alone fights a losing battle. Membership in the Co-Missionary Crusade will provide the social aspect of these sacraments and will give us all a chance for a united effort.

A FAD?

You may be asking if this is some new fad or another passing fancy. The organization in Canada is new but the idea is not new. It originated on that day when Christ turned to His Disciples and said: "The harvest indeed is abundant but the labourers are few. Pray therefore the Lord of the harvest to send forth labourers into His harvest."

You Too

You can become one of these labourers without ever leaving your office, factory, farm or fireside: you can be the missionary of a missionary: you can make good the expression of St. Augustine: "There is no labour for him who loves, and if there is, the labour itself is love."

Write today to the Crusade Headquarters at St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto, enclosing your name, address, and day or days you wish to offer.

If possible enclose a four cent stamp to cover the cost of mailing. This is your only expense. Do it today.

In Thanksgiving

Mrs. A. McD. wishes to express her thanks for a favour received through the intercession of Guy d'Fontgallant.

Please Remember in Your Prayers

Sister St. Symphorosa (Constance O'Neil) of the Grey Sisters of Pembroke, Ont.

Archbishop Pittini Sick

Archbishop Pittini of Santo Domingo has just undergone a serious eye operation in New York.

We recommend His Excellency to your prayers that the operation may be a perfect success.

Chinese Generalissimo

CHUNGKING, CHINA.—Declaring himself deeply gratified by the part American Catholics have played in helping China, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek in a special interview requested Bishop James E. Walsh, superior general of Maryknoll, to convey China's appreciation and greetings to Catholics of the United States and to invite more American Catholic missionaries to China after the war.

Bishop Walsh, in China to make a visitation of missions staffed by Maryknoll priests, saw the generalissimo at the latter's home.

Bishop Walsh told General Chiang Kai-shek that America was preparing many missionaries for postwar work. He asked whether China would like to have these priests and sisters after the war. "China will be privileged and pleased to have them," replied the generalissimo. "We will encourage their work in every way possible."

(Continued on page 24)

A black and white illustration depicting a group of refugees, including men, women, and children, crowded into a train car. Some are sitting, some are standing, and one woman is holding a baby. The scene is dark and crowded, with smoke or steam visible in the background. The illustration is framed by a large white circle containing the title and author information.

The REFUGEES

REV. K. TURNER S.F.M.

FATHER • TURNER; HIMSELF • A REFUGEE • WRITES • FROM • KUNMING; HONAN; CHINA

HENGYANG

POOOR war-torn China is suffering another wound and her people are on the move again. The Japanese have come down out of Honan and Hopeh in an attempt to seize the remaining miles of the Peiping Hankow railway and to join with the railroad stretching southwards to Canton. If successful, this move would cut the country in two like a giant knife. The cities astride the railroad and to the West are filled with refugees with their pitifully small belongings. A medical doctor whom I know, reached Hengyang with his wife and little boy after two weeks on a junk from Changsha. Twice a refugee—the first time from Hong-Kong—his worldly goods were encompassed by eight suit-cases. The city, railroad yards, sidings, highways are thronged with refugees. After a two-day rest the doctor has jettisoned half his goods and has gone on to find a space in the humanity-jammed railway station. The three waited and slept on their baggage for two days before getting tickets. They proved useless as there has been no train space. Finally a refugee, train—no tickets required—has pulled in and with hundreds of others he has gone

on to Kweilin. I have got into a coach via the window. We are twenty-four hours out and are just nearing Kweilin. The heat is terrific. We have been held up for four hours in the dark waiting for Jap planes to fly over. Our clothes are wringing wet with perspiration and the night air blowing in the window has given me a cold.

PLIGHT OF REFUGEES

No one unless they have seen a great exodus of refugees can understand the pity of it. Homes have been left, perhaps forever; families are separated; friends, position, the accumulated treasures of a lifetime are left behind. "Why not stay?" you ask, "hide out for the invasion and then resume life as it was when the tide is past." The answer is that men must eat and to eat one must work. Public service employees, bank clerks, professional men, even storekeepers must go where they can earn a living. So they must leave for an uncertain destination among strangers, where lodging is scarce and difficult to find, where their presence will perhaps be resented. In the meantime they have the hardships of travel, the dirt and confusion, heat and rain and even the

dangers of bombing. Whatever may be the virtues and shortcomings of this people it can never be denied that they have a profound capacity for suffering and a spirit that bounces them over despondency. The faces and behaviour of these refugees show patience. It is to my mind the dominant characteristic of the race.

KWEILIN

Here the refugees with their baggage again fill station, platforms and grounds. Four of us, representing four missionary societies, viz., the Dominion Order, Vincentian Congregation, the Maryknoll and Scarborough Societies, pass unnoticed in the crowd. Tickets on trains are scarce and an influential friend has to intervene. However, it must be gratefully acknowledged that in these extraordinary circumstances, the railroad people show every kind consideration possible to us foreigners. After eighteen hours of an eight-hour scheduled run, we are the guests at the American Army Hostel in Liuchow for three days. In this place tickets are obtained for Tuh-Shan, the head of the rails. Luckily we have obtained seats in a day-coach. Humans and baggage have so filled the car that ingress and egress must be made via the windows. After a false start, the train is shunted to some other part of the yard where a cloud of human locusts crawl in the windows on both sides almost walking over the earlier occupants. No resentment is evidenced by those run over. Three interminable days and nights follow. Stops are frequent, lengthy and unpredictable. Gymnastics occur at every station getting in and out of windows to buy the food sold in portable canteens by anyone from four-year olds to tottering old men and women. The passage of thousands of refugees has proved a bonanza to village folks not slow to grasp the business opportunities and to learn they have all at their mercy. A little girl asks me



Rev. K. R. Turner

thirty dollars for a bottle of drinking water, without a blush. I give her ten and the high sign to skidaddle. Sleep comes at times sitting upright or leaning foreheads on the seat shelf. Heat, dust and dirt soon put a natural camouflage over the four representatives of missionary orders without favouritism so that soon all look alike. The engine ahead is game; if a grade proves too formidable she just backs a mile or two and has another run at it. Record number counted in waking hours is five attempts. From Tuh-Shan places are found in a truck after a three-day wait and we reach Kweiyang without incident.

KWEIYANG

Here we are the guests of Bishop Larrart and the kind Fathers of the Paris Foreign Mission. Chinese military are occupying most of his house but rooms are found for us. July 4th comes along and in honour of my three American companions the bishop breaks his last two bottles of French wine. Canadian Sisters are here, the Order of Our Lady Queen of Angels. These are of the same Order as those assisting Father Billy Matte, S.F.M., at the Chinese Mission in Victoria, B.C. They are cheerful, kindly Sisters. They wash

and repair our clothing while we have a week's rest in the city and in visiting the two fine seminaries in the country.

The road to Kunming is one of the roughest in the world and one of the toughest. From Annan, reached the evening of the first day, we descended by twenty-nine continuous unbroken hair-pin turns only to find we are barely a third of the way to the valley. By afternoon we are in some of the wildest country seen. We stop at times to right trailers overturned behind the trucks. At one place a beautiful waterfall spills water hundreds of feet onto the rocks below. We find that near here an army convoy proceeding us by a few days was held up by bandits. We meet no bandits but the weapons of our fellow travellers are never out of reach.

KUNMING

This is a city of contrasts. An old-fashioned wall encloses the city but the phenomenal growth of the community has spilled out of the main gates. The streets are wide and as clean as the dust and frequent rains allow. Fine modern cars tear along the streets while country people with all manner of odd costumes dart to the sides. There are Lolos, Miaos and other aboriginal tribes, Annamites, Siamese and Burmese. Herds of cattle, usually led by a huge black goat, as well as droves of heavy black squealing pigs pass up and down the main thoroughfares. Hawkers sell their wares by advertising in a loud voice, each vendor of a particular type of goods having a particular blend of notes recognizable to the people. Taxis are wooden contraptions fitted with auto axles and tyred wheels and pulled by small horses. There are fine modern homes and filthy hovels almost side by side. Stylishly clad people brush shoulders with some of the dirtiest and most miserable imaginable. Prices are the

highest in the world, it is said. A meal in a good restaurant breaks a thousand dollars. The wealthy, and there are many, can buy different local wines at six hundred dollars a bottle and up. Foreign goods are here and luxuries. Camels, Chesterfields and Luckies are on sale for around \$350 a package. The sidewalks are punctuated every hundred yards by a line of boys with stools selling a shoe-shine at thirty dollars with the words: "Hey Joe, shoe-shine", a phrase picked up from the American air-force personnel here. On one street, which I've named "Dead-beat Lane" there are on sale rusty nails, screws and bolts, bottles, used and very soiled clothing, odd pieces of a mah-jong set, pieces of wire, string, truck springs and car bumpers. Piles of dirt and excrement are everywhere on this street and at the end of it is a fine movie palace. The coolness of this city, perched high on the Yunnan plateau, is in marked contrast with the rest of China sweltering in the "Great-heat" days of summer.

This is the last stop for refugees. There exists no other haven except the hinterland or into the setting sun over in India. The main flow of refugees is stemmed before it reaches here, filling the towns and cities we have passed through. The flight of the refugees has spread Christians across the breadth of China. Christians from areas of old Christianity have come into places where the Faith is almost unknown. Perhaps in the designs of Providence one good out of this evil will be the dissemination of Holy Faith. The plight of these poor people deserve our pity and our prayers. Pray that Peace will come to this country, that the joy of Easter will follow the ordeal of its crucifixion.

So-long for now, Father. God bless you and my kindest to all at the Motherhouse.

BAZAAR

AND GRAND DRAWING

— AT —

St. Anne's Chinese Mission
222 Simcoe St., Toronto

in aid of

The Chinese Catholic Missions

under the direction of

Scarboro Foreign Mission Society

Thursday, Nov. 30, 1944

PRIZES FOR DRAWING

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------|
| 1—Hope Chest, cedar lined,
equipped with beautiful linens
and hand-made quilt. | 6—Silver plated Well and Tree
Platter. |
| 2—\$50.00 Victory Bond. | 7—Embroidered Chinese Man-
darin Gown. |
| 3—Order for Suit by Tip-Top
Tailors, good any place in
Canada. | 8—Figured Walnut Lamp Table. |
| 4—Cogswell Chair (upholstered). | 9—All-Wool Blanket. |
| 5—Coffee Table. | 10—Woman's Chinese Pure Silk
Embroidered Kimona. |

TICKETS 10c or 3 for 25c

Tickets may be had on application to
St. Francis Xavier Women's Auxiliary, China Mission Seminary
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Another CURE OF ARS

REV. H. J. MURPHY S.F.M.



Another Curé of Ars

BIOGRAPHERS of St. John Vianney, the Curé of Ars, always emphasize that he was a man so humble, so poor, so hidden from the world that only his personal holiness aroused the interest of the public.

I once met another such man. He is still living and he is so humble, so poor, so hidden from the eyes of the world that even his apparently very great personal holiness will probably never attract attention to him. I do not even remember his name.

I met him when I was travelling in the interior of China. Some weeks before, I had left my missions in Chekiang on a truck and had travelled for weeks across province after province until I had finally reached the city of Queiyang in the province of Kueichow. There I left the truck hoping to find in that city some much needed medical attention. However, I found that it was necessary to go on into India and after some weeks of waiting, I met an American who consented to take me by his truck across Kueichow and Yunnan provinces to the city of Kunming where it would be possible to take a plane over the "Hump" into India. This American was a conscientious objector who had been assigned by his government to supervise the administration of medical aid in China. He was on his way to Yunnan with some Red Cross supplies. We left by a route which before the war was probably never used by a white man. In fact only a war would ever suggest such a trip. The road was nothing other than a series of narrow shelves which wound up one side of a mountain and down the other. And thus we crossed scores of mountains.

We were just finishing the first day's trip and found ourselves on the top of a large plateau when we



Rev. H. J. Murphy, S.F.M.

spotted a native village some miles off. It was just a clutter of mud huts surrounded by towering peaks, situated, as the American remarked, in one of the most hidden spots on the face of the globe. We decided to continue on to the village and spend the night there.

When we arrived, we found the truck besieged by the natives who before the war had never seen a truck. Under their curious stares we prepared for the night, arranging our blanket in the back of the truck. It looked like rain and so I asked one of the villagers if there might be a Catholic Mission building in the district. I knew that in the most remote sections of China were stop-over places for missionaries who would pass through and use them once or twice a year. And so I was very much surprised to hear the native assure me that not only was there a mission but also a Catholic priest who lived in it. However, I presumed that we were fortunate enough to catch the man on one of his semi-annual visits to this far away district in his missions. Delighted at our good fortune, the American and I gathered up our blanket and made off in the direction designated by the villager.

By the time we reached the mission building, darkness had set in

and I thought at the time that this was the reason that I could not distinguish the priest's house from the other villagers' homes. It looked like a mud hut from the outside and so I thought that either this priest was a Chinese or the place would appear different by daylight. Foreign missionaries, as a rule, even when on mission journeys, try to find accommodations at least a little better than the squalid mud huts of the poverty stricken natives. However, when a young teacher who opened the door to us, had brought us inside, I saw nothing better than one would find in the average Chinese peasant's home. The house was of one room, the walls of mud, the floor of mud and on that floor the furniture, a table, a chair and four boards laid side by side across two benches—which I guessed to be a bed. Nothing else.

The priest came into the room from what looked like a courtyard in the back. He had a long black beard and wore a tattered soutane, no collar and Chinese cloth slippers. He greeted us in French and acted like a child greeting his mother after a long absence. My French being what it is, I asked in Italian if he could speak that language. He replied in perfect Italian that he was not a Frenchman but a South American and having studied in Europe for many years, he was able to converse in almost all the continental languages. When I had explained who we were and where we were going, he bade us welcome and assured us that he would be a very happy man if we would partake of his hospitality. Both of us felt that we could have managed better in the truck but his evidently genuine joy at having us urged us to stay. We thanked him and consented to spend the night with him.

The priest himself prepared our supper, if such a meal—rice, beans, greens—could be called a supper. It

was during this meal that the questionnaire began; my American friend and I asking question after question of our host. These questions went on until far into the night, the American using me as an interpreter. Our interest was aroused at the very beginning when the priest explained that he had been seven years in China but mere interest turned to amazement when it dawned on us that this South American, a cultured, highly educated Catholic priest had spent these seven years right there in that mission. This miserable shanty was his home.

Thereafter in answer to our questions, the good man unfolded to us the story of his life. He was born in Buenos Aires of a wealthy family and went to the seminary at the age of seventeen. His Bishop sent him to Rome for his theology and post-graduate courses. There in Rome, he volunteered for Foreign Mission work and was assigned to help the Paris Foreign Mission Fathers. He came to China in 1936 and at the request of his superiors went immediately to this mission on the border between Yunnan and Kueichow provinces. It took him many weeks to get to this mission from the coast. He walked the whole trip. From the very beginning, he realized that his mission would be a very difficult one.

"CHINA"

St. F. X. Seminary,
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Enclosed find \$....., as a
subscription to "China" for

Name

New Address

Name

Old Address

(If you have changed your address,
please give us the OLD address as
well as the NEW one.)

The people were all pagans and only recently had attempted to give up the habit of opium smoking. Until the war and the subsequent opening up of the district to outside influence and regulations, the main agriculture product was the poppy. He decided that the best way to influence these people would be by adopting their standard of living. He determined to endure the same hardships as his people, with no luxuries whatsoever. In time he had established many other smaller missions in the district but without the accommodation of his headquarters. For recreation he had books. He showed them to us—all spiritual and theological studies. His food for years had been such as had been served to us that evening. Meat, he said, was very difficult to get—perhaps a little bit twice a month on market days or when some of his Catholics got married. Living like this he was able to support his mission on the same amount of money that he paid as salary to his teacher. Once before in all these years he had had a visitor, another missionary. He himself never left his mission district except a few times a year to make a hundred mile journey by foot over the mountains to receive the sacrament of penance. He had very few converts as the people were nearly all opium addicts and to receive baptism, they had to give up this habit. However, he was making progress all the time and he was filled with hope for the future. He was perfectly happy and when I went to visit his chapel, I understood why. This chapel was another building, a much better one. It was spotlessly clean and although it contained nothing expensive, I could see that everything this man had went into the House of God.

His health had been fair. He did admit that he had periodic attacks of malaria and dysentery but that, he

said, was understood. When I suggested that he take a holiday, he answered that such a thing was impossible as he could never leave his people. When he spoke of his mother and family back in Buenos Aires, I could see tears in his eyes but he kept insisting that he could never think of leaving his people. However, he did admit that he got very lonely at times. That night he gave his bed of boards to me and brought in a few more boards to make up other beds for the American and himself.

The next morning at dawn when I went into his little chapel to say Mass, I found him there, kneeling before his God, lost in meditation. He served my Mass very devoutly; then he prepared our breakfast of rice and bean-curd milk. He remained fasting in order that he could say Mass for some of his more devout Catholics.

As we drove off from that lonely little village, I looked back to see him, a pathetic little figure in tattered soutane, waving his sun helmet at us in farewell. We drove on in silence, both of us lost in our thoughts; then the American, who was a Quaker in religion, turned to me and said, in an almost whispering voice:—

“Either that man is a fool or he is the greatest saint on earth.”

In making, or revising, your Last Will, please remember the Missions by inserting the following:

“I BEQUEATH TO THE
SCARBORO FOREIGN
MISSION SOCIETY, SCAR-
BORO BLUFFS, ONT., THE
SUM OF \$.....

IT'S
HO FOR THE
Spanish Main!



{New Adventurers sail the Carribean}



It's Ho for the Spanish Main!

*"The traders go for treasure
That the world will take by stealth
And death will come to cheat
them of the whole.*

*But these win prize eternal
Seeking out another wealth
They have guessed the blinding
value of a soul."*

BENEN

YES, four more are off on the great adventure, cruising the blue waters of the Carribean, flying the sky-trails of that selfsame Spanish Main of Henry Morgan and his bold, bad buccaneers. The Indies, land of fabulous wealth and panorama of surpassing beauty, still beckons to those brave, daring spirits who are to be found in every age and every clime.

Time was when Spanish galleons laden with treasure sailed the seas that skirt the land Columbus loved—when the cutlass, and black flag of skull and cross-bones, and pieces of eight, told of an era of piracy and treasure trove and cruelty. That day has passed and its wealth and colour and brigandage has passed with it.

But the glory of a Spain that was still touches Republica Dominicana and the faith that Columbus first brought to this new world is deep and strong in the hearts of the Dominican people, among whom our priests are privileged to labour for the salvation of souls. And this country which was the first-born in the new world is at last taking its rightful place in the sun and reaching the full stature of true nationhood.

The spiritual riches and beauty of the Dominican Republic beckon again to the privateers—the privateers of Christ, for the "kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and the violent bear it away."



Rev. Basil Kirby, S.F.M.

And so, sometime during this month of November, four priests of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society will go south to Santo Domingo, where already a number of our men are labouring in the cause of Christ, happy among a gracious and affectionate people.

Our superior in Republica Dominicana is Very Rev. Alphonsus Chafe of St. John's, Newfoundland, for ten years editor of our mission magazine CHINA and former vice-rector of the seminary at Scarboro Bluffs. Father Fons is parish priest at Monte Plata. At San Jose de Ocoa are two Torontonians—Rev. Robert Hymus and Rev. Basil Kirby. At Yamasa is Rev. Joseph Ainslie of Kingston and Rev. John Fullerton of Toronto. At Bayaguana are Rev. Joseph King of Tweed, Ontario and Rev. John Gault of Cornwall. Father James Walsh of Toronto is at Boya.

Archbishop Pittini, the representative of our Holy Father in Santo Domingo, speaks in the highest

possible terms of the wonderful work of the priests of our Society. They have readily adapted themselves to their adopted country and have endeared themselves to the Dominican people. Already their zealous work has born abundant fruit and the future is pregnant with still more wonderful promises.

The Dominican Republic has been desperately in need of priests and the advent of our men into the field has been the best possible implementation of the good neighbour policy. The Catholic Church is coming into its own on the island and we feel indeed very privileged and happy to be able to do our small part to enhance the glory of Catholicity in its birthplace in this hemisphere.

The four priests who are going to Santo Domingo this month are all



*Rev. Fathers Chafe, Ainslie and Gault—
they ride for Christ.*

repatriates from our mission field in China. Having regained their health and had a short holiday at home, they are anxious to do their bit in our southern apostolate.

The departing group are—Rev. Michael McSween of Ironville, Nova Scotia; Rev. Francis Diemert of Mildmay, Ontario; Rev. Ronald Reeves of London, Ontario and Rev. Hugh McGettigan of St. John's, Newfoundland.

Please dear reader, remember them in your prayers, especially during this month of Our Blessed Mother, as they set out on the great adventure down the Spanish Main to the lovely land of Our Lady of Altagracia.



*Rev. H. McGettigan
St. Johns, Nfld.*



*Rev. R. Reeves
London, Ont.*

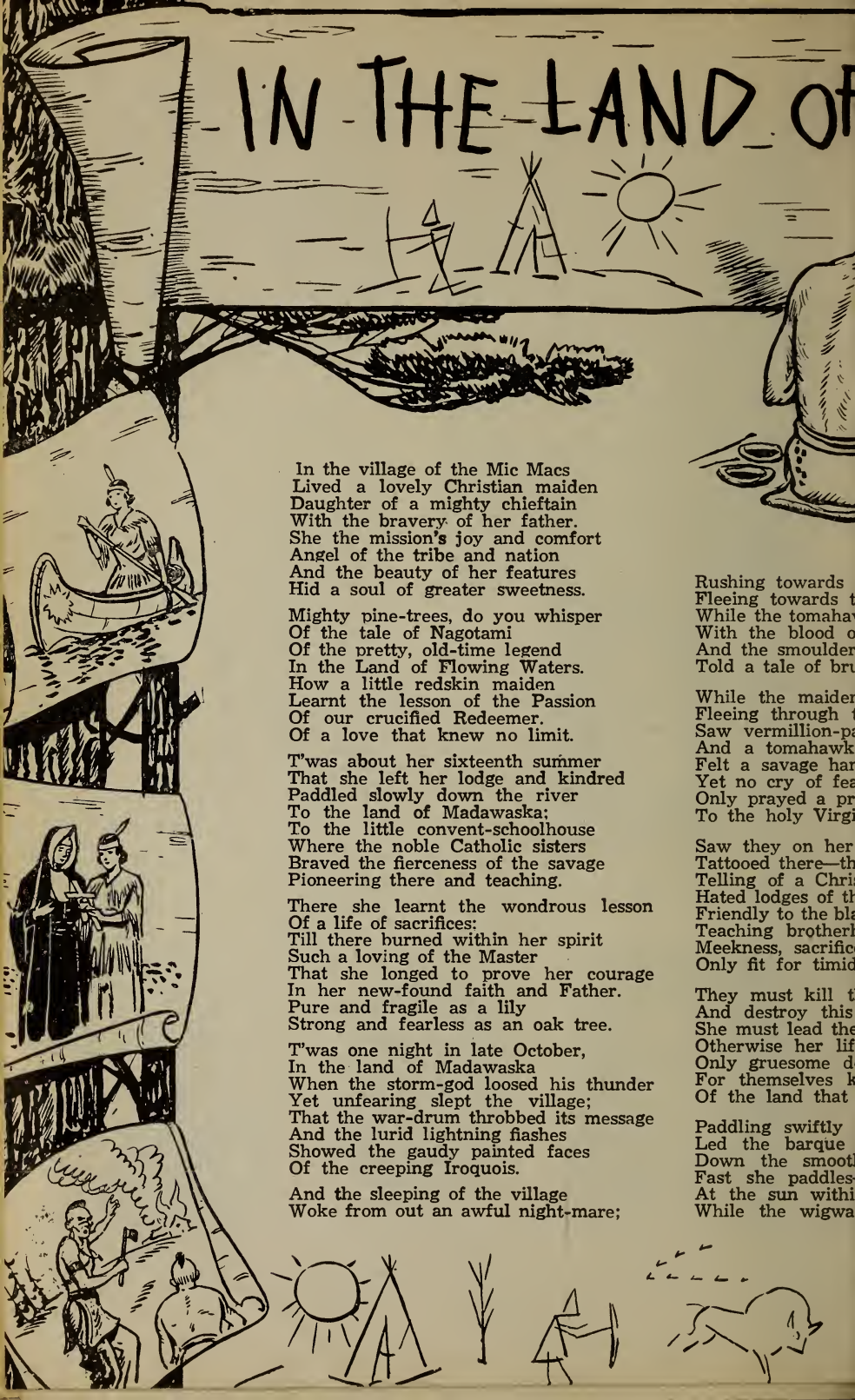


*Rev. F. Diemert
Mildmay, Ont.*



*Rev. M. McSween
Ironville, N.S.*

IN THE LAND OF



In the village of the Mic Macs
Lived a lovely Christian maiden
Daughter of a mighty chieftain
With the bravery of her father.
She the mission's joy and comfort
Angel of the tribe and nation
And the beauty of her features
Hid a soul of greater sweetness.

Mighty pine-trees, do you whisper
Of the tale of Nagotami
Of the pretty, old-time legend
In the Land of Flowing Waters.
How a little redskin maiden
Learnt the lesson of the Passion
Of our crucified Redeemer.
Of a love that knew no limit.

T'was about her sixteenth summer
That she left her lodge and kindred
Paddled slowly down the river
To the land of Madawaska;
To the little convent-schoolhouse
Where the noble Catholic sisters
Braved the fierceness of the savage
Pioneering there and teaching.

There she learnt the wondrous lesson
Of a life of sacrifices:
Till there burned within her spirit
Such a loving of the Master
That she longed to prove her courage
In her new-found faith and Father.
Pure and fragile as a lily
Strong and fearless as an oak tree.

T'was one night in late October,
In the land of Madawaska
When the storm-god loosed his thunder
Yet unfearing slept the village;
That the war-drum throbbed its message
And the lurid lightning flashes
Showed the gaudy painted faces
Of the creeping Iroquois.

And the sleeping of the village
Woke from out an awful night-mare;

Rushing towards
Fleeing towards
While the tomahawk
With the blood of
And the smoulder
Told a tale of bru

While the maiden
Fleeing through
Saw vermillion-pa
And a tomahawk
Felt a savage har
Yet no cry of fea
Only prayed a pr
To the holy Virg

Saw they on her
Tattooed there—th
Telling of a Chris
Hated lodges of th
Friendly to the bla
Teaching brotherh
Meekness, sacrific
Only fit for timid

They must kill t
And destroy this
She must lead the
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Only gruesome d
For themselves k
Of the land that

Paddling swiftly
Led the barque
Down the smooth
Fast she paddles
At the sun withi
While the wigwa



FLOWING-WATERS

(A LEGEND OF OLD NEW BRUNSWICK)

HUGH F.X. SHARKEY S.F.M.

Know not of the fearful danger,
And the village braves are hunting.

Soon the river's bend is rounded,
Seen the teepees of the Mission;
Figures moving hither, thither
Unaware of any danger—
Till they spy the strange flotilla,
Catch the glint of shining rifles,
And a cry of horror echoes
Through the unprotected village.

Stay—an awful roar and rumble,
The canoes are in confusion;
And the faces of the redskins
Pale beneath their gaudy colors.
Louder, fiercer—sounds the warning,
The canoes are racing shorewards:
One more minute might have saved
them—

But, too late—the whirl-pools have them.

Like the fingers of a demon,
Or the mouths of hungry mongrels,
Are the awful swirl of waters.
O the frightful wails of terror
As the vortex sucks them under.
One survives the great disaster,
Creeping stealthily from the river
Flees away into the forest.

Go, and tell the shameful story
In the wigwams of the Tortoise,
How the maiden, Nagotami
Tricked the bravest of your nation;
Tell them of the Cross and Beaver
Of a tale of Christian valor,
In the Laud of Flowing Waters,
Of the Lily of the Mic Macs.

How she paddled, oh so swiftly,
Timing well the tide's reversing,
And the bore from-out the Fundy
When the Falls are at their fiercest;
That they may escape God's whirl-pools
That eternal hell of waters,
And the Cross may top the Tortoise
In the teepees of their Braves.

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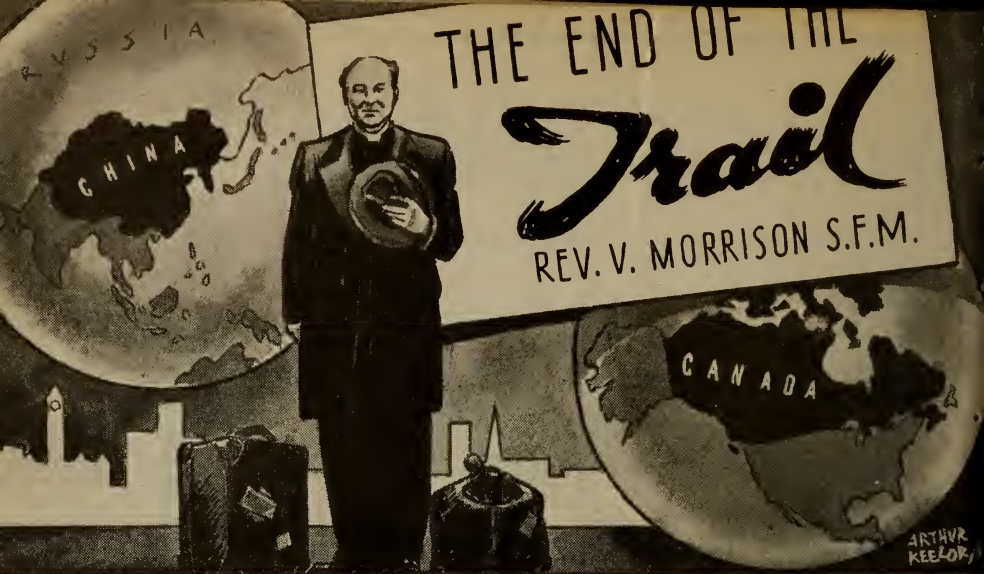
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THE long journey which began at Lishui, Chekiang, China, on April 5th, 1943, ended at Toronto, Ontario, Feb. 22nd, 1944. The journey across China to Kukong, Kwangsi Province, was on a British Military Convoy under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Fraser of the British Military Mission to China and which had headquarters near our Pei-Wu-Kai Mission ten miles from Lishui. He guaranteed to get me to Calcutta, India, where I was to receive medical treatment. He had travelled the road before on his way to Lishui. So I had unswerving confidence in his ability to accomplish the journey without mishap. My confidence in him was not shaken when we parted at Kukong, Kwangsi Province; he to the Military Mission established here, and I to the train bound to Heng Yang, Hunan Province, where I remained some time until I received accommodation to Kwei Ling in Kwang Tung Province. The remainder of the journey was by plane to Kunming in Yunan Province and thence over the "Hump" to Calcutta, India, and on by train across India to Bombay where I remained six months, part time in the hospital,

and the remainder of the time in a convalescent home in Bandre, a suburb of Bombay.

The difficulty was to get ocean transportation. Finally on Dec. 30th, 1943, all formalities having been completed, we embarked aboard a troop transport at Bombay, India, which was bound for an undisclosed American port. On February 9th, 1944, we disembarked at the San Pedro docks thirty miles from Los Angeles, California.

The group consisted of three members (including the writer) of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society who had been billeted in St. Xavier's High School, Bombay, India, and who, previous to their advent into India, were working with me in the Prefecture of Lishui, Chekiang, China, until they were forced either by the Japs or by sickness to evacuate to India where medical assistance could be procured and arrangements made for their transportation to the home land in Canada. Among the other civilian passengers were members of other religious denominations whose missions had suffered the same fate as our own, and they were returning to their home land in Can-

ada'or the United States to wait for better times with the coming of peace to the war weary world. The remainder of the passengers were members of the armed forces either on furlough or on sick leave returning for recuperation from their wounds received on the battle fronts of the Far East. Some of them were so badly afflicted or wounded that they would be invalids for life; but their cheerfulness and gaiety under the circumstances was wonderful to behold. Their spirit was not broken. They had faith in their government and its plans for their welfare in a post war world. It was gratifying to see the numbers which attended the Catholic service held aboard every Sunday for the six Sundays we were on the voyage. The large numbers of confessions and communions were ample testimony that their Catholic Faith and Catholic practise held an important place in their lives as members of the armed forces on active service.

We had a daily newspaper printed aboard containing the chief news of the world and also other items concerning the civilian and military passengers. There was a "Movie" three times a week, but as they were old and of not much interest they were not very well patronized. As our ship zigzagged along to avoid the sub zones we thus crossed the Equator twice—going away down to the southward and returning when we neared the port of Melbourne in Australia. We were informed that owing to war conditions, the usual ceremony which all "Firsts" go through when crossing the line, could not be carried out. There was therefore no relaxation of discipline or dispensations from the ship's regulations. However, we were all given a "Certificate" of having crossed the "Line"—and if we keep this certificate and produce it should we ever again be aboard ship and cross the "Line" we will be excused from

going through this strange sea ceremony.

The Albatross followed us for three days weathering the heavy gales of the South Pacific. It is the largest flying bird I have ever seen. Its wings from tip to tip would be about twelve feet with body in proportion. The sailors say that they bring good luck when following the ship. They feed on refuse and garbage thrown overboard each evening and at night they sleep on the waves with their beaks folded within their wings, quietly and peacefully oblivious to the lurking Jap subs.

The time aboard was drab and tedious compared to other voyages I have made, yet we were only too willing to put up with anything which would bring us to Canada and home. Empty boxes and benches served as deck chairs—smoking only at certain times and places—"Darken Ship" every evening before sundown—rising, retiring and dressing in the dark—queuing up for everything—"Abandon Ship Drill"—these are some of the little inconveniences we experienced on the trip. We had daily mass at five o'clock in the mess room, and at this early hour so that all would be clear for the deck hands when they heard "Turn To" over the Loud Speaker.

The last day aboard was a busy day for all. Pass-port and baggage examination—filling out records of your life to date—and subjected to a Quiz by the F.B.I. We docked at about nine in the morning and it was four o'clock in the afternoon before we had our landing tickets. How anyone who was "irregular" could have passed that test is not easy to grasp. On the docks was no cheering or greetings from friends. Only these signs were plainly visible "Don't Talk", "Keep Out", "This Way Out". The Red Cross people were on hand to assist all with their baggage and transportation to the city of Los Angeles, thirty miles dis-

tant from the port of disembarkation. For those who could not find accommodation in the city, or had no friends or relatives there, the Red Cross secured them lodgings. We were lodged in the Angelus Hotel which was operated by a Catholic and a Knight of Columbus, who did everything possible to make our stay in the city of the Angels pleasant. How happy and glad we were to be once again on land and in a free country—to turn on and off the lights yourself—to have them for rising and retiring—to relax and feel yourself once again.

After two days spent in seeing the City of Los Angeles, I got accommodation on the Southern Pacific en route to San Francisco. It was a lovely day in February, the run being most enjoyable, arriving at Oakland late in the evening. I detrained and put up at the San Pablo hotel for the night. Next morning I went over to San Francisco across the new bridge which connects the two cities and was welcomed by the Maryknoll Fathers at their Procure on MacAllister Street, where I remained for several days. They gave me clothing and outfitted me for the Canadian winter which we were soon to face. On the trip across the Pacific we wore the usual tropical outfit which was entirely unsuited for our own climate. However, it was all we landed with, and was all we could procure in the East.

San Francisco had changed wonderfully during the past years. The Fathers drove me around the beach—to Half Moon Bay—through China Town—and through the Golden Gate park. It is some years since I had been in San Francisco, and now with the new buildings, extensions and improvements, I scarcely recognized them or was able to make my way. The new bridge across the bay connecting Oakland with San Francisco is a feat of engineering and a wonderful asset to both cities. It is a

monument to the wisdom, progressiveness and ingenuity of the American people.

My next visit was to Sacramento, the Capital of the Golden State, where I was the guest of the Rev. William O'Toole, pastor of St. John the Baptist's Church and chaplain of the Folsom State Prison. We lost no time in making a visit to this institution. It has changed a lot since I visited it years ago with its paved streets and walks leading up to the front entrance. The prisoners now edit a monthly magazine and I was at once taken to the editorial rooms where I was held for an "Interview" with the editor, while Father O'Toole conducted a "Spot" of business with the "Dismas Club Officials" who were preparing a play for presentation the following week. The interview which I had with the Editor was quite interesting and lasted for more than an hour. It covered the Jap invasion and occupation of our mission in Lishui; our evacuation and journey to freedom, the language question and our prospects for return and rebuilding of the mission. We drove around the city and through the outskirts and noted the improvements and extensions completed in the past few years. I looked up old friends and acquaintances and had a wonderful time with them all. Some old-timers had passed on to a better life, but their sons and daughters were carrying on the good work for God and Country.

I said good-bye to Father O'Toole and friends, and boarded the Limited for Detroit, Michigan. This was a journey of four days with one stop over at Chicago. The weather was mild and I did not feel very much inconvenience from the cold, after spending twenty years in sunny Lishui, China. At Detroit I crossed the boundary line into Canada, and did it feel good to be on your own soil once more. Five hours brought

(Continued on page 24)

Italy's Smallest Cathedral

HIS only altar an army jeep, his only sanctuary the shell-scarred slopes of famous Monte Cassino, our own Father Cam writes a cheerful but poignant letter that has touched the hearts of all of us.

Father MacDonald, a native of Montreal and formerly the assistant at our Chinese Catholic Mission in Vancouver, calls his army jeep altar the smallest cathedral in Italy and tells of the supreme consolation that is his in ministering to your loved ones fighting the bloody and terrible battle of Italy.

Our army chaplain, voicing his hope that there will be a great increase in vocations to the missionary priesthood, stresses the man-sized jobs that await the Catholic clergy in the post-war world and insists that real peace and victory will not be won on the field of battle but in a reorganized and revitalized Christianity in the hearts of all mankind.

Father Cam says he is happy, though he does indeed miss his loved ones, his dear friends and his beloved



Rev. C. MacDonald

Canada. With his ever cheerful smile and friendly personality, we know that Father MacDonald is well equipped to do the man-sized job that must be his at present. He tells us too that his Italian is improving and he is thus enabled to do much for Italy's poor, hungry and homeless people.

Pray God that his wartime ministry may be abundantly blessed by God and that he may come safely back to us. We are proud indeed of Italy's smallest cathedral and its beloved pastor, Father Cam.



Father Cam offers up Mass in Italy's smallest cathedral.

MISSION PHOTO NEWS



Three little ladies of Santo Domingo.



*A friend of Father Chafe's
at Monte Plata.*

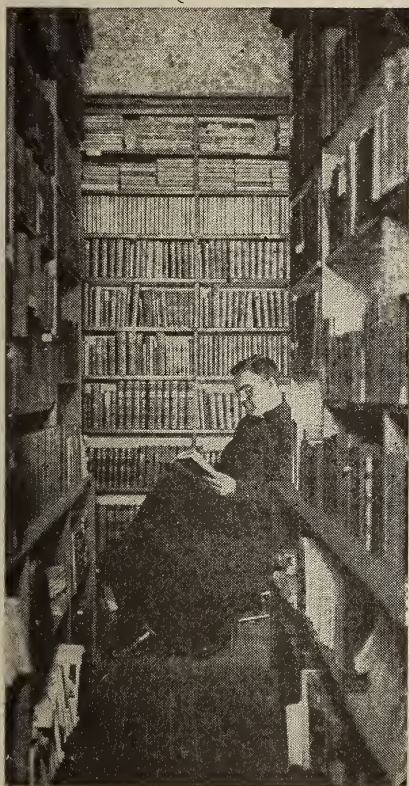


*Captain Rev. Cameron MacDonald gives Communion to our Canadian boys at
Cassino, Italy.*

SEMINARY SNAPSHOTS



*The familiar path between our
Seminary and St. Augustine's
in the distance.*



*A corner of the well stocked Seminary
library.*



*The Seminarians enjoy a game
of handball.*

END OF THE TRAIL

(Continued from page 20)

me to Toronto Union Station and the END OF THE LONG TRAIL, ten months after leaving Lishui, China.

How glad I was to get back to Canada words fail to express. Never have I appreciated the homeland so much and what it has meant to me and to our Canadian mission at Lishui, China. The people of Canada came to our assistance during the crisis and we were enabled to reach home in safety. As soon as our plight became known prayers were offered up for our welfare and passage money sent to help us on our way. For all these helps both spiritual and temporal I feel deeply grateful and will always hold a warm spot in my heart for you all. May the Lord bestow upon you His blessings.

Vincent Morrison.

Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario, Canada.



MAIL BOX

(Continued from page 4)

Named Archbishop

BOSTON, MASS. Oct. 3.—The Most Rev. Richard James Cushing, D.D., LL.D., Titular Bishop of Mela, former Auxiliary Bishop and Administrator of the Archdiocese since the death of His Eminence Cardinal O'Connell in April, has been named as successor to this Metropolitan See.

By this act of the Holy Father, Boston is given her sixth Ordinary and third Archbishop. His Excellency thus succeeds to the brilliant tradition of Bishop (later Cardinal) de Cheverns, Bishop Fenwick, Bishop Fitzpatrick, Bishop (later Archbishop) Williams and Cardinal O'Connell. These five predecessors ruled the diocese for 136 years since its erection in 1808.

Archbishop-elect Cushing, 49 years old, will be the third prelate born within the city that is to be his See, the other two being Archbishop Fitzpatrick and Archbishop Williams.

CHINA respectfully offers Archbishop-elect Cushing sincerest felicitations. His Excellency is known the world over as a great friend of the Missions.

We Lose a Great Friend

Father John Michael Foley, 44 years a priest, died in Hotel Dieu Hospital at Cornwall on Monday, Oct. 2nd.

He was for twelve years pastor of St. Columban's Church in Cornwall and was known and beloved throughout most of Canada for his friendliness, affability and devotion to the poor, for whom he had always sympathy and a helping hand.

He will be remembered as the priest with the big heart.

May his soul rest in peace.

The LITTLE ★ ROSE



FLOWER'S GARDEN

Scarboro Foreign Mission Society,
Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.
November 1, 1944.

MY dear Young Missionaries

I am starting out this month with a request. What is the request? Well, I find that I am not receiving nearly as many letters as I would like. It is true that I cannot answer all the letters I get now, but so long as they are acknowledged in the ROSE GARDEN I am sure you are all satisfied. There is also a manpower shortage in the priesthood these days, at least I will make mention of your letters in one way or another in the pages of CHINA. But do please write to me often as I am always very happy to hear from our Young Missionaries. I have told you many times before that each one of you is remembered in my Holy Mass every day.

During the month of November, in past years, I have asked you all to pray for the souls of our deceased Christians in China. Please double your efforts this year because so many have died in that country since the last month of the Holy Souls. Remember, too, the souls of Fathers McGillivray and Gignac and that of Sister Mary Daniel, our very own missionaries, who have given their lives for souls in China. May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed rest in peace.

As you know we have quite a number of priests labouring in San Domingo, though not a missionary country your prayers for the success of their work will be of great assistance.

So now until next month, the Month of the Birthday of Our Lord, good-bye and may God bless you one and all.

Sincerely yours in Christ,

Father Jim

SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER

December 3rd

SAINTE FRANCIS XAVIER was a great athlete. He could swim and run and jump better than any of the boys he played with. When he grew up and was a young man at the University of Paris, he was one of the best athletes at the university.

But he was good at his books, too. At the university he was so good that he was given a position as teacher. He liked it. And he said: "I will become the best teacher in the university and my name will be known all over Europe."

There was a man at the University of Paris in those days—it was the year 1534—who heard him say that and asked him a question. "Francis, if you become known all over Europe and LOSE your SOUL, what good will it do you? For what good is it to gain the whole world and LOSE your SOUL?" The man who asked the question was Saint Ignatius Loyola.

Saint Ignatius Loyola was studying at the university because he wanted to be a priest and get a number of university students to join him in a plan he had to help the Church. The plan was to have a group of priests who would go all over the world and teach everyone—Catholics and pagans—about our Lord.

Ten men finally agreed to the plan and that was the beginning of the Jesuit Order. Saint Ignatius Loyola was the founder and Saint Francis Xavier one of the first members. He and Saint Ignatius were great friends. This was the year 1540.

One day the King of Portugal whose name was John wrote a letter to the Pope and said: "Give me two Jesuits for the Indies." The Pope told Saint Ignatius and one of the two chosen was Saint Francis Xavier. The other never went.

Saint Francis Xavier sailed from Lisbon in Portugal, in a big fleet bound for the colonies of India. It was April, 1541. The voyage was long and hard. It lasted one year and one month. There were delays when the wind did not blow, and some ships of the fleet were wrecked, and sickness broke out among the crews and passengers. Saint Francis Xavier was all over his ship helping everybody. That's one thing a saint always does; he helps everybody.

Saint Francis Xavier reached India in 1542. His missionary life there lasted only ten years. During those ten years he traveled as few men have traveled. On foot and in little boats, under burning skies and over frozen snows, he kept going. If you pick up a map of the Indies and measure his ten years' journeyings you will find he covered thousands of miles before he died, about three times the distance around the world.

He taught the Gospel of Christ to the most learned people and to people who had no learning at all. He loved the little children, and used to go through the villages and the cities, ringing a little bell to call all the children together. When they gathered around him, they sang the hymns he taught them, and sang their lessons, too, from the catechism he wrote for them.

Saint Francis Xavier baptized so many thousands of people that no one can say exactly how many. He cured so many sick, and helped so many poor that no one could count the number. He made the sick well by praying for them, and sometimes by just blessing them. So the people called him the Saint and the Wonder-Worker.

He was not satisfied with bringing the story of Christ to India but he got in a boat and entered Japan. As he is the Apostle of India so he is the Apostle of Japan. Not satisfied with bringing Christ to India and Japan, he said: "I will go to China." So he started for China in 1552.

There is a little island in the China Sea, called Sancian. It was a trading post where the men of Europe waited for the traders of China to come and bargain with them. For no one was allowed to enter China. China did not like the men from Europe. She tortured and imprisoned and killed any European that set foot on the soil of China.

Saint Francis Xavier said: "I will go into China and teach Christ Crucified, and if the men of China kill me I will die for Christ, and that is what I want." He waited in a little boat and watched the shores of China. But no one was brave enough to start the boat across the water. He got sick and the sailors put him ashore on the little island of Sancian. The fever that made him sick, got worse. Two friends knelt beside him, a man from India and a man from China. His mind began to wander. It wandered back to the days when he was a little boy in Spain, and he began praying the prayers he had learned when he was at his mother's knee. His last prayer was: "Lord, in Your Hands I place my soul." Then he died. It was shortly after midnight, November 27, 1552.

The story of Saint Francis Xavier and other lives of Saints may be obtained in one pamphlet by Father Treacy, S.J., Paulist Press, 401 West 59th St., New York 19, N.Y.

The Mail Bag

Maryville, Ontario.

Dear Father Jim:

I would like to be a member of the Rose Garden. . . . We get the CHINA and we like it very much and prefer the small size. . . . I would like to know the whereabouts of Father King, S.F.M. He was in Maryville to say Mass once or twice and I served his Mass. . . . May God bless you and I'll pray for you in every Rosary I'll say.

Your friend,
Joseph Pilon.

Many thanks, Joseph. Father King's address is: Parroquia De San Juan Bautista, Bayaguana, Republica Dominicana.

* * *

We wish to thank the pupils of St. Joseph's School, Sault Ste. Marie, for their letter and generous donation.

* * *

Spaniard's Bay, Newfoundland.

Dear Father Jim:

Here I am again to show that I still think of you and your Mission. . . . I am going to send you another collection of stamps.

Yours respectfully,
Bernard Brazil.

Thank you, Bernard, for the stamps you have already sent. We appreciate your interest very much.

St. Michael's,
Bow Island, Alberta.

Dear Father Jim:

. . . I must tell you that I was confirmed. Now I am a soldier of Christ. I got a beautiful prayerbook for Confirmation. . . . I am enclosing a few used stamps. Please say "Hello" to Father Sharkey from me. I hope he does pray for me; I promise to pray for all the Missionaries. Pray for me, Father Jim, and I'll pray for you.

Sincerely,
Patrick Nicholson.

P.S.—Excuse my writing. I think it is terrible.

Your writing is fine, Patrick, and we all thank you for your prayers.

NEW MEMBERS

FOR THE

LITTLE FLOWER ROSE GARDEN

Grade VII and VIII, Mount Saint Bernard

Rhoda Cameron, Cecilia Pellerine, Imelda Bray, Geraldine Sears, Joan Tutty, Annabel Floyd, Mary MacDonald, Imelda Foley, Leona Roberts, Philomena Brophy, Lorette Foley, Catherine MacIsaac, Marjorie Tobin, Theresa Macdonell, Margaret Wall, Evelyn MacDonald, Patricia Morrison, Theresa MacPherson, Margaret Mc-



1943 and 1944 First Communion Class, Sisters of St. Martha's School, Canso, Nova Scotia, Teacher: Sister M. Teresita.

Lellan, Mary Power, Theresa Kell,
Evelyn MacDonald, Patricia Cochrane,
Betty Sears.

Yours sincerely,
Betty Sears, Sec.

* * *

**Holy Family School, Timmins, Ont.
Room 13, Grade Seven**

Donald Jennings, John Sklodany,
Maurice Coombs, Raymond McDermott,
Austin Lloyd.

Grade Six

Robert Cummings, Gerald Dillon, Edward Kolodski, Frank Yuskow, John Martin, Cletus Cotnam, John Melko, Cyril Morris, Kenneth Milton, Irwin McAlinden, Carl O'Gorman, Bobby Ritz, Charles Zamin, Ray Bernier, John Ward, Bobby Van Rossel, James Lynch, Paul Seubert, Ronnie Gentile, William Gwain, Howard Soucie, Lloyd Landers, Gerald McGee, Allen Kuiack, Jerry Duggan.

* * *

Joseph Pilon, Maryville, Ont.

* * *

Richard Leach, Sydney Mines, N.S.

* * *

Patricia Fardelli, 270 Johnson Street,
Kingston, Ont.

Pen-Pal Corner

**Joseph Pilon,
Maryville, Ontario.**

Joseph is in Second Form at High School, and likes to play football, baseball and hockey. He is fifteen years of age and asks for a pen-pal about the same age.

* * *

**Bernard Brazil,
Spaniard's Bay, Newfoundland.**

Bernard asks for a letter from a member of the Rose Garden.

* * *

**Phyllis Diette,
170 Andrew St., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.**

15 years of age; fond of outdoor sports, reading and writing. Would like to hear from boys and girls of own age.

The Daily Prayer for Members of the Little Flower's Rose Garden

"O Eternal God, Creator of all things, be mindful of the souls of unbelievers created by Thee and fashioned to Thine image and likeness. Remember that Jesus, Thy Son, suffered a most cruel death for their salvation. Permit not, I beseech Thee, O Lord, that Thy Son be any longer despised by unbelievers; but appeased by the prayers of holy men and of the Church, the spouse of Thy most Holy Son, remember Thy mercy, and, forgetting their idolatry and their unbelief, bring them at length to acknowledge Him Whom Thou hast sent, Our Lord Jesus Christ, Who is our salvation, life and resurrection, through Whom we are saved and set free; to Whom be glory throughout infinite ages. Amen."

An Indulgence of 500 days is granted for each recital of this prayer.

A Plenary Indulgence once a month.
(With ecclesiastical approbation.)

Condition of Membership:

1. To receive Holy Communion once each month for an increase in Missionary Vocations.
2. To recite the Daily Prayer for the conversion of unbelievers.
3. To aid the Fathers of the Scarborough Foreign Mission Society by saving pennies for the Missions.

**We invite all young men
who desire the inestimable
gift of the Holy Priesthood
to write to us immediately:**

**YOU
MAY
HAVE
A
VOCATION!**

★

**WE
WILL
HELP
YOU
TO
DECIDE!!**

**Address all communications to:
FATHER RECTOR
St. Francis Xavier Seminary,
Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.**

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LISTEN-IN EVERY WEEK — ASK YOUR FRIENDS TO
JOIN YOU.

Sponsored by the
FATHERS OF THE SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY



It's Time to Laugh



"I wish you would shave that moustache off, Henry," said his wife. "You look like Hitler."

"Don't worry dear," he murmured meekly. "The neighbors know us—they know I'm no dictator."

The student was one of those lads short on knowledge, but long—oh, so long—on resourcefulness. For many minutes the professor had been plying him with questions in an effort to break down his colossal self-assurance, but all in vain. The fellow was simply too adroit.

"You have heard of cause and effect?" the professor inquired.

"Oh, yes," the student replied.

"Have you heard of effect coming before cause?"

"Indeed, yes," was the reply.

With an ill-concealed look of triumph, the professor demanded: "Give me an example!"

"A barrow wheeled by a man," the student replied.

A small boy in the visitors' gallery was watching the proceedings of the Senate chamber.

"Father, who is that gentleman?" he asked, pointing to the chaplain.

"That, my son, is the chaplain," replied the father.

"Does he pray for the Senators?" asked the boy.

The father thought a moment and then said: "No, my son; when he goes in he looks around and sees the Senators sitting there, and then he prays for the country."

"Now," she asked, "is there any man in the audience who would let his wife be slandered and say nothing? If so, stand up."

A meek little man rose to his feet. The lecturer glared at him. "Do you mean to say you would let your wife be slandered and say nothing?" she cried.

"Oh, I'm sorry," he apologized: "I thought you said slaughtered."

"I'm sorry that I haven't a nickel," said the lady as she handed the car conductor a ten dollar bill.

"Don't worry, lady, you're going to have 199 of 'em in a couple of minutes."

A visitor was staring into the Grand Canyon.

"Do you know," said the guide, "it took millions of years to carve out this great abyss?"

"Is that a fact?" mused the visitor. "I had no idea it was a government job."

"Choir practice was out early last night, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"What was the trouble?"

"Some one blew an auto horn outside and the male quartet was all that was left."

The young man at the social gathering was boasting of his Arctic explorations. He gazed at the beautiful girl he was trying to impress.

"Just imagine," he said, dramatically, "an enormous icefloe!"

"Yes, I'd like an ice," said the girl absently, "but my name isn't flo!"

Wife: "I wish you'd give up smoking, dearest."

Husband: "But all great men have smoked."

Wife: "Well, just promise me that you won't smoke till you're great. I'll be quite satisfied."

Two laborers were working on a very tall block of apartment buildings. Suddenly the man at the top of the ladder called to his mate at the bottom.

"I say, Jim, come up here a minute and listen."

His mate slowly climbed the ladder and at last, quite out of breath, reached the top.

"I can't hear anything," he said after listening intently for a while.

"No," said the other. "Ain't it quiet?"

A man went to a physician, complaining of prolonged headaches. The doctor told him to stop smoking.

"I have never used tobacco in any form."

"Well, then, stop drinking."

"I am a total abstainer."

"Late hours, then, and fast women."

"I am always in bed by nine. I am a bachelor and live with my old maiden aunt. Now, seriously what causes my headaches?"

"I don't know," said the baffled doctor.

"I guess your halo's pinching."

To the Editor of the Lovelorn:

"Six months ago, after I became engaged to a young man I found he had a wooden leg. Should I break it off?"

She was giving an order to the grocer over the phone.

"And I want some cheese," she said.

"Yes, miss," replied the grocer, smiling amiably: "I have some lovely cheese."

"You should not say 'lovely cheese!'" said the customer severely.

"But why not, Miss? It is lovely cheese."

"Because"—she tried to combine maidenly modesty with an air of learning—"because 'lovely' should only be used to qualify something that is alive."

The grocer's smile broadened as he glanced at the Limburger.

"Well, miss," he said, "I'll stick to 'lovely.'"

Joe: "Look! Bear's tracks!"

Harry: "Sure enough. You go and see where he went; I'll go and see where he came from."

Landlady: "I think you had better board elsewhere."

Joe Bird: "Oh, I often had."

Landlady: "Often had what?"

Joe: "Had better board elsewhere."

Mrs. P.: "Don't you think, doctor, that you overcharged me for attending Johnny when he had measles?"

Doctor: "No, I made six visits."

Mrs. P.: "But, doctor—don't forget he infected the whole school."

"Jimmy, aunty will never kiss you with a dirty face."

"That's what I thought."

"May I have a license?"

"A hunting license?" asked the clerk.

"No, the hunting is over. I want a license to marry the girl."

Woman (talking over telephone):

"Send up a bale of hay."

Merchant: "Who is it for?"

Woman: "The horse."

Two men on a cargo steamer were comparing notes as to their occupations before the war. One had been a porter and the other had been a magician.

The porter said to the magician:

"What can you do?"

"I can make things disappear. I'll show you," replied the magician.

Just then a torpedo hit the ship and sunk her. The two men were flung into the water. They scrambled to a raft. The porter looked around with disgust, and, seeing no sign of the ship, he said to the magician: "I suppose you think that's funny?"

He espied his neighbor coming along the road with his fishing tackle.

"Catch anything, old boy?" he eagerly asked.

"Yes, two."

"Good! What were they?"

"The 7.30 there, and the 5.15 back," came the unhappy angler's reply.

Father: "I'm busy. Be short."

Son: "I will. I am."

Police Chief: "What! You mean to say this fellow choked a woman to death in a cabaret in front of 200 people and nobody interfered?"

Cap: "Yes, Chief. Everybody thought they were dancing."

"Madam, we shall hold you till your husband ransoms you."

"Oh, dear, I wish I'd treated John a little better."

Fisherman: "It was that long. Never saw such a fish in my life."

Friend: "That, I can believe!"

Ann: "I got big-hearted this morning and gave a bum \$5.00."

Nan: "What did your husband say about your generosity?"

Ann: "Thanks."

Hobo: "I'm hungry, lady."

Housewife: "Here's a cent. But how did you fall so low?"

Hobo: "I had your fault, mum. I was too extravagant."

Farmer: "Where's that mule I told you to have shod?"

New Hand: "Did you say shod? I thought you said shot."

STOP



Stop! Thief!

That does not sound like a very nice way to address the readers of CHINA, but I really mean it dear friends of the missions. Many of you are thieves, but it is yourself that you are robbing.

I know that you usually turn to the Joke Page first, and I'm sure you enjoy it. They really are good jokes, even if I do say so myself. But I have a faint hope that you do read other things in our little magazine—stories of the heroism of your own brave Canadian priests and sisters in war-torn China. There is for instance, in this issue, Father Vincent Morrison's article, "End Of The Trail", which tells you how much your missionaries have suffered, how they depend on you people at home and how grateful they are for any help given to them. Surely, too, you have read just some pages back the dramatic and touching story by Rev. Harold Murphy entitled "Another Cure Of Ars". You have read of poor Father Turner and the terrible plight of his refugees. You have seen how Father Chafe and his associates in the Dominican Republic must often house our Blessed Lord in a hut where you would not shelter your cattle. And perhaps like myself you have dropped a tear unashamedly as you read the words of Captain the Rev. Cameron MacDonald from the gun-swept sanctuary of Italy's smallest cathedral. But, have you done anything about it?

Yes, I know that you have many calls on that more generous pay-check. You must make your contribution to the security and happiness of our post-war world. While you can earn the money you must put something aside for the future. There are so many little luxuries you always wanted and can now have. And so, dear reader, you put off making that contribution to the Missions, which is so badly needed NOW. There are those, too, who plan to leave something for the Missions in their wills. But in the meantime what of your starving, homeless priests and sisters in China? Your delay will be fatal for them and for the cause of Christ. Your prayers and alms are needed Now! Now! Tomorrow it will be "too little and too late."

You are robbing yourself of the opportunity of doing great things for God and the propagation of our Holy Faith. You are robbing yourself of eternal merit and untold graces in the world to come. You know well that there is still another future for which we must provide and provide well. "We have not here a lasting city, but we seek one that is to come."

Christ has promised a hundredfold reward to those who help in the apostolate. We have been warned not to pass our time in amassing earthly treasures, but to lay up for ourselves riches in heaven, which no man can take from us.

Stop! Thief! Say that rosary for the Missions to-day. Offer up that sickness and heartbreak for the success of the foreign apostolate. Send that alms to the Missions, and send it NOW—TO-DAY.

If you flip over this page and do nothing about it, you will be a THIEF, for you will be robbing yourself of an eternal and hundredfold reward.

— — — — TEAR OUT THIS COUPON AND MAIL TO-DAY — — — —

THE SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY

Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

Enclosed my offering for the Monsignor Fraser China Mission Fund.

Name

Address

CHINA



boro Bluffs,
Ontario

10¢

DECEMBER
1944



The Bulletin Board



Grey Nuns in War-Torn China

CHUNGKING, CHINA.—The Grey Nuns from Toronto, Canada, working in the coastal province of Chekiang have had some of the most harrowing experiences of the war, reports Rev. Mark Tennien, Chungking director for the Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, New York.

Constant Japanese bombings have destroyed the majority of their convents. The recent Japanese invasion of the territory caused the nuns to take flight. Hardly had they left their mission, when the Japanese came in at the other end.

For two months they fled before the advancing Japanese until they finally reached the safety of Free China. Drenched by rains, scorched with the sun, they walked and rode on bicycles over roads that were being strafed and bombed by Zeros.

Once when a truck gave them a ride, a Japanese plane dove on them and they were narrowly missed by the bullets. This same truck later turned over and one Sister broke her arm. She continued the journey with

her arm in splints of bamboo. The Sisters often slept at night on the ground.

Word has also reached Father Tennien that the Canadian Sisters of Our Lady of the Angels likewise had many narrow escapes. During one bombing of their mission, one priest was killed and another wounded. In Anlung, Kweichow Province, the local outlaw soldiers, after occupying many of the mission buildings wanted the convent and dispensary. Failing by threats, the soldiers came over the walls, beat the Sisters, and took over what they wanted.

Remember In Your Prayers . . .

Sister M. Loretto O'Meara of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto.

Mr. Cuthbert Morgan and F.O. James Morgan, both of St. John, N.B.

CHINA; Very Rev. Hugh F. X. Sharkey, Editor. Vol. XXV, No. 11, December, 1944. Issued monthly, September to June; bi-monthly July-August. Rates \$1.00 a year. Official Publication of the Scarborough Foreign Mission Society, Scarborough Bluffs, Ontario. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AND ADMITTED TO PRIVILEGED POSTAGE RATES AT THE POST OFFICE, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, JULY 10, 1924. Published by Ecclesiastical authority. Printed by The Industrial & Educational Publishing Co., Limited, Toronto 1.

Catholic Church

LISBON, (CIP)—The war in the Far East has so disrupted the work of the Catholic Church that in Hong Kong, for instance, two-thirds of the Catholics have left their homes, according to a report by Professor J. Beckmann-Schoeneck in the "Missionary Year Book 1944," published at the Catholic University of Fribourg, Switzerland. Many missionaries were put in concentration camps by the Japanese. In 1943, about 500 missionaries, who were kept in an internment camp in Shantung province, were allowed to go to Peking and work there in comparative liberty. Wherever possible, the American and European missionaries remained at their posts. Both American and German missionaries are now working in Free China. Relief work for refugees has taken much of the energy and the resources of the Catholic missions in China. Until May 1939, no less than 920,970 refugees had been given food in Catholic mission stations, and about 20 million wounded persons and orphaned children had been looked after. No over-all figures are available for subsequent years.

In 1939 there were 3,200,000 Catholics in China. The Catholic Universities of Peking, Tientsin and Shanghai had a steadily increasing enrolment. The number of native

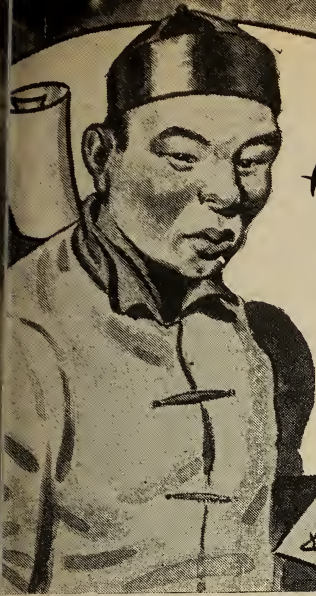


SINCERE CONGRATULATIONS

To Miss Myrtle Wong, R.N., graduate with honours of St. Joseph's Hospital at Victoria, B.C., and member of the Chinese Catholic community of Vancouver. CHINA offers sincerest congratulations. Well done!

priests and nuns has been increasing rapidly. There are now 25 dioceses (19 Apostolic Vicariates and 6 Apostolic Prefectures) under native Bishops, and there are more than 2,000 native priests and approximately 8,000 Chinese nuns. In spite of the war the Swiss report concludes the Church in China is more active and nearer to the people and its mentality than ever before.





THE SUNG YANG PRINTER

REV J. L. BEAL S.F.M.

TSU TZAI was an only child of the Chu family living at the Big Water Gate in Lishui. While still very young he lost his father, but his family was able to send him to the Mission school for his elementary education. My first acquaintance with the boy was in 1929 when he came to me with tears in his eyes, for he had "lost face" with his companions for some boyish pranks. He needed a friend. My own knowledge of the language at the time was practically nil as I had been in China only a month. After speaking to him as best I could, I succeeded in calming his troubles and sent him away feeling that he had found a friend.

During October of that year the Mission of Sung Yang, having been erected into a parish, needed a sacristan. Father Morrison, who was in charge, was glad to take my little friend to fill the position. To this his mother agreed on condition that he continue his studies after finishing his duties as sacristan.

The attention thus paid "my boy" aroused the jealousy of the local lads. They looked upon him as a

more or less privileged character with no better qualifications than their own for the position. Taking advantage of some minor faults, they attempted even to get him dismissed. In every case, however, the boy was in the habit of acknowledging his lapses, showing thus a fine character and all he needed was encouragement and good advice.

After two years spent in Sung Yang, he was called to Lishui to learn the printing trade. He began as "printer's devil" and soon, after strict application to his work, he graduated with honors, the event being celebrated with the usual banquet.

Tsu Tzai being now launched into a trade, his mother's great concern, as is the traditional desire of all Chinese parents, was to find a suitable wife for her promising son. The girl of her choice, not being a Christian, it became the middle man's duty to find out if there was any objection to her becoming a Catholic. (This middle man, as a friend of the bride-groom, is the go-between for the two parties to a marriage). The

bride's father was somewhat anxious on account of a disfigurement on his daughter's face. It was all settled, however, to the satisfaction of all concerned. The bride-to-be became a Catholic and the wedding took place after the stipulated time for it had elapsed. Her instruction in the faith continued and later on she induced other members of her family to follow suit. Her father even declared that the Catholic doctrine was good to hear.

About a year after this, business competition in Lishui became increasingly keen, while in Sung Yang there was demand for an up-to-date shop. "My boy," now grown to manhood, industrious and anxious to succeed, decided to move and take advantage of the opening in the city of his sacristan days, where he made many friends. Bent, however, on improvement and making his shop as up-to-date as anything in Lishui, he called upon me in distress, as he was in need of \$40.00 to purchase new equipment, which would enhance his "face" as well as returns. Man-aging to scrape up the required amount, I gave it to him. Within three weeks his new machinery arrived, causing him to dance with joy, now that he could put out first-class work for the Yamen (Gov't House). Within six months he returned the \$40.00 and insisted on paying interest as well. This I refused, saying that I never accepted interest on a loan, and that what I had done was simply a friendly gesture to a trusted friend and an encouragement to one sincerely desirous of getting along in life. Chinese do not look on such matters in this light. He still felt under obligation as a matter of politeness and "face". So, biding his time, and thinking I had forgotten about the matter, he came to me one day, beaming in smiles and told me that



Tsu Tzai starting out on a mission trip with the late Father Gignac.

his business had been so successful that he had money to spare and would the Sheng Vu be good enough to accept part of his earnings to help the Church. He handed me \$40.00. He thus put on "face," satisfied his own sense of obligation and illustrated the never dying innate courtesy and delicate politeness so natural to the Chinese.

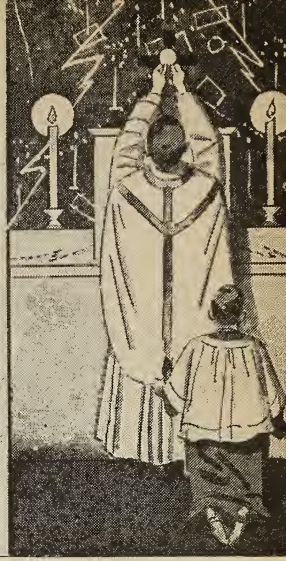
This trait is further shown as when my servant was sick, "my boy" the printer served my mass and when my catechist was called out of town, he read the meditations and led in the prayers for the Christians. He was an example and an inspiration for all. And when I left the Mission he came to see me off, wish me bon voyage and a speedy return and promised the prayers of his family for me. I did return to China, but not to my beloved Mission. My duties took me to Pekin where on the fateful 8th of December, 1941, I was interned by the Japanese until 15 months later. In the Spring of 1942 the horrors of war spread to our district. The Chu's of Sung Yang fled for safety across the river and one night, while foraging for food, my printer friend received a Jap

(Continued on page 8)



LOOKING BACK ON CHRISTMAS

★
REV. R. REEVES
S.F.M.



THERE is no feast in all the year to which a young boy looks forward with more expectancy, than that of Christmas. It is such a colorful, gay, wonderful day. The holidays come, the brightly decorated shop windows, the Christmas shopping, the old, familiar hymns are rehearsed, the crib is put up in the parish church — the great day is almost here.

Memory today looks back on many a Christmas of boyhood days. The Christmas tree was the centre of attraction, for on and under it were those presents, those gifts so dear to the heart of a lad just in his teens.

Yes, those were the years of receiving gifts. Those were the years when one had not yet realized the true significance of the blessed and wonderful feast of Christmas. The lighted tree, the gift-strewn floor, the well-laid table—these were the things that were important to one as a boy. They were Christmas.

The years moved on apace, and there came other Christmases. I was a priest and it was China, far-off China. In a rude building that was for all the world like Bethlehem

itself, I stood at the altar and offered up the Holy Sacrifices of the Mass. Gone were the gift-strewn floor, the lighted Christmas tree of boyhood, the tinsel and the rest. There was Christ and there was the Mass and together they spelt Christmas.

How sad it is that even the birthday of the great King must be commercialized to such an extent that few know its real significance. Must we forever follow the mirage and lose true happiness? Must we always sell our birthright for a mess of pottage? No! Let us keep alive in our hearts the true meaning of Christmas. It is the birthday of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Prince of Peace. It is the commemoration of that "silent, holy night" when angels sang a song of hope and glory, when a strange light lit the skies of Bethlehem, when Divinity itself came down to dwell on earth and beg the love of men.

All the beautiful Christmas customs are of Bethlehem. The lighted tree speaks of that other tree fashioned like a manger, on which the gift of all great gifts was laid by God. The lovely carols are but an echo of that "gloria" of long ago.

And all the lights of Christmas-time
are lit from that first star.

And the boy who looks back on
Christmas—what does it now mean to
him? Ah, for him it has a still more
wondrous meaning, for he is a priest.
No longer does he reach up to get his
gifts from the Christmas tree.
Now he is not concerned with receiving
gifts but rather in giving them.
He stands before another tree—the
tree of the altar. It, too, is brilliantly
lighted, and on it, too, are gifts—
yes, what a Gift. Wrapped in the
ruby-red of the wine and snow-white
of the host, is that Gift beyond all
other gifts in heaven or on earth—the
Gift of God. And taking that Gift
in his priestly hands he gives it to
his people, one and all. Truly this
is Christmas. This is the blessed
significance of the giving of gifts
between friends, for Christ gives
Himself to us, and we ought to return
to give ourselves to Him this
Christmas Day.

●

Sungyang Printer

(Continued from page 6)

bullet in his arm. Feigning death,
he managed after a while to crawl
back to his “home”. Infection set in
and for three long months, without
medical aid, this arm grew so bad
that an army doctor who happened
along operated without an anaes-
thetic, while Tsu Tzai patiently stood
it while calmly repeating the Hail
Mary. Here we have an example of
fortitude built upon faith in God.
Here is a hero whose fidelity to high
ideals, honesty, loyalty to his friends
and patience in suffering not with
pagan stolidity, but inspired by the
patience and suffering of his Re-
deemer, a hero whose example should
inspire us in our soft living to do
something to win souls as his was
won.

A SOLDIER’S PRAYER

Stay with me, God. The night is dark,
The night is cold: my little spark
Of courage dies. The night is long.
Be with me, God, and make me
strong.

Life with its change of mood and
shade

I want to live. I’m not afraid,
But me and mine are hard to part:
Oh, unknown God, lift up my heart.
You stilled the water at Dunkerque,
And saved your servants. All your
work

Is wonderful, Dear God. You strode
Before us down that dreadful road.
We were alone, and hope had fled.
We loved our country and our dead,
And could not shame them; so we
stayed

The course, and were not much
afraid.

I know that death is but a door;
I know what we are fighting for—
Peace for the kids, our brothers
freed,

A kinder world, a cleaner breed.
I’m but the son my mother bore,
A simple man, and nothing more,
But God of strength and gentleness,
Be pleased to make me nothing less.
So help me, God, when death is near
To mock the haggard face of fear,
That when I fall, if fall I must,
My soul may triumph in the dust.

“CHINA”

St. F. X. Seminary,
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Enclosed find \$....., as a
subscription to “China” for

Name

New Address

Name

Old Address

*(If you have changed your address,
please give us the OLD address as
well as the NEW one.)*

DEVIL SICKNESS

REV. HUGH F.X. SHARKEY



Devil Sickness

I TOSSED restlessly about in my bed, unable to sleep even for a few moments. The heat and humidity of the July night were almost unbearable. Not even the ghost of a breeze stirred the tall palm trees in the garden. Everything was caught up and strangled in that oppressive immobility. And then, it came again — that diabolical outburst of wailing and thumping and banging and exploding fire-crackers.

This was the fifth consecutive night of heavy, humid heat and clamorous, clanging commotion. I really began to admit to myself that there were certain, satanic forms of provocation that would indeed justify a man in committing murder.

Usually the summer nights here in Tsingtien were quiet with a quietude only to be found in a small, rural city of China, nestled high up in the hills of Chekiang. But this hideous nocturne had almost lasted a week and my nerves were near the breaking point.

At last I got up, for I could stand it no longer. I put on some clothes and walked out of the house and down through the mission garden. The smell of the orange blossoms hung heavy in the air and I could hear the incessant chattering of the cicadas.

I reached the gate and looked up and across the narrow, cobblestoned village street. There was only one house where a faint gleam of candlelight could still be seen and gathered at the door of this neighbor of mine, was a crowd of devil-worshippers.

A young boy in the family was sick—seriously sick, and these people had gathered to perform a pagan exorcism or casting out of the devil, for they were convinced that the

lad had devil-sickness. They were sure that Satan, the lord of all evil, had entered into the boy and taken full possession of him. It was purely and simply a question of getting rid of the infernal spirit.

To effect a quick and permanent exit of Lucifer from the home and from the sick boy, pagan superstition prescribed that as much noise as possible should be made. And believe me, as much noise as was humanly possible was being made. The din was unearthly. It sounded like an international convention of percussion instrument bands, all suddenly gone mad. Added to this was the wailing and praying of what sounded like half the population of Tsingtien and the continual explosion of thousands of the inevitable fire-crackers.

I began to believe that perhaps they really had something for I could not understand how even the Devil himself could long put up with that insane metropolitan cat-opera.

I stood there as long as I could and then went back and put wads of cotton in both ears and tried to sleep. At long last, sheer exhaustion made me fall into a blessed forgetfulness.

The following day, as I sat at my mid-day rice, my boy informed me that an old man wished to see me on a matter of great urgency.

As I entered the "Ka ting" or visitor's parlor, an elderly Chinese rose to greet me. Seldom does a Chinese man show much emotion, but my visitor did and the tears were streaming down his cheeks. "Seng Fu," he cried, "my son, my only son, is close to death. He has the devil-sickness. We have tried the pagan priests, the foreign ministers, we have done everything in our power,

but to no avail. And now Seng Fu I come to you, for my Christian friends say that the Catholic Church has great power over the evil spirits and that your God is a very mighty and good God."

He was in great distress and my heart went out to him. What more terrible calamity could befall a Chinese father than the death of an only son. There would be no grandson to carry on his honorable name. Only male children could carry on the all important worship of ancestors. Who then would offer sacrifice before his spirit tablet in the temple, were this his only boy to die?

I consoled the heart-broken parent and told him I would go and see his son, under this one condition—that in the event of the lad's recovering from his illness, the entire family would embrace the Catholic Faith. This he solemnly promised.

When we arrived at my friend's house, the neighbours who had robbed me of my night's sleep for the past week, were hard at it again. Everything available that could give out a noise however weird, was being pounded unmercifully. Without benefit of onion peeling, people who hardly knew the sick boy were wailing and weeping almost in hysteria. Some, convinced that the devil was either in bed with the boy or in the boy himself, had determined to get at the seat of the trouble and they were setting off huge bunches of fire-crackers right under the lad's bed. At each explosion the light wooden cot would fairly leave the floor and of course the boy's temperature would rise likewise. Indeed I had a hard time convincing the devil-worshippers that they should leave the room, but eventually I succeeded and peace, blessed peace reigned supreme.

I went over to the patient and laid my hand on his forehead. He had a terrible fever and he had faded



The young lad was baptized.

away to a shadow. I took his pulse and temperature and found that he was in a very critical condition. He had been delirious for days and when he imagined that he saw little men walking along the roof, they had become convinced that he was possessed by the devil. It was evidently nothing more or less than a case of malignant fever. I decided there and then that there was but one thing to do—send him to the hospital of the Sisters of Charity at Wenchow, the best part of a day's boat journey from Tsingtien.

Great was the admiration for and awe of the Catholic Church when some weeks later the young boy returned home from Wenchow completely cured. Both the non-Catholic missionaries and the pagan monks were dumbfounded and not a little

(Continued on page 29)

THIS IS CHINA

*A daughter of the good
earth — a Chinese
farmerette.*



*This is the village community
laundry.*

*In China they pluck
foreheads, not eye-
brows.*



TERROR *in* HOLLANDIA

SISTER OTTONIA

S · Sp · S



Terror In Hollandia

HOW should I begin this account? Deo Gratias! That is the ejaculation that should be uttered first and last. This past year has been one of repeated miracles on the part of our Heavenly Father, despite the great tragedy that has overtaken us. Each of us could relate incidents in which we have been wondrously protected from bombs, shells, and bullets. Even while we were being held in Hansa Bay until the time of that fatal voyage, death was avoided more than once by an inch or less. One Sister failed to get under shelter in time and stood behind a tree. Later a bullet ripped through the trunk just above her head. Another, finding no place to hide, knelt down, and a shot passed over, missing her by inches.

But you will want our story . . . I must take you back a year, to give you the beginning of it all. It was on July 6, 1943, that news came that we were to close our mission work on Manam Island and become prisoners of the Japanese. Off to our camp! But we lived through it.

After about three months we were back at Manam as internees—the entire group of Alexishafen, Ulingan, Bogia, Mugil, and Manam missionaries. But what fearful changes! Desolation and destruction everywhere. Here, I was with Sister Dolorosa, my own sister. We made a garden and labored hard to make ends meet to compensate for inactive mission work. We were forbidden all contact with the natives. Then came the news of our transfer. On hearing this, the Blessed Sacrament was exposed for three days of uninterrupted prayer. Never before have I seen such praying even among our Sisters. Some, not satisfied with one nocturnal hour, rose twice to visit Him in the night.

Finally, in February, we went by boat out to the Japanese headquarters near Manam Island for final transfer to a destination yet unknown. Bishop Wolf of our mission, who knew the danger of a sea trip, had requested the Japanese authorities at Hansa Bay to postpone the project and let us remain on the island. His appeal was disregarded, and February 5th found us aboard a ship going up the New Guinea coast.

The next morning we were unusually hilarious on our way out to Hollandia. We were still in ignorance of our final destination. "Wait until this old war is over," remarked Sister Theophane, "believe me, we'll get things going." I fully agreed with her. We had been sitting together on my suitcase. We said our Versers and Compline and then sat, just musing. Evening came. We drifted along in the moonlight.

Planes had been promised us as escort, but where were they? When the Japanese officer bade us farewell, he had said, "We'll have our planes out to escort and protect you." But no planes ever showed up during the three days to Hollandia.

Our boat glided along. Suddenly we saw an Allied plane coming toward us. Commands were roared from officers on deck. Fire opened from our guns. A bomb was dropped from the plane but it landed in the sea alongside us. We were wet with the splashing, but that was all. Deo gratias!

The next morning the sea was very calm. The sun was just rising. It was Septuagesima Sunday. How appropriate the Gospel of the day—the Laborers in the Vineyard! We were not far from an island, and we wondered if there might be a possibility of having Mass. I asked one of the Fathers what he thought. He looked at the shore as if gauging the dis-

tance, and he said, "We shall soon know."

Scarcely had these words been uttered when a stir of excitement swept the crowd. Planes in the distance! Swiftly they came towards us. "A whole squadron!" exclaimed Sister Theophane. "My God, we are lost!"

"Lie back and conceal yourselves!" came the order from the Japanese officers.

"Can't we stand up and wave so the Americans can see us?" I asked.

"No!" was the reply. We all lay back. The soldiers were ready with their machine guns for the attack. All around me voices in different accents were praying and pleading. Soon the first planes roared over us. No shooting. The next wave of planes strafed the boat. My suitcase held a picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. I raised the suitcase above my head, for my faith in our Blessed Mother prompted me to hold her image, enclosed in the suitcase aloft. Therefore I saw nothing of what happened, but felt the bullets whizzing past my ears, and I saw the debris of shrapnel gathering on my lap. Everyone was praying out loud. Amid the din of shooting and bombing we awaited our last moment. I dared not move; still, I did not feel that this was my last hour. Yet I resigned myself to God's holy Will, saying, "In Thee have I hoped, let me never be confounded! Thy Will be done!"

Suddenly I felt a quick snap on the fingers of my left hand, but paid no attention. A sharp blow on my shoulder followed another on my back. Around me the moaning and praying was becoming more faint. I arose to my feet. My God, what a sight! Maimed flesh, flowing blood! Was it possible? It seemed that everyone around me was either dead or mortally wounded. Gradually, here and there, a few Sisters and missionaries scrambled up, bleeding

and stunned. The surviving few immediately went to work, raising up the wounded, praying and preparing the dying. Sister Imelda, our Regional superior, was dead. Sister Milita, her head off, was lying next to me. Sister Valentine died in about ten minutes. I was with Sister Bernreda until her last breath, and shall never forget how courageously she went to meet her Maker. Sister Ferdinanda died with a smile on her lips. Sister Emiliana died soon from loss of blood.

"Where is Sister Theophane?" I asked.

"She is dead," someone answered.

They lay there, those missionaries, like soldiers fallen in action, their breviaries clasped in their hands, or rosary beads twined about their fingers. When all had been attended to, I asked where Sister Dolorosa was. "She is lying over there—her leg is injured," replied a Sister.

Setting the tips of my fingers that had been shot down back into place, I wrapped a piece of cloth around them and made my way to where she was. Two dead bodies were on top of her. We got her out, and later found that her right thigh had been shot through twice. "Don't worry," she said to me, "if the Lord wants me now, I am perfectly willing to go." But she had seven more weeks of agony to live . . .

Meanwhile, the priests were busy administering Extreme Unction and giving absolution. The Protestant mission doctor who had been with us in camp, did what he could for the wounded. It is impossible to describe the scene.

The wounded were taken ashore and placed on the beach where they lay in the hot sun for hours until a tent was finally erected for them. A Japanese doctor came along and administered some medications but after a time he departed. The wounded suffered from heat, thirst, and

(Continued on page 18)

All the Bal



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BELONG TO THE B

es



World

The millions of little ones in all the other countries of the world — what of them? Missioners, priests, Brothers, and Sisters, often at great sacrifice, erect orphanages, schools, dispensaries, and nursing homes in an effort to reach out and save these precious mites. Your prayers, your sacrifices, have made this possible in the past. May the spirit of Christ urge all of us this year to do our utmost in bringing all the babes of all the world to the divine little Babe of Bethlehem!

BABE OF BETHLEHEM

Terror in Hollandia

(Continued from page 15)

unrelieved pain. Bullets were still lodged in their bodies. We cared for them as best we could that afternoon. Several of the wounded died in the heat of the day; others continued to writhe in agony. Later in the afternoon, one of the priests approached and said, "Now look here at these beautiful words of today's office: 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, possess ye the kingdom which is prepared for you from eternity!' It makes me weep . . ."

Toward evening we were ordered back in the ship to cover the rest of the trip to Hollandia. I took another look at our dead. The best of us had gone home. With envy we looked at those who had been privileged to lay down their lives for the mission cause. We took their crucifixes for their relatives. Then we had to depart, leaving our dead behind.

Bishop Wolf was the last of the wounded to be carried on board. I showed him his episcopal cross—a Brother had handed it to me—"Very well, keep it," he said. "There is a relic of the Holy Cross in it." Our beloved shepherd went to his reward some time after we landed at Hollandia and was there laid to rest. (The U.S. Army has undertaken measures to exhume the bodies of missionaries in Hollandia and will re-intern them in a cemetery somewhere in New Guinea.)

After three days we landed at Humboldt Bay in Hollandia. There was no house for our wounded, but we laid them in two narrow rows under a thatched open shed. The rest of us found a bed on the bare ground. We had only rice or barley to give the sick. There was not even a morsel of bread. At night, the bombers crossed above us. We wondered what we should do if things became bad, for our wounded were unable to move a step. One af-

ter another was carried to the grave and soon there was ample room for all under the shed. As the days passed, the place on the beach became more and more unsafe from Allied bombing. So March saw some of the well, the medical staff, with their patients on stretchers, moving along knee-deep in mud through the jungle some five hours inland.

Again and again the carriers would slip in the mud and fall with their patients. Yet no one complained.

After some weeks our other group of missionaries from Aitape joined us in Hollandia. Believing we might have a long stay at this station, we set to building houses. But soon this place became as unsafe as the beach had been. Every day the sick had to be taken from the house and carried into the jungles before the bombers came over. There was no proper food either for the sick or for the well.



"I raised the suitcase above my head."

Up to this time, Sister Dolorosia had been doing fairly well, and I never doubted her recovery. As time went on, however, she could take no food. I did my best to ease her last days. The nearer her end approached, the more interior she became. She spoke little, but liked us to pray with her. I never left her except for meals and prayers. She had great suffering to endure when the gun-shot thigh was dressed. Nearly every morning the doctor had to make new incisions in the healthy flesh for a drainage duct. In seven weeks she was not once able to turn on her side. On March 25, she received the last Sacraments. Monday morning she was able to receive Holy Communion again, but shortly after Mass a turn for the worse set in, and, almost unnoticed, Sister Dolorosia gave up her soul to God. I gave way to tears, and then said the Magnificat for all the graces God had bestowed on her. She lay there with a lovely smile on her face. We decorated her with fresh ferns and wild hibiscus. That same afternoon we laid her to rest in a quiet spot in the jungle, with full liturgical chant and prayers.

Day followed day until Saturday, April 22, when the U. S. Forces swarmed into Hollandia and our officers became alarmed. They ordered us to go with them into the swamps, but I obtained permission to remain with the sick. A Brother had likewise been permitted to stay with the wounded.

The next day we had scarcely brought our wounded into the jungle when we saw the first of our missionaries return to us. There were glad shouts as we heard the good news. The Japanese, seeing that some of the aged in our party were unable to endure the march, and fearing lest

the enemy overtake them, released the missionaries and allowed them to return and look after themselves.

The next step was to contact our American forces. Two of the Fathers risked their lives by venturing to the coast. In the afternoon there was joyous excitement. As I came out of the rude hospital I heard someone loudly exclaiming: "The Americans are here!"

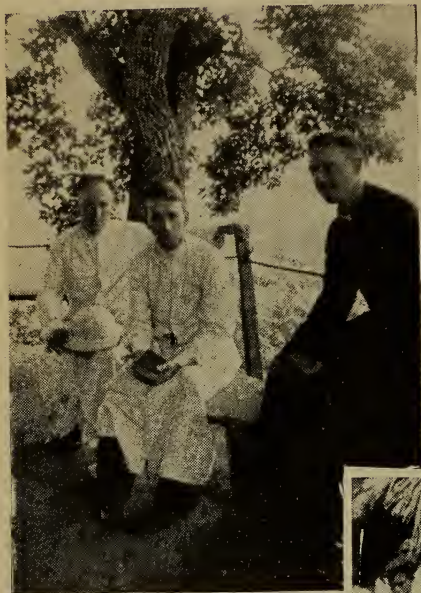
Almost forgetting my dignity as a Sister, I rushed out and grabbed the hand of the first U. S. Patrol, exclaiming, "Welcome, Welcome!" Then I alternately laughed and cried. Here was America right in New Guinea! The soldier passed around crackers, cheese, and *chewing gum*! This brought smiles and assurances to the faces of our charges.

The next morning we assembled for the trip back to the coast. It was the same trail through deep mud and water that we had followed six weeks ago, but now we all faced it with smiles. In one place the soldiers formed a human bridge across a small stream by standing up to their necks in water and holding poles above their shoulders. Their gallantry left us speechless. Fasting since the previous afternoon, they plodded along with the stretchers of the sick, often floundering in the deep mud. May the good Lord reward those chivalrous boys!

Today we are enjoying first class treatment in a place under the U. S. Army. While everyone is recovering from the effects of the strain and malnutrition of the past months, we feel awakening in us stronger than ever the desire to be back among our people in New Guinea. We do not worry, but leave all in the Hands of Him who has so wonderfully guided us to the present hour.

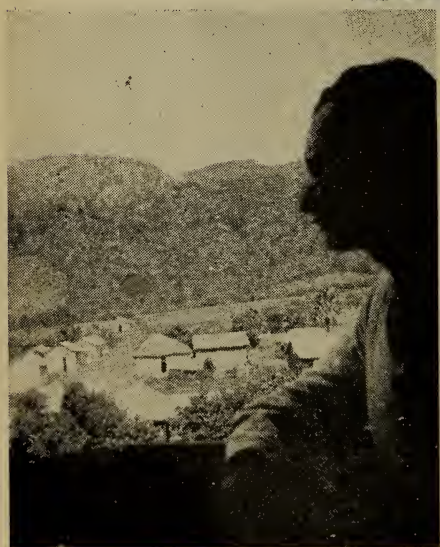


Santo Domingo – Land of



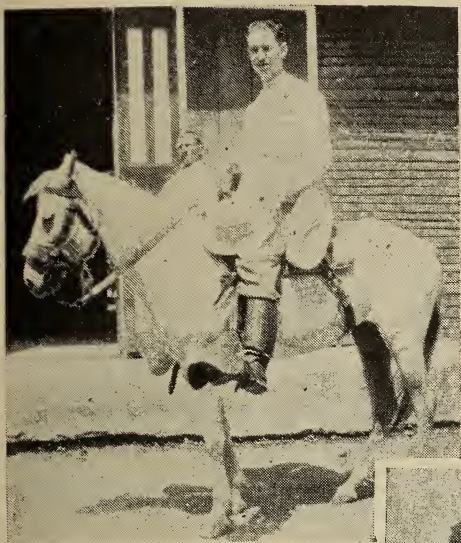
Left to right—Rev. J. King of Bayaguana; Very Rev. A. Chafe of Monte Plata, who is the Superior, and Rev. J. Fullerton of Yamosa.

A Sunday congregation before their poor church.



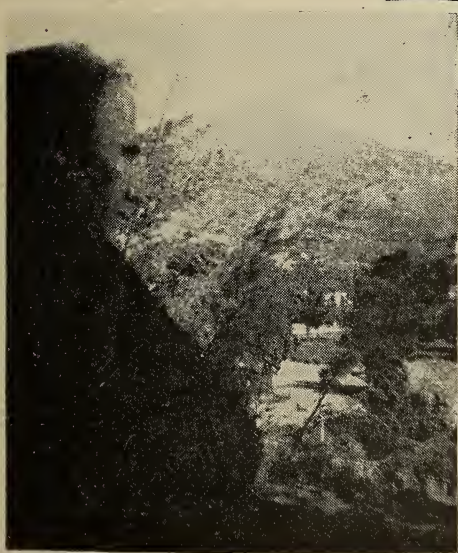
Rev. John Gault of Cornwall, Ontario, who is assisting Rev. Joseph King at Bayaguana.

Our Lady of Altagracia



Rev. Basil Kirby of Toronto, Ontario. He rides in the Cavalry of Christ.

Three young ladies of the Dominican Republic.



Father Joseph King of Tweed, Ontario, looks out over the peaceful valley of his parish of Bayaguana.

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FATHERS OF THE SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY

The
★

LITTLE ROSE



FLOWER'S GARDEN

Scarboro Foreign Mission Society,
Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.
December 1, 1944.

MY dear Young Missionaries:

Christmas! The Birthday of Our Lord! How in spite of the paganism that is all around us to-day the spirit of Christlike love overflows and engulfs the hearts of men, women and children. See how greetings and salutations flow easily between persons who at other times of the year "pass by without word or nod." Truly is the spirit of Jesus allowed to penetrate the hearts of men who at all other times close those hearts to Jesus Christ their Redeemer; yes, they even go so far as to rejoice in blaspheming His Sacred Name. Would to God mankind would live endlessly in this Christmas atmosphere.

* * *

On Christmas night of 1944 Missionaries all over the world, Priests, Sisters and Brothers, will kneel before their altars; they will pray for you because you are their friends and benefactors. Will you forget them on that joyous night? They have left all to live, to suffer and to die for Christ and for immortal souls. At their MASS on the birthday of CHRIST you may join them in spirit as both they and you say to Our Beloved Jesus: "Happy Birthday, Dear Master, please help us to become more and more zealous for the spread of your kingdom and for the salvation of immortal souls!"

* * *

A HAPPY AND A HOLY CHRISTMAS TO EACH AND
EVERYONE OF YOU.

Your devoted friend,

Father Jim



"UT COGNOSCANTE"

Boston's New Archbishop

known as

"The Bishop of the Missions"

By JAMES P. LEONARD, S.F.M.

Boston, Mass., Nov. 7th, 1944.

HERE in Boston one comes face to face with an extraordinary phenomenon: more than one million souls overflowing with joy and thankfulness for their "own very choice" as their new spiritual shepherd and leader. Priests and people acclaim with a unanimous voice the choice of Archbishop Cushing, by Pope Pius XII, as the successor to the late great Cardinal William O'Connell.

Bishop of the Missions

In a recent issue of a Boston paper I came across, for the first time in print, this title for Archbishop Cushing. It came from a Boston soldier in the South Pacific. He landed on one of the innumerable islands of the Pacific Ocean and from the inhabitants learned to his amazement that they knew someone in Boston better than he did. They spoke of Bishop Cushing of Boston, Diocesan Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith as of a friend. In his capacity as financier of the Missions he had befriended these islanders, thousands of miles away, long before the great nations of free people took any interest in them. This is but one instance that could be multiplied a thousand times.

Some thirty years ago, when Boston's New Archbishop was a seminarian, he led all mission activity among his fellow students aspiring to the priesthood. Following his ordination he was for one year in parish work. Then came his appointment as Assistant-Director of the Boston Office of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. From Assistant-Director he became Director and over a period of years he was without an equal among the thousands of Directors throughout the world. Unique among legions of zealous men; a leader

among leaders; a mission benefactor possibly without a peer in the whole world.

Next came his appointment as Auxiliary Bishop of Boston, his native city, and because of his great love for the Missions he continued in office as Director of Boston's world-famous office for the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

Archbishop Cushing's extraordinary generosity and zeal for the Missions grew out of his Christian habit of charity. I have heard that he receives only to give. A priest in Boston tells me that he was with Monsignor Cushing some years ago when, at Christmas time, he would receive "loads of gifts" only to give them all away. When he was consecrated a Bishop he did the same thing, and now as he is elevated to the Archbishopric of his native city he has received many gifts and "true to form" he has used them only to make others happy. If the soul of this great man of God was not indivisible he would share it, and its knowledge and love of God, with the millions who "still sit in darkness and the shadow of death"; he has chosen as his new motto: UT COGNOSCANTE (That they may know Thee). Truly Boston has been blessed by God in this native son who as a successor of the Apostles is an Apostle in very truth. There is joy in the heart of every missionary who ever heard of "Bishop Cushing"; we thank God for the "Bishop of the Missions".

Home-Front Leaders Necessary

It is perfectly true that the real heroes of the Missions are the Priests, Sisters and Brothers in the "front lines". They are unknown to the world; they are zealous for souls; they are content to leave all for Christ. Yet they well

know that to have at their back a strong group of zealous leaders who keep the Mission Problem of the Church before the laity is indeed a most vital part of all Mission activity and endeavour.

Our late Holy Father Pope Pius XII has told us plainly that: "Unto no other end does the Church exist than that by extending the Kingdom of Christ throughout the world she may cause all men to share in redemption and salvation." In response to his leadership the whole Catholic world has raised its eyes to the ends of the earth, and today we have an interest in the Missions unparalleled in history. The New Archbishop of Boston has lived under this outpouring of the spirit of zeal and has imbibed of it to such an extent that even amidst the manifold cares of one of the world's greatest dioceses he has promised the missionaries of the world his continued interest in the most important work of the church. I say this because I feel that his choice of "Cognoscent Te" (That They May Know Thee) as his arch-episcopal motto is intended as a perennial prayer to God that he may continue as a missionary in the midst of established and flourishing Catholicity.

We missionaries hail thee, Successor of the Apostles, Archbishop of Boston, "Bishop of the Missions."

The Mail Bag

QUOTATION:

L.A.C. Chabot (Overseas) writes: "Hello, Canada—England calling: It is about time the operator got this call through to you at S.F.M. I have started letters but for some lazy reason I did not get finished. . . . I went to Glasgow, Scotland, on leave, and there visited relatives. . . . On Sunday I went to Holy Mass at Holy Cross Cathedral. It was very beautiful. . . . The organist played and an angelic choir sang . . . then as the bells rang out he played the 'Adoro Te Devote' . . . from the Vestry came the melodious voices of thirty or forty young boys and men leading the procession to the sanctuary. . . . It was a very inspiring sight as the sun shone through the windows the colours of the allied uniforms mingled with the tinted rays from the windows. . . . Our R.C.A.F. station here has been highly honoured by the visit of His Eminence Cardinal Villeneuve. . . . He told us

about Mother Cabrini who is to be canonized after the war."

Yours as ever, Cecil P. Chabot.

Cecil's address is: R 1172 93

L.A.C. Chabot C.P.

R.C.A.F. Overseas.

* * *

I know many of the young Missionaries of St. Theresa will write to our faithful member so far away from home, especially for Christmas.

* * *

A generous donation has been received from the little Chinese children of St. Ann's Chinese Mission in Toronto. They have saved their pennies to help their little Chinese brothers and sisters in far-off China. We all thank you very much and may God bless you always!

* * *

SAVE YOUR USED STAMPS FOR THE MISSIONS!

Pen-Pal Corner

Patricia Fardella,
270 Johnson Street, Kingston, Ont.

"My hobby is drawing and reading. My age is eleven years and I am in Grade 7. Would like Pen-Pal of my own age, either boy or girl.

* * *

Bonnie Harley,
269 Duke Street, Saint John, N.B.

Age 14 years. Birthday August 5th. Would appreciate Pen-Pals from all over Canada from the ages of 13-16. Hobby Catholic drawing and reading, also ordinary water painting.

* * *

Theresa Minnick,
249 Bruceedale Avenue, Hamilton, Ont.

Age 16 years. Attends Cathedral Commercial High School. . . . Would like to hear from boys and girls of own age. . . . Promises to write.

* * *

Betty Boyle,
64 Manawagonish Road, Fairville, N.B.

Fourteen years old . . . Grade Eight . . . Hobby: collecting religious articles. Betty says: "Two years ago I won the first prize at the C.Y.O. Hobby Show for my collection of religious articles."

* * *

Rita Daniel,
633 Millwood Road, Toronto, Ont.

Fifteen years old . . . Would like to hear from boys and girls of own age.

NEW MEMBERS

Betty Boyle, 64 Manawagonish Road,
Fairville, N.B.

Rita Daniel, 633 Millwood Road, To-
ronto, Ont.

TWIN FALLS—ONTARIO

Grade VII

Melvine Chircoski, Gail St. James,
Rena McGrath, Nelson Shea, Thomas
Turner, Elvina Porter, John Sloan,
Louis Beagan, Jack Corceran, Maitland
Ludgate, Kenneth Sullivan, Joyce
Crumb, John Chircoski, Irene Slinn.

Grade VIII

Billy Reginbal, Lorne Turner, Doug-
las Mousseau, Mickey Devine, Muriel
French, Bernard Shea, Kathleen Fox,
Theo Corcoran.

* * *

CORRECTION

Correct address of Joseph Pilon,
MAXVILLE, Ontario. (In a recent issue
of CHINA I made the mistake of writing
MARYVILLE instead of MAXVILLE.
Father Jim.

* * *

ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL

Blind River, Ont. (Box 190)

Rita Labine, Marililyn La Plante, Mary
Ellen Duffy, Teddy Dodge, Francis
Lasarge.

To the Little Flower

By Betty McNabb

Sweet Little Child of Jesus,
Thou art so pure and good;
We beg of thee—help us
To do only as we should.

St. Theresa—Heavenly Flower
Intercede for us to God above,
Please do all in thy power
To tell Him of my love.

You, too, were once a little child,
Loving Jesus as I do;
Oh, help me to be meek and mild,
I want to be with Him too.

Sweet little Pure White Guiding Star,
Don't let me out of thy sight;
The path is long—the goal afar
Watch o'er me thru earth's dark night.

Sweet Little Child of Jesus,
Teach me to do what is right;
So when the road is darkest
I may walk toowards the light.

B. McN.



The Daily Prayer for Members of the Little Flower's Rose Garden

"O Eternal God, Creator of all things, be mindful of the souls of unbelievers created by Thee and fashioned to Thine image and likeness. Remember that Jesus, Thy Son, suffered a most cruel death for their salvation. Permit not, I beseech Thee, O Lord, that Thy Son be any longer despised by unbelievers; but appeased by the prayers of holy men and of the Church, the spouse of Thy most Holy Son, remember Thy mercy, and, forgetting their idolatry and their unbelief, bring them at length to acknowledge Him Whom Thou hast sent, Our Lord Jesus Christ, Who is our salvation, life and resurrection, through Whom we are saved and set free; to Whom be glory throughout infinite ages. Amen."

An Indulgence of 500 days is granted for each recital of this prayer.

A Plenary Indulgence once a month.
(With ecclesiastical approbation.)

Condition of Membership:

1. To receive Holy Communion once each month for an increase in Missionary Vocations.
2. To recite the Daily Prayer for the conversion of unbelievers.
3. To aid the Fathers of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society by saving pennies for the Missions.

SAINT CATHERINE OF SIENA

April 30th

WHEN Saint Catherine of Siena was six years old our Lord blessed her. It was a spring day in the year 1352. Her little brother, Stefano, and she were walking through the streets of Siena. Saint Catherine suddenly stopped right in the middle of the street and little Stefano who was only eight could not move her. She saw something wonderful over the top of the church which was very far away. What did she see?

Over the roof of the church far up in the sky she saw a golden throne sparkling with jewels, and our Lord was seated there, in the lovely golden robes of the King and Saviour of the world. Saint Catherine cried out: "My sweet Jesus." Our Lord smiled and blessed her. After that Saint Catherine made up her mind that she would love our Lord very much. So very often she would hide away from her brothers and sisters—she had twenty-two—and say her prayers and be very happy listening to what her sweet Jesus would tell her. He constantly said to her: "Follow Me."

Catherine grew up to be a very beautiful girl. She had golden hair that everyone said was lovely. One day her mother noticed that Catherine looked very strange. No wonder. She had cut off all her hair. She did this to let her mother and father know that she wanted to be a nun. At first her parents would not consent to this. They wanted Catherine to marry. But at last they said yes and Catherine joined the Sisters of Penance of Saint Dominic. These nuns in Siena wore a white robe and a black mantle. So they were called the Mantellate. They lived in their own homes and prayed and did penance and served the poor and the sick.

As soon as Saint Catherine became a nun, God permitted her to endure very bad temptations. They got worse and worse. They were like black clouds covering her soul. Suddenly in the blackness a light appeared. And out of the light our Lord came with all His wounds bleeding. "Catherine, my daughter," He said. "Oh, sweet Jesus, where were You when I was so badly tempted," she asked. "I was in your heart, for I never leave anyone who does not first leave me." After this the temptations stopped.

Saint Catherine gathered around her a great many people who wanted to show their love for God by helping everyone who needed help. They were led by Saint Catherine to take care of the sick and the poor and to bring back sinners to God. In the year 1374 the Black Death struck the city of Siena. This was a terrible plague that would suddenly appear among men and women walking in the street and they would die before they could reach their homes. Saint Catherine and her companions went among the worst victims of the plague and took care of them. She did not catch the plague. A few of her followers did but she cured them by her prayers and they kept on serving the sick till the plague had passed.

The biggest thing that Saint Catherine did was to bring back the Pope to Rome. What does that mean? Well, since the year 1305 the Popes had lived in the city of Avignon, on the banks of the river Rhone. That was bad for the Church for Rome is the city that Saint Peter chose as the big city of the Church and every Pope should live there. After writing and speaking to the Pope, who was Gregory XI, Saint Catherine was glad to hear the news that the Pope was once more in Rome. This was January, 1377.

It looked as if our Lord wanted Saint Catherine to bring back the Pope to Rome as the biggest of all the many big things she did during her life. For in the year 1380 she got sick. She saw a vision of a ship in her sickness, and the ship rested on her shoulders. She said: "I must die for the Church." She died of a broken heart, a heart broken in sorrow for the sufferings of the Church, and in love for Christ Whom she loved above all others. It was April 29, 1380, when she went to heaven. She was thirty-three years old.

The story of Saint Catherine of Siena and other lives of Saints may be obtained in one pamphlet by Father Treacy, S.J., Paulist Press, 401 West 59th St., New York 19, N.Y.

At Last . . .

FOR READERS OF CHINA

The full story of Fatima, where God's Blessed Mother appeared and spoke to shepherd children. She foretold "the conversion of Russia and an era of peace for humanity" if we hearken to her appeal. Otherwise there will be further wars, persecutions and martyrdom

FATIMA—Hope of the World

By RT. REV. WM. C. McGRATH

Is Communism still a menace to America? Is there a sinister "underground" at work in our own country? Is peace once again trembling in the balance before the present war is won? Will persecution "bypass the Americas for the nonce or will the blood of Christians flow in the streets of Toronto, Vancouver and Montreal?"

Read the answers to these and other vital questions of the day in this startling booklet that tells the complete story of the Apparitions of Fatima.

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**BOOK DEPT., SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY,
Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.**

Enclosed please find for which please send me copy (copies) of FATIMA, HOPE OF THE WORLD.

Name

Address

.....

.....

Read about the part YOU can play in ensuring peace for a war-torn world.

Devil Sickness

(Continued on page 11)

embarrassed. One pagan bonze even paid me a visit and asked how he too could obtain this great power over the demons of darkness.

After the boy had been instructed, I baptized him, and true to their promise the rest of the family followed him into the Church. My sleepless nights had not been without their reward.

Truly, dear reader, the boy was not possessed by the devil, though possession by the devil is quite common in pagan China. But he did have devil-sickness, for is not the paganism and heathen worship of China's five hundred million a diabolical virus of the soul? Without Jesus Christ there is no true life, and every unbaptized or sinful soul suffers from devil-sickness and is in danger of eternal death.

Pray God then for this vast pagan nation, that through the blessed ministrations of more and still more missionaries it may be exorcised of Satan and reborn to God.



REV. H. McGETTIGAN
St. Johns, Nfld.

Rev. Hugh McGettigan, who was to leave for work in the Dominican Republic, has instead been named assistant to Father L. Hart at our Toronto Chinese Mission.



Bon voyage to Rev. Patrick Moore, formerly of the Seminary staff, and now posted to Santo Domingo. CHINA wishes Father Pat success in his new field of endeavours.

Is Your Subscription Overdue?

Look at Your Expiry Label.

On your copy of CHINA you will notice a yellow label. Above your name and address there will be a date. Let us suppose the date is June, 1945. What does it mean?

It indicates that your subscription is paid up till that date and that you are "on active service" as far as CHINA is concerned. If all our subscribers kept paid up to date their co-operation, translated into terms of assistance to the missions, would be equivalent to the cost of construction of about twenty new churches in China.

But suppose your label reads Sept., 1944, or earlier. Then we are "carrying" you along. You have become a dead weight. The last thing in the world you would desire.

Look at your expiry label today. One dollar will advance your subscription for another year.

CHINA

Scarboro Bluffs

Ontario



It's Time to Laugh



Author: "There are some spectacles we can never forget."

Interested: "Where can I get a pair? I'm always losing mine."

"Which of your works of fiction means most to you?"

"My last income-tax return."

"Why is this style called free verse?" asked the student.

"If you ever tried to sell any, you'd know why," answered the poet-teacher.

Officer: "This man is charged with taking bananas off a fruit-stand."

Judge: "Ah, impersonating an officer. Two years."

John: "I'm thinking of asking some girl to marry me. What do you think of the idea?"

Helen: "It's a great idea, if you ask me."

Mike and Pat, returning home one Sunday night, lost their way.

"We're in a cemetery," said Pat. "I can feel a gravestone."

"Whose is it?" asked Mike.

Pat struck a match. "I don't know," he said, "but he lived to be 175!"

He struck another match. "I can see now. It's some fellow named Miles from Dublin."

Hubby: "Darling, what's wrong? Why the bandage on your eye?"

Wifey: "Don't be funny. This is my new hat."

Two little boys were selling lemonade. A gentleman patronized both of them, then asked, "Why do you charge five cents for a glass and your friend here ten cents for the same amount? They both taste the same to me."

"They are the same, sir, but the puppy fell into my pail, so I charge only five cents for mine."

Patron: "May I have some stationery?"

Clerk: "Are you a guest here?"

Patron: "Certainly not; I'm paying twenty dollars a day."

"Jim recommended that new restaurant to me if I wanted some good roast beef."

"How was it?"

"It was a bum steer."

Joe: "Why do you insist on pulling that wheelbarrow instead of pushing it?"

Moe: "I can't stand the sight of the bloomin' thing."

"I think I'm going to sneeze."

"At who?"

"Atchoo!"

Young thing: "It's all very silly, Doctor. My family wanted me to come and see you just because I like pancakes."

Psychiatrist: "Well, that's perfectly natural. I'm fond of pancakes myself. In fact, I have a grill upstairs, and when I get hungry, I go up and make some."

Young thing: "You like them? You must come over to my house—I have three trunks full of them in the attic."

Sgt. MacTavish: "I'll have a sardine sandwich, lassie."

Pearle: "Domestic or imported, Sarge? The domestic's 25 cents, the imported's 50 cents."

Sgt. Mac: "The domestic, me good woman. I'm paying no sardine's passage across the ocean!"

"Does your son burn the midnight oil?"

"Yes, and a lot of gasoline, too."

Father: "How are your marks, son?"

Son: "They're under water."

Father: "What does that mean?"

Son: "Below 'C' level."

The wife of a defense worker walked up to the glove counter in an exclusive accessory store, and asked the clerk: "Let me see some of your black kid gloves."

When the gloves were spread before her on the counter, she exclaimed: "Why those are not the latest style!"

Sales Girl: "Oh, yes, madam. We have had them in stock only two days."

Defense Worker's Wife: "But the fashion notes in last night's paper say black kids have tan stitches and vice versa. I see the tan stitches, but not the vice versa."

Sales Girl (sweetly): "Oh, you see, 'vice versa' is French for 'one button.'"

"Why do you wear rubber gloves when cutting hair?" asked the customer.

"For the purpose," replied the barber, "of keeping our celebrated hair restorer from causing hair to grow under my fingernails."

"Hard work never killed anyone."

"That's the trouble, Dad. I want to do something that has the spice of danger in it."

Salesman: "This book will do half your work."

Smart Alec: "Good, give me two of them."

Carpenter: "Didn't I tell you to notice when the glue boiled over?"

Young helper: "I did. It was at five minutes to nine."

The native was watching the sliding trombone player at the circus. He turned to his wife, saying: "There's some trick to it. He isn't really swallowing it."

The restaurant advertised rapid service, but did not give it. A patron gave an order, waited patiently, and fell asleep. He awoke to hear the waitress' voice.

"Did you order this sundae?" she asked.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the customer in dismay. "I came in here last Monday!"

Fisherman: "It was that long. Never saw such a fish in my life."

Friend: "That I can believe."

Minister: "Rastus, don't you know it's wrong to play cards on the Sabbath?"

Rastus: "Yes, parson, an' believe me, Ah's payin' for mah sins!"

"Mary," said her mother reprovingly, "every time you are naughty, I get another grey hair."

"Gee, Mom, you must have been a terror when you were young—just look at Grandma!"

A street car passenger was fogging the car with a big cigar and the operator drew his attention to the sign: "Smoking on Two Rear Seats." "Oh, I saw it," said the passenger, "but I can't follow all your rules. The card beside it says, 'Wear Excelsior Corsets' too.'"

First Salesman: "What do you sell?"

Second Salesman: "Salt. What is your line?" First: "I'm a salt seller, too. Shake."

Boss: "Pat, I'm going to make you a present of this pig." Pat: "Sure, and 'tis jest like you, sor."

Joe—My brother is going to marry a pretty girl and a good cook.

Bill—He'd better look out. Bigamy is against the law.

Cowboy—What kind of a saddle do you want—one with a horn or without?"

Dude—Without I guess. There doesn't seem to be much traffic on these prairies.

"But, darling, we can't live on love."

"Sure we can. Your father loves you, doesn't he?"

Try as hard as he could, the comedian's jokes were falling flat. At last he lost patience.

"Blimey!" he exclaimed bitterly. "You people don't seem to know how to applaud. Why don't you clap? Are you all handcuffed?"

"Handcuffed!" came a bored voice from the pit. "Why, you haven't even arrested our attention yet!"

We dedicate to Hitler the following. Hilaire Belloc's "On the Vanity of Earthly Greatness." The poem reads:

The tusks that clashed in mighty brawls
Of mastodons, are billiard balls.

The sword of Charlemagne the Just
Is Ferric-Oxide, known as rust.

The grizzly bear whose potent hug
Was feared by all is now a rug.

Great Caesar's bust is on the shelf,
And I don't feel so well myself.



The Forgotten Guest

He stands outside a gay and tinselled world,
 His wan face pressed against the window-pane.
 The poverty of love is in His clothes,
 And in His heart an ever-aching void.
 It is His birthday that they celebrate,
 But 'neath the trees there are no gifts for Him
 Who was Himself, the world's first Christmas gift
 The Gift above all gifts on man bestowed.
 When will a foolish world give this Child place?
 Can there be peace with Peace itself ignored?
 Can there be joy within the hearts of men
 When Joy itself upon this Christmas-tide,
 Stands like a ragged urchin in the snow,
 And raps incessantly upon the door
 Begging the loaves His suffering brothers crave,
 He Who is kin to every man on earth,
 The red, the black, the yellow and the brown.
 Come down O foolish world and lift the latch,
 Take down the barriers of hate and greed,
 Welcome the Prince of Peace — give this Child place,
 And share your bounty with the whole wide world.
 Hang not God's gift upon another tree,
 Whose Christmas red is crimson of His blood,
 Whose blasted trunk is fashioned like a cross,
 Whereon the hopes of all the world are dead.



Hugh F. X. Sharkey.

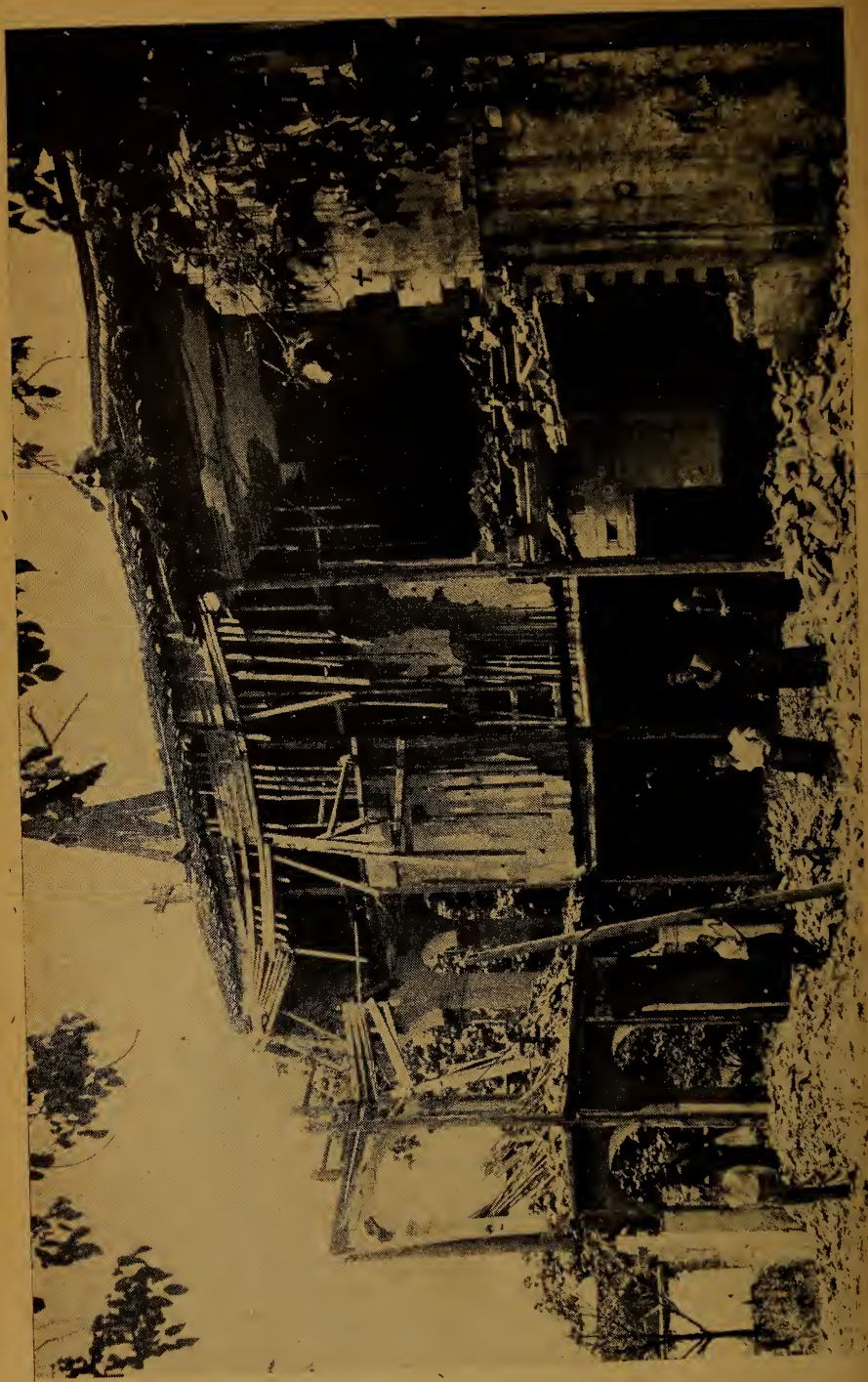
CHINA



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JANUARY
1945



Rev. Arthur Venadam stands amid the ruins of the Priests' residence in Lishui.

The Bulletin Board



AIR FORCE CHAPLAIN

Remember in Your Prayers

Sister Mary Augustine of the Hotel Dieu of Cornwall, Ontario.

Hugh Delaney of Chapleau, Ontario. A member of the R.A.F., who lost his life in air operations in India.

Doctor Hubert Pocock of Toronto, Ontario.



Thanksgiving . . .

Mrs. Pat. J. Corkery of Baltimore, Ontario, wishes to publish her thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a favour received.

Mrs. J. D. Casey, of Wallacetown, Ontario, offers her thanks to St. Anthony and St. Jude for a favour received.



Our Campaigners

Father Stringer has been engaged for some time in campaign work in the Archdiocese of Winnipeg and his efforts have resulted in a substantial list of new subscribers for CHINA. Father McGoey in Edmonton and Father Harold Murphy in Pembroke have been carrying on the same work



*Rev. A. Clement, of Montreal, now
stationed at Dartmouth, N.S.*

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and all three speak in glowing terms of the kindness and hospitality accorded them by the pastors they have visited. While engaged in strenuous duties on the "home front" themselves and for the most part very short of help because of the number of younger men who have joined the armed forces, these zealous priests have done everything possible to help make the cause of the Foreign Missions better known. We wish to express our heartfelt gratitude.



Winners at Annual Bazaar Grand Drawing

Miss E. Smith, 154 Coxwell Ave., Toronto. Series No. E35624.

Mrs. Neil McLellan, 22 Tichester Rd., Toronto. No. 48025.

F. Bannon, 134 Edna Ave., Toronto. No. 142034.

F. H. Helps, 84 Jones Ave, Toronto. Series No. G1893.

F. Thompson, 394 Bay St., Toronto. No. 114473.

Mr. G. Ridler, 213 Waverley Rd., Toronto Uo. 138115

Miss Elizabeth Malone, Box 185, Arthur, Ontario. No. 97551.

E. A. McAllister, 28 Alhambra Ave., Toronto. No. 37321.



Rev. J. L. Beal, now campaigning for the Missions and for vocations in the Toronto schools.

Mrs. C. J. Dutton, 333 Runnymede Rd., Toronto. No. 138379.

Eleanor Koabel, Sherkston, Ontario. Series No. B7000.

Special Draw for Lucky Seller of a Ticket: Mrs. Annable, 25 Eastbourne Crescent, Mimico, Ontario. Series No. 834719.

May we take this occasion to express the sincere thanks of the Seminary to all our dear friends who
(Continued on page 20)

ON CAMPAIGN WORK



Rev. H. J. Murphy, S.F.M.



Rev. D. Stringer, S.F.M.



Rev. J. McGoe, S.F.M.

IN *Journeys* ★ OFTEN

REV. R. REEVES
S. F. M.



ELEVEN o'clock at night, a misty moonlight, and the lonesome howl of a Chinese dog. Yes, it was rather spooky that night. I had just crawled into bed and settled down as comfortably as possible on my Chinese bed. Then a knock at the mission gate. What was this, I said to myself, a sick call, some lone traveller seeking a night's lodging. Clumsily getting out of bed, I slipped on my robe and Chinese slippers and made my way down to the mission gate. As I arrived there the growling gateman, disturbed from slumber, was just swinging open one side of the big heavy door that guards the entrance to the mission. There in the moonlight stood a Chinese officer. He looked tired. His lean face and drooped shoulders spoke of many days marching,—yes, through heat and rain, over mountains and across miles of cobblestone roads. Rather excitedly he spoke, saying, "To-night is moonlight, foreign gentleman. The Japanese are only sixty-five li (about 30 English miles) away. They will march all night, and by morning you will be captured if you do not

leave. I have come to advise you to go as you are a foreigner and it will be very dangerous for you." After having asked some questions, I thanked the officer for his trouble and said good-bye in the usual Chinese fashion. Then I made my way to bed again but could not sleep. Rumours had already spread about the enemy coming and even now there was quite a commotion. The Chinese were preparing to take to the mountains in the event of the enemy's advance.

I walked up and down in my little room hardly knowing what to do. Was I to leave the mission and all I possessed? Yes, I had to go,—God knows where. This and many other things flashed through my mind at the moment. One thing was certain. There was immediate danger and without further delay I must leave the mission for safer quarters. In a few minutes I had my servant up and we were preparing to depart.

After having a bite to eat and packing a blanket, mosquito net, breviary, and shaving kit on the back of my bicycle, I finally started out, accompanied by a boy who was my

servant and sacristan. The mission gate swung open again, and after giving hurried orders to the catechist for the remaining occupants of the mission, I took one last look around and wondered would I ever be back again, what would happen to the church, the mission house, to all the boys and girls who had made it the centre of their lives. There had not been any reservation of the Blessed Sacrament on account of the danger from air-raids, now there would be no Mass, no shepherd to tend the sheep. What about the faith, would it weaken, would the lost or strayed sheep have a chance if danger or death lurked nearby? God alone knew.

The mission door closed behind us and over the cobblestones we went. Bump after bump, through the alleys and out into the little pathway that lead to the military road. It was quite early but not a few were up and out, preparing to evacuate in case of emergency. Here and there someone who recognized us said "good-bye and come back again soon." The ubiquitous Chinese dog growled (sheepishly) and with the odd bark sent us on our way until finally we found ourselves on the main road heading down the valley towards the mountains. It was three-thirty in the morning and the moonlight had by this time become quite dim. On we went until finally the valley's end was reached, and then we started climbing. "Careful," I said to the boy that was with me; "there are some dangerous curves here and one drop over the side will finish you. If your bones escape being broken you quite well know that the river is at the bottom of these cliffs and you'll surely drown."

"Yes, spiritual father," the boy said, "we must Kao Tien Chu" (Trust in God).

Slowly but surely we were making our way through little Chinese villages, over rustic bridges, up and

over mountain passes, down hills and around those dangerous curves. Yes, we had to keep going, there was no time to waste. At last came the dawn, a little streak of light over the mountain top. This made the going a little easier. As we came near a little hamlet built on the mountain side, we could see the smoke lazily lifting from the rooms of the mud huts. The villagers were preparing their morning meal of rice and Chinese cabbage. We stopped at one of these huts and an old lady came out to see who these two early morning prowlers might be. "Ah! foreign gentleman," she said, "you have been travelling a long way. What's the reason and why so early?" To these questions I gave an indirect reply, as I had no desire to worry the poor old lady.

In a few minutes "Grandma," as I called her, served us with tea and a few peanuts. This gave me an opportunity to rest for awhile and also presented a fine occasion for "grandma" to look me over. "Mr. Foreign Gentleman," she said, "Very nice jacket you are wearing, must have cost a lot of money, and your bicycle; what a funny thing. It stays up on two wheels, you go very fast on it and it carries all your luggage, ai ya! these foreigners are very tsung ming (clever)." For this I bowed very graciously, thanking her a thousand times for all the trouble and then handed her a few cents, the price of the tea and peanuts. Bidding the old lady farewell we once again got on our way and after another two hours riding, finally arrived at another mission, called in Chinese, "P'i H'u" or "Jade Lake" in English.

Once again we rumbled over cobblestone paths, ringing our bicycle bells furiously as there were quite a few people on the pathway and many of them were still only half awake.

After about twenty minutes of riding through the town we arrived

at the mission rather tired but soon forgot our worries when greeted by its genial pastor, Fr. Strang. "Shen F'u Lai Liao," (the priest has arrived) the servant shouted. It was always a treat to meet Fr. Craig, there was always something doing at the mission, and as the Chinese would say, it was always "Nao Nien".

"Oh! Good morning, San Shen F'u. You are early this morning. How are you keeping? Have you had any air-raids in Sungyang? Planes have been scouting around here but nothing much has happened," said Fr. Strang. "Boy, things are getting dear and scarce too. I must be getting some more molasses soon or there won't be any left in town. Can't get sugar or potatoes just now and flour is very dear. Say! did you hear about Lishui? Got a severe bombing yesterday at the south gate. I don't know how many times that place has been bombed, fire, too, right up to the mission wall, even the carpenter's shop was burned. I guess there were a great many killed."

We then made our way into a little room for breakfast. "Sit down, San Shen F'u," said Father Strang, "chih fan". Needless to say I did sit down and ate a good breakfast, as well as Fr. Strang was able to prepare during the food shortage. Later, after breakfast, I went out and spoke with some Chinese, reviewing the news up to the moment and bemoaning in particular the high price of rice. Then into Fr. Strang's room for a Chinese cigar and a little gramophone music. During this visit we chatted about the situation in general, the impending Japanese invasion, air-raids of yesterday, the mass conquests of the south by the men of the Mikado, the fall of Singapore, troubled state of Europe, Fr. Charlie's plight in Hongkong, and for us missionaries what to do next and where to go. Yes, the problems certainly



Rev. R. Reeves, S.F.M.

poured in, but come what may, we must grapple with each problem bravely and stop at nothing, you know;—that never be beaten spirit. Well, after settling difficulties as far as possible, I made a visit to the church, there to finish reading my breviary and ask God for guidance.

Time passed quickly, for first thing I knew the bell rang for dinner. I enjoyed the meal very much, but soon after things were not so good. "What's that?" asked Fr. Strang. "Ching Bow," I said. That means the air-raid warning is on.

It wasn't long before the planes came and we went to the church tower: Frs. Strang, Hudswell and myself. Frs. Murphy and McGoey crouched in a little ditch alongside the church and there we all waited. "Here they come," said Fr. Craig. "Yes, twelve in number." There was a heavy drone overhead and soon we heard the whistle of the bombs. Bang! Bang! Bang! There we were laid out flat on the floor in the little tower of the mission church, just hoping upon hope that we would be

spared. Bang! "Wow! That was near," I said. The front of the church shook just like some canine after a swim. "There's another! Here she comes, Craig—so long, pal, I'll be seeing you!" Boy! was my face ever white, or was it,—Bang! Oh, boy! We're here yet! What a relief to hear that bomb hit terra firma. "Here comes the machine-gunning fellows," someone said. Splatter, splatter, splatter clean across the mission and down the street, shell after shell—what next I thought. Behind me was the front door of the church. This door was made of wood and I didn't feel any too safe as the shells could easily penetrate wood, and from then on there was only my body between it and the floor. I had to take a chance and keep still, but I surely didn't feel like stopping shells. Down came more planes, machine-gunning the whole town,—some life, I thought.

Oh! What a relief. There they go, demons of death and destruction. In a short while we came out from our hiding and talked the whole thing over. The Chinese were quite excited and we didn't look any too calm ourselves.

The afternoon wore on. Crowds were going and coming. Many were evacuating to the mountains and the main street was filled with natives carrying their few treasured belongings as best possible. Crying children, tired mothers, worried fathers, all this was contributing to the scene which war was bringing to the people. When will it ever end, they asked; how cruel; what trouble!

So things went on from day to day. War, shortage of food, death, destruction, sickness, disease, and sorrow; yet there was something about these people that you couldn't help but admire. They tried to smile in spite of things,—they are good actors and it came in handy during these troubled times.

I had to continue my journey, so after a day's stop-over I told my servant that we were leaving. Soon everything was prepared and we bade good-bye, hoping that no danger would come to those remaining, but at the same time fully realizing that they wouldn't be far behind us. We crossed the river in a little ferry-boat and finally got on to the military road that went to Lungchuan.

It was hot already and the day promised to be a real scorcher. "Let's get going Hai Me," I said, and go we did. Up another long valley and into the mountains again. All across this valley were rice paddies spread out like a green carpet, even part way up the mountains. In the distance were purple hills with a river winding its way about a hundred corners. The crimson of the early morning sun painted things with varied hues. How beautiful indeed and yet war seemed to spoil it all. How pitiful and foolish the whole idea of war seemed. Along the roadside were many poor people, wounded, half starved, depressed, and at wit's end to know just what to do and where to go. As we paused for a rest on the way a poor boy would come and ask for something to eat; some poor woman who had lost everything begged for a helping hand. You just couldn't refuse,—
"The charity of Christ urgeth us".

About noon we were both quite tired and so I said to my servant: "When we get to the top of the mountain we'll rest awhile." He smiled, he was glad too,—I had to remember we were both tired.

At last on the top. Overlooking the country for miles around was an old pagan temple. It was by this temple on one of those few grassy spots that we sat down and ate some peanuts and partook of a little Chinese tea. It wasn't long before some mountaineers came out to look

(Continued on page 29)

THIS IS CHINA



No—not a wedding procession. It is a funeral. White is the colour of mourning.

Young China confidently faces the future.



Transportation in true Chinese style.

for the **KING!**

By REV. HUGH F. X. SHARKEY, S.F.M.



FOR THE KING!

She was a born actress; she was so beautiful that Hollywood had sought after her; she had wealth and happiness—but above all else she had a sublime faith, and a passionate devotion to Christ the King.

THE heavy theatre curtains swept together. A thunderous crescendo of applause greeted the heroine as she stepped before the footlights, curtsying gracefully and smiling acknowledgment of the ovation. Again and yet again the throng-packed opera house demanded her appearance. Mexico City was justly proud of its most beautiful and distinguished actress, Maria De La Luz Camacho.

It was natural indeed and to be expected, that such great ability, charm and loveliness as that of Maria should soon attract the attention of Hollywood. The movie magnates sought after her and the different studios vied in offering her the better contract. But, to their great amazement, Maria was not in the least interested. The city of make-believe, of false fronts and falser lives, had no attraction for her. She was destined to play a far greater role, in a very real drama, there in her own Mexico City, on the steps of her own parish church. Even then, though she knew it not, the plot had been written, the props were in place, the scenery arranged and the heavy curtains of the future were about to be drawn aside—the great dramatic appearance of her life was about to begin.

Born in Mexico City on May 17th, 1907; twenty-seven years later Maria Camacho was to die an heroic and glorious death for her beloved Catholic Faith. This is her story.

On July 31st, 1926, public worship was prohibited throughout Mexico. Moscow-sponsored communism was

determined to wipe out every vestige of Catholicity south of the Rio Grande. A small, anti-God clique of reds had the audacity so to act in a country traditionally Catholic. But as ever in the glorious history of Holy Mother Church, the underground of Christ kept the torch of faith aflame, gathering strength for the struggle in secret meeting places, at the altar of the Mass.

On her lips and in her heart always the watchword that Pius XI had given to the persecuted Catholics of Mexico—"Long Live Christ the King"—Maria Camacho took a leading and fearless part in the preservation of the faith during those dark days of fanatical warfare against God and His Church. Priests and sisters were beaten, jailed, murdered; young Catholic boys and girls were tortured and bayoneted to death; churches, schools and convents were burned to the ground. Her head bloody but still unbowed, the Catholic Church of Mexico ripped the red flag of communism from its flagstaff and nailed high upon the masthead the blood-stained banner of her God.

It is night and the Camacho home is ablaze with lights. Maria is giving a party. The long, white dress that she wears only serves to accentuate that dark Spanish beauty, which has made her known as the fairest girl in all Mexico City.

Across the patio come the sounds of intermingled music and laughter. The perfume of a hundred flowers fills the beautiful reception room, where Maria waits to welcome her guests. But there is one special guest for whom she waits. It is especially in His honour that the party is given. It is out of deep respect for her distinguished guest that her beautiful home has been made still more beautiful. The whole house is

a glory of wondrous flowers and sparkling lights.

And then, all of a sudden, the music stops, the voices are hushed—there comes a great silence. The guest of honour has arrived. It is a royal guest and every knee is bowed. Hidden in the folds of a cloak, her outlawed Christ the King has come to Maria's party—has come to bring courage, strength and hope to the heroic Catholics of the underground.

How carefully Maria had arranged the white and red roses on the little table that was to serve as an altar. Her father had smiled at her sweet simplicity, when he had found her, atomizer in hand, trying to heighten the fragrance of the blossoms.

It is the communion of the Mass and reverently the priest places the Sacred Host on the eager tongue of Miss Camacho and those about her hear her whisper—"Veni a mi, Jesus, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, because Thou are with me."

In the wake of the anti-God propaganda, there came to the movie houses of Mexico City, the most lurid and immoral motion pictures. Maria Camacho gathered about her a group of young men and women as fearless as herself and with posters printed at her home, they protested the showing of such lascivious pictures. As Maria stood bravely outside one theatre, the manager struck her a blow in the face and screamed, "Get away from here you contemptible little meddler." But the young girl stood her ground.

Came the glorious feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe, patroness of all Mexico. In the darkness of the night, Maria and her companions sought a secret rendezvous for their traditional love serenade to Our Lady. This haunting melody is the one used all over Mexico, by the young lover, when he comes on the birthday of his sweetheart, to sing beneath her window. To-night, with

blue lanterns in their hands, and singing to the accompaniment of guitars and tambourines, they had come to serenade the Mother of Jesus—come, at the very risk of their lives.

In the summer of 1934, a new regime of terror swept Mexico, Homero Margalli and Garrido Canabal, the big boss of the Capital, set out to systematically destroy the Catholics. The red flag, with its hammer and sickle, was displayed openly in the streets and flown over the principal buildings. There were more arrests, more killings, and more brutality.

On Sunday, December 30th, Margalli planned a surprise party of his own. It was this sadist's intention to attack and set on fire one of the Catholic churches, while the unsuspecting congregation of children were at Mass inside. He intended to lock them in and burn them alive.

Gathered about Margalli, before the town hall, were the Communist Youth Group in their red and black uniforms, the scum and dregs of Mexico City. Each youth received a loaded revolver, materials for setting the fire and a bottle of potent whisky. He goaded them on, until they were a wolf-pack of liquor-soaked savages. With their clenched fists raised against heaven itself and on their lips the cry—"Long live the Revolution"—they set off on their errand of destruction.

"Hail Garrido, the Liberator of Tabasco"—"kill the damned priests and the accursed Catholics"—"burn their church to the ground and them with it." These were their shouts and the rabble moved on, stopping at a park, where they desecrated a monumental calvary, draping their red and black banner over it. Blasphemy and immoral talk filled the air. Lewd women joined the procession, adding their indecent invocations to this litany of the damned.

A Catholic Youth ran to the home of Maria Camacho. "Maria," he

cried, "the reds are going to burn down the church." Maria was horror-stricken. She thought of the two hundred children at Mass. Quickly she made up her mind. Putting on the loveliest dress she had she set out for the church with her younger sister, Lupita.

"Why are you all dressed up, Maria? I never saw you look more beautiful," said her sister. Oh, Lupita," Maria cried, "I feel that I am about to play the most important role of my whole career as an actress. Should I not look my best?"

They reached the church door just before the mob did. In the sanctuary, Father Rafael Medina was raising up the Sacred Host at the elevation. There was a revolver shot, then another. A paralyzing fear gripped the congregation and the celebrant, fearing desecration, consumed the Sacred Species. The oaths, the tumult grew louder. The rabble with lighted torches were about to bar the church doors and set fire to the building. They intended to make sure that nobody inside would escape alive. With her back to the door and her arms outstretched, Maria Camacho faced the onrush. If any red moved, it would be over her dead body.

Some hesitated. Her great beauty, her sublime courage, compelled even their drunken respect. The leaders, however, fortified by more whisky goaded on the faltering rabble.

"Cursed be Jesus Christ," screamed someone.

"Praised be Jesus Christ," shouted Maria, louder than they did. The Red leader moved forward and spit full in her face—again and again, till he could do so no longer. "Long live the revolution," he shouted. That was the signal.

"Long live Christ—". Maria's brave cry was drowned in a sudden volley of rifle fire. A bright red



The manager struck her a blow in the face.

trickle started to come from her lips, she swayed unsteadily, and then pitched forward down the long stone steps. There was a horrible silence, broken only by the dripping of her life-blood from stone to stone. Lupita alone knelt beside the fallen girl, her cheek pressed against the cheek of her sister, weeping bitterly. The drunken mob of red murderers had turned and fled. Only the heart-broken little girl heard her sister's last words—"Oh, Mexico—God forgive them."

The church doors opened and Father Medina stood there still in his vestments, the horrified congregation behind him. The body of Maria Camacho, riddled by over twenty bullets, lay where it had fallen at the foot of the steps, her rosary, her compact, and her other personal belongings strewn pitifully about.

The heavy curtains had swept together for the last time. The heroine of the drama had played her part and played it well. Maria Camacho had never risen to such glorious heights in any other role as she had in that final tragedy—"FOR THE KING."

SANTO DOMINGO

CRADLE OF THE NEW WORLD — J. U. GARCIA

(Mr. J. U. Garcia was former Dominican Consul at Toronto)



A MAGNIFICENT American culture flourishes and grows in twenty free republics which faithfully maintain, in the innermost depths of their hearts, the Catholic religion, Apostolic and Roman. More than a hundred million persons who speak the beautiful, melodious Spanish language, also pray in that tongue under the spiritual protection of the same Catholic faith that was brought to the New Continent by the conquistadors and colonists. Many millions more think, fight and pray in the brilliant language of Shakespeare and Milton with the same Catholic faith as their sister peoples to the South. The faith of Christ is the strongest and most powerful force that exists over the face of the earth to incite belief in our hopes. During this terrible war for liberty and justice which the peoples of the United Nations have been fighting for the past five years, America has been the refuge of culture and civilization. It is with good reason that President Roosevelt has called the lands of the Americas the Continent of Hope.

The history of the discovery of America can also be said to be the story of the Catholic Church and its part in the service of great causes. Christopher Columbus, the immortal, adventurous discoverer of the New World, had embedded deep in his heart, the most ardent Catholic faith, that faith which does not fade, nor suffer discouragements, nor falter before obstacles, once it is kindled in our spirit. And, repeating in effect, the words of Jesus, the humble son of a wool comber won the unbounded glory of perfecting the globe of the world by adding to it immense lands filled with untold riches.

As with all great enterprises, Columbus' triumph for his ideal cost him much pain and sacrifice. He visited all the courts of Europe asking aid. But he found every monarch deaf to his entreaties until, sad and weary—but not disillusioned—he retired to the sanctuary of the Convento de la Rabida, whose Superior was Fray Juan Pérez de Marchena, his protector. This good man went to

Queen Isabella and convinced her of the importance of the undertaking, interesting her magnanimous and generous heart into paying all expenses of the expedition. As Spain was engaged in war against the Moors, a long, cruel war—the Queen had no resources other than her personal jewels; and in an act of devotion for an ideal, she put them at the disposition of Columbus. In this way, he manned and equipped the three vessels—the Santa Maria, the Nina, and the Pinta—which sailed from the port of Palos de Moguer on the fourth day of August, 1492. Sixty-nine days later, on October 12, 1492, after overcoming seemingly impossible obstacles, land was sighted from the deck of the Pinta. Thus was torn away forever the misty curtain that had hidden America.

After returning to Spain to give an account of his discoveries to the Catholic kings, Columbus made a second voyage to the New Continent. On the 27th of November, 1493, he arrived at the port of La Navidad which he had erected on his first visit to the Island of La Hispaniola (now Santo Domingo). Here he found that the Indians had annihilated the first group of Spaniards

left there. Abandoning that place, which the Admiral considered unlucky, he chose another inlet further to the east; and there was founded the first city in the newly-discovered world. On January 6, 1494, Padre Boyl and twelve other Catholic priests who accompanied him, sang the first mass on American soil.

Those who analyze history narrowly-mindedly have claimed to believe that the almost miraculous achievement which led two or three small groups of Spaniards to conquer, and later colonize, the immense lands that extend from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn, was made under the impulse of a burning desire for gold. Those who view the heroisms of the conquest in this light, prefer to ignore the fact that, shoulder to shoulder with the discoverers, conquerors and colonists, came also Catholic priests whose principal mission was to convert the souls of the Indians to the Christian faith, which sublime teaching was begun on the memorable day that the first mass in accordance with the rites of the Holy Catholic Apostolic Roman Church blessed the new-found lands. This work of teaching, together with that

(Continued on page 18)



The tropical shore of Santo Domingo.



SONG OF THE

✠ ✠ BY
REVEREND J.A. RYAN, C.S.S.R., M.
OVERSEAS



We who walked in leather sandals through the quiet cloister yard,

Chanting Psaltery at sunrise for the glory of the Lord;

We who lifted up our voices in the sanctuary's light
Now lay aside our scapulars, our habits black and white.

We who won the tasseled cap of Arts, the Doctor's robe and ring
Heard a drum-beat in the twilight like a thunder-clap in spring

And we quit the stuffy class-rooms, setting pen and text-book
down;

Clapping chalk-dust from our cassocks, we go striding out
town,

We who kept monastic silence, we who freely sealed our lips
Now pray and parry scuttlebut on spray-white battleships.

From sacristy and hospital, suburban school and slum,
We hurry to the colours, to our fighting men we come.

Hot guns thunder, and the blood runs chill;
And the cannon mutter curses, and the black bombs spill;

And the cities glow like Sodom, and the smoke and darkness
split

With the crackle-ack of Challenge to the host of Messerschmitt

Searchlights flutter and the planes dive low.

To Kodiak, to Sicily, to Tarawa we go.

Vivat Ecclesia! Domino gloria!

Mori pro Patria. Our Destiny we know.

There are beardless lads in Africa who smile at us in pain;
Lads who danced in Queens and Galveston, but will not dance
again;

Lads who pitched a thousand innings, lads who read
Sunday Post,

Lying maimed and blind and murmuring the names they cheer
most!

And we scribble down in pencil little kisses from the dead:
Little messages to mothers, to some little sleepyhead.

And they mumble as we touch them with our cool anointed
thumbs,

And blessing them, we hasten to their cannon-haggled church

CHAKI

MARY CHAPLAIN



HRIST

We tumble through the hollow skies with parachutes in tow;
We huddle with Commandos in the barges as they go;

We scramble over stony cliffs when life hangs by a thread;
In tracer-fire and powder-flash we kneel beside the dead!

And on rocky Arctic Islands we must lie on frozen ground,
And we harken in our slumber to a bomber homeward bound;

And our dreams mount up to pace it and pass it on the way,
Alighting in some little town we walked in yesterday.

And we hear a church-bell ringing, and we hear a bus go by,
And vendors hawking oranges and huckleberry pie;
And suddenly we shudder and awaken with a sigh!

Long Toms roaring on a rifle-peppered coast:
In the olive groves of Sicily we lift the Sacred Host.

In the jungle swamps of Papua where strong Marines
grow thin,
And the scarlet parrots chatter, and the yellow snipers grin,
With a fox-hole for confessional, we crouch and pardon sin!

And on palm and orchid islands naked natives gape in awe,
To see strong men in brown and green from York and Arkansas.

Gather round our altar-jeeps with beeds and bended head,
And stack their guns to kneel and pay mute homage to the dead.

And they wear Our Lady's medal, and they bless themselves
and rise,
And a sense of pride steals over us, and gathers in our eyes.

For, for this it is we follow them on keel and wheel and wing. . .
By the chrism on our hands we've sworn this oath to Christ
the King:

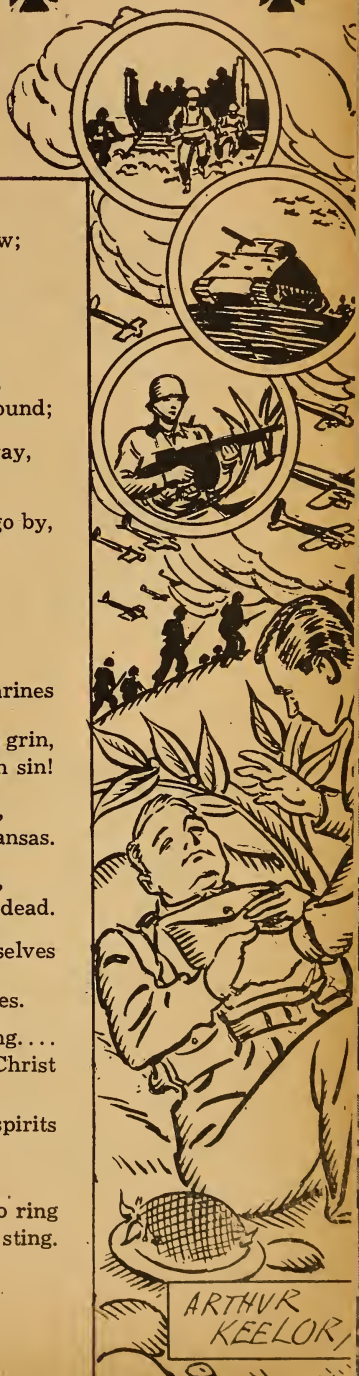
To sleep and creep and climb with them to keep their spirits
bright!—

To keep them in the grace-of-God's hilarious delight;

To stand abreast of each of them and school their hearts to ring
With three eternal cheers for Christ—for Death has lost its sting.

Vivat Ecclesia! Domino gloria!

Mori pro Patria! We fight for Christ the King!



Santo Domingo

(Continued from page 15)

of "Hispanization," was carried on with such firm conviction, sublime devotion, and intelligent policy that there is no house in which people of Spanish origin in the Americas do not think, feel, pray and venerate our faith with this free spirit, great and tolerant, of Catholicism.

Though it is an historical fact that conquerors and colonizers—under the impulse of their faith—were too severe, and perhaps cruel, towards the Indians, critics should be lenient, bearing in mind that "the faults were of the times, not of Spain nor Spaniards themselves." The atmosphere of those historical times had much to do with the errors of the ever-weak human soul.

Santo Domingo, a small island situated in the centre of the Caribbean Sea, almost at the doors of the Panama Canal, thus became the cradle of American civilization. From the ancient city of Santo Domingo — to-day Trujillo City — sailed the discoverers and conquerors from the beginning of the sixteenth century. It was from there that Juan Ponce de Leon left for the conquest of Puerto Rico; Hernan Cortés, for the conquest of México; Diego Velasquez, for the conquest of Cuba; Juan de Esquivel, for the conquest of Jamaica; Alonso de Ojeda, for the conquest of Tierra Firme; Francisco Pizarro, for the conquest of Peru; Rodrigo de Bastidas, for the conquest of Santa Marta; and Francisco Nunez de Balboa, for the discovery of the Pacific Ocean.

To further complete this work, there, also, was founded, with the approval of Pope Paul III, the Catholic University of Santo Tomas de Aquino—the first university in the New World—which was opened to the public the 28th of October, 1538. Santo Domingo has firmly maintained the nobleness of her faith from the days of her discovery. The

Dominican people have erected beautiful, new temples, and have conserved well those constructed by the Spaniards, including: La Santa Basilica de Santa Maria la Menor, built between 1514 and 1540, in which are guarded the mortal remains of Admiral Christopher Columbus; the convent of Los Monjes Dominicos, erected between 1511 and 1516; the church of Nuestra Senora del Carmen, built in 1564; and the convent and church of Regina Angelorum. There are others also—now in a state of ruin—two of the most important being the church of San Nicolas de Bari—the first temple in America to be built of stone—and the chapel and convent of La Tercera Orden de San Francisco, constructed in 1555.

Extending the roots of their Catholic faith up to our own days, in the period between 1930 and 1944, the Dominican Government, under the Presidency of Dr. Rafael L. Trujillo Molina — following an extensive policy of protection to the Catholic Church—has voted more than \$225,000.00 for the improvement, maintenance and erection of new churches over the whole land. It could be said, without any doubt, that this veneration for Catholicism is the expression of the Spanish spirit of our ancestors, still commanding the light of our souls.

It would be God's own wishes that our American peoples, maintaining their Catholic faith, will, also, remain firm in the support of their ideals of liberty, justice, democracy and peace—privileges for which our sons have been offering their blood for five long years now—so that in the new world which will arise from the present, all peoples will carry on their lives and will govern their actions under the light of Jesus' words: "Love one another, and peace will flourish in your hearts."

EDITOR'S NOTE—The priests of our Society now labour in the Dominican Republic.

THIS IS CHINA

Victims of the war are treated at a Catholic hospital.



A study in Chinese serenity.



The bride and groom and the ever present pot of tea.



Bulletin Board

(Continued from page 4)

in any way helped to make the Bazaar and Drawing the grand success it turned out to be.

To the St. Francis Xavier's Women's Auxiliary, to the girls of St. Joseph's College, to all donors of prizes and all who so zealously labored in the booths and dining room, and to all our friends in Toronto and throughout Canada who participated in the drawing, we say from a very grateful heart—well done, thank you so much.



The Late Hubert Pocock, D.O.



We regret that this remembrance of a great friend is one month late appearing in the pages of CHINA. This is due to the fact that the December issue of our magazine was "made up" one month in advance.

Doctor Pocock was widely known throughout Canada and the United States as a leader in his profession, Osteopathy. For more than twenty-

five years he helped the maimed and infirm in the city of Toronto. But he had other interests than those of the bodily ailments of mankind; his heart went out in pity to the millions who as yet have never heard the sweet name of Christ. A great love for St. Francis Xavier made him a lay-missionary in a very real and practical sense. His interest in the Chinese colony of Toronto was a sign post to some of those who have come to know of our work for the Chinese in Toronto's Chinatown.

As a layman he worked unceasingly for things Catholic and was President for one year of the Laymen's Committee of the Religious Theatre of the Air, a unit of the lay-missionary activity of the Scarborough Foreign Mission Society.

His death removes from Toronto's distinguished citizens a leader and from the "Friends of the Scarborough Foreign Mission Society" a true friend and fellow-labourer. *R.I.P.*



Students Increase in Burned Chinese Town

NANCHENG, CHINA.—Despite the fact that Nancheng was burned to the ground by the Japanese in 1942, there are 1,289 children in the schools this year, an increase of 246 over last year, according to Bishop Patrick Cleary of St. Columban's Foreign Mission Society. There are 41 students preparing for the priesthood.



On Campaign Work in Schools . . .

Rev. Ronald Reeves has just been appointed to campaign work in the schools. Father Reeves, who has but just lately returned from China, will speak in the different schools on the need of missionary vocations and on

(Continued on page 29)

God Is Homeless

— and —

His Missioners Are Homeless

Below may be seen the bomb-blasted ruins of our church at Lishui. On page two see the ruins of the priest's house.



We
appeal
to your
charity.



Help us
rebuild.



Aid your
destitute
Missioners.



The need is
urgent. Act
now.



The Religious Theatre of the Air

A WEEKLY RADIO PRESENTATION
OF THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS
NOW HEARD ON FIVE STATIONS

CKSO — SUDBURY — Sunday, 10.30 a.m.
(790 On Your Dial)

CJIC — SAULT STE. MARIE — Sunday, 2.30 p.m.
(1490 On Your Dial)

CKCH — OTTAWA-HULL — Saturday, 9.30 p.m.
(1240 On Your Dial)

CHPS — PARRY SOUND — Sunday, 1.30 p.m.
(1450 On Your Dial)

CKRM — REGINA — Saturday, 7.30 p.m.
(980 On Your Dial)

Radio's Most Popular Religious Programme

LISTEN-IN EVERY WEEK — ASK YOUR FRIENDS TO
JOIN YOU.

Sponsored by the

FATHERS OF THE SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY

The LITTLE ★ ROSE



FLOWER'S GARDEN

Scarboro Foreign Mission Society,
Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

MY DEAR YOUNG MISSIONARIES:

We want your advice. And please do not be timid about sending your ideas along. The question is: WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE FEATURED IN THE ROSE GARDEN EACH MONTH?

Easy, now! Don't all speak at once. There's Superman, Flash Gordon, "funnies" of every description, but an attempt to incorporate such features into our few pages once a month would be somewhat "pathetic", don't you think?

Pathetic for two reasons: 1. Once a month is not often enough for sustained interest. Suppose we left our heroes (Ling Lo or Way Sing) battling on the edge of a precipice with a monstrous Mongolian mountaineer! And suppose it were the January issue! "Read our February CHINA. Does Ling Lo come through again or is this the end?" You just couldn't go on.

Another reason: 2. We are not in favour of "too many" funnies. There is so much more to life than living in a world of make-believe. It may be a thrill to ride imaginary rockets through the stratosphere or visualize yourself swimming the ocean at 200 miles an hour. But do that all the time and you'll be a wreck.

Well, I'll be swtiched. I asked your advice and I am ever handing it out! Suppose you rummage around among the prospective features—illustrated mission stories, quizz contests, limerick contests, pen-pal corners; quotations from your own letters, snapshots of yourself, etc., etc. Which features do you like? And could you suggest more?

Please write. As many letters as possible will be published in the Rose Garden.

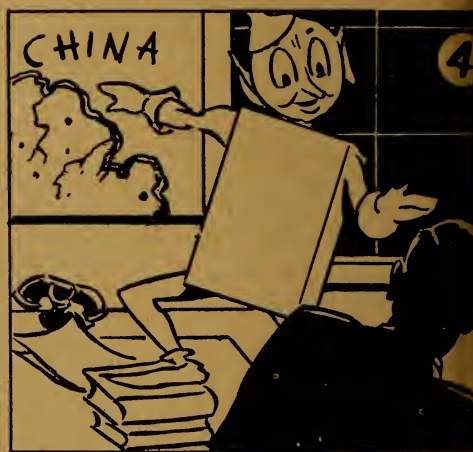
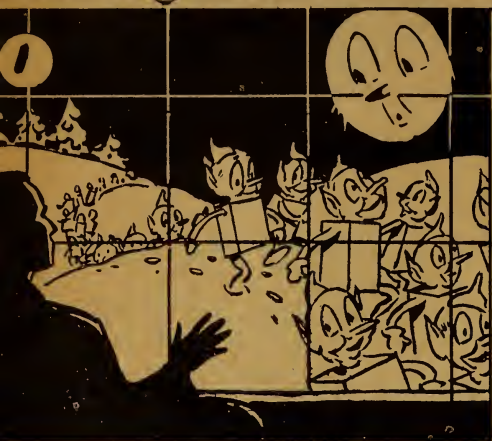
Sincerely,

Father Jim

FOR A MITE BOX
MITE BOX

THE MARCH OF THE MITE-BOX MEN

by ABECROMBIE



The March of the Mite-Box Men

By ABECROMBIE

One night ('twas this December and long will I remember)
I was sitting by my window—as I'd often done before—
When something strange to mention attracted my attention,
The strangest crowd you ever saw frisked gaily by my door.

You may judge of my surprise, sir—in truth, I rubbed my eyes, sir,
A line of curious elf-like men stretched far as eye could see
Away to the horizon—you never set your eyes on
Such merry-making little folk as then saluted me.

Said they: "We're wandering far, sir; you're wondering who we are, sir,
And why we ever travel on, e'en at the dead of night;
In truth, 'tis sore distressing but duty is most pressing,
No rest for any one of us till Scarboro heaves in sight.

O'er hill and dale we wander, no railroad fare we squander,
We come from every corner from B.C. to Labrador.
On, on we go, together, in fair and stormy weather,
We must—or else it's hungry days the future holds in store

For priests—a gallant band, sir, in China's stricken land, sir—
Who carry on amid the ruins of missions once alive,
And though relief we carry, 'tis glad we'd be to tarry
If—pardon us—we thought we might just touch you up for five.

I said "I'll think it over, if ever I'm in clover,
The goin's tough these days, me lads . . ." (but I thought "*why man
alive*

'Twill help the situation if you spare a small donation'")
Somehow, just come to think of it, those missions *must* survive.

A jolt then shook the plaster, it made my heart beat faster
An intermittent rumble and a weird, pathetic wail
Came from the other room, sir, I ran and grabbed the broom, sir,
A mite-box jumped around my desk, among the evening mail.

Said I, "Forsooth—a stranger. I'll go and face the danger,"
The scene that now confronted me just well nigh struck me dead.
It set my nerves a-quiver to see that mite-box shiver,
He pranced around that pile of mail as if he'd lost his head.

I cried: "Say, what's the matter, why all this crazy clatter?"
(You should have seen the pleading look he gave me there and then).
"Oh, Mr. Abecrombie, don't let me die a zombie,
Oh, send me active, *please, kind sir*, my place is with the men."

"Oh, bitter is my cup, sir, unless you fill me up, sir."

(I smacked a ten inside his jeans—"Be off, but come again.")

"You bet," he cried, "and quick, sir, you're every inch a brick, sir."

And then! *You should have seen him leap clean through the window
pane.*

(P.S.—Is your mite-box a zombie? Send him active to-day to help our missionaries in China)

QUIZZ PROGRAMME

(No prizes; no obligations; just have fun.)

FIRST TEST

Grammatical Errors

If you believe a sentence to be correct, check in the appropriate column. If incorrect, fill the correction in the blank space.

	Correct	Incorrect
1. He never should of gone there in the first place
2. This is just among the three of us
3. I feel so tired I think I'll just lay down
4. James as well as John has asked for a mite-box
5. Between you and I, I think he's crazy

(Two points for each correct answer. Total 10.)

SECOND TEST

Finer Points of Speech

In the following sentences, check the word you think is right.

1. This year we are sending out (*less, fewer*) mite-boxes.
2. This performance is very different (*from, than*) the last.
3. The teacher, with his pupils (*has, have*) visited the Seminary.
4. He was visibly (*effected, affected*) by his experience.
5. This (*kind of, kind of a*) test is a cinch.

(Four points for each correct answer. Total 20.)

THIRD TEST

How Are Your Synonyms?

On the line opposite each word write another, of similar meaning, beginning with the letter H. For example: ponderous . . . heavy.

1. Saintly	H.....	11. Exaggeration	H.....
2. Stop	H.....	12. Manslaughter	H.....
3. Strike	H.....	13. Hairy, shaggy	H.....
4. Fish (allied to the cod)	H.....	14. Merriment	H.....
5. Wrangle	H.....	15. Voluptuary	H.....
6. A solitary	H.....	16. Noise, din	H.....
7. Unorthodox	H.....	17. Cyclone	H.....
8. To winter	H.....	18. Pretender	H.....
9. Episcopate	H.....	19. Subterranean	H.....
10. Impede	H.....	20. Conjectural	H.....

(Three points for each correct answer. Total 60)

FOURTH TEST

The Correct Word

Answer each question by a word starting with the initial indicated.

1. What adjective, rhyming with *suspicious*, denotes something secret or furtive? S.....
2. What three syllable noun describes the smallest possible quantity? M.....
3. What noun describes the man who always walks alone? H.....
4. What adjective, rhyming with *hideous*, indicates a person of discriminating taste? F.....
5. What adjective, rhyming with *various*, describes the situation of our missionaries in China to-day? P.....

(Two points for each correct answer. Total 10.)

My total

A final score of 80 is average; 90 very good; 94 or more excellent.

Answers on page 28. (No peeking, please.)

The Mail Bag

(QUOTATIONS AND ANSWERS)

Spianard's Bay, Newfoundland.

Dear Father Jim:

I am a little girl of eleven years . . . please send me a Mite Box. I want to save money for the Missions and for the poor people of China. Send it as soon as you can as I want to help the missionaries for Christmas.

Betty Murphy.

The Mite Box has gone long ago, Betty, and I thank you for the offer to help our missionaries and the poor people in China.

* * *

Woodstock, Ont.

We get CHINA monthly and I have noticed the Pen-Pal Corner.

Margaret Murtha.

Yes, the Pen-Pal Corner is becoming quite popular. Maybe someday we will be able to devote a whole page to it.

* * *

PRAYERS ARE REQUESTED FOR ANTONIO SPOONER (BLIND RIVER, ONT.) WHO HAS BEEN WOUNDED ON SERVICE OVERSEAS.

* * *

**Reserve Mines, C.B.,
Nova Scotia.**

Dear Father Jim:

. . . It is quite some time since I have written to you. However, I have not neglected our "Club" rules and the daily prayer and monthly Communion have long since become a habit with me. . . . The new CHINA is perfect, Father Jim, each issue seems more interesting than the last. . . . "Journey into Freedom" by Father Charles Murphy is one of the most interesting stories I have ever read. . . . Before closing I would like to say that, in my humble opinion, the cover of the October issue of CHINA—Our Lady of the Missions—is of rare beauty. . . .

Betty McNabb.

Thank you, Betty, for all those lovely comments. You know it is surprising

how seldom we have comments on specific articles. Editors do love it; maybe this will start something. I liked your poem very much, Betty, and hope you were happy to see it in last month's Rose Garden.

* * *

GREETINGS TO "THE COMMANDOS OF CHRIST" OF MOUNT CARMEL SCHOOL, NEW WATERFORD, N.S. THESE GOOD SOLDIERS OF CHRIST HAVE NOW FORMED INTO TWO REGIMENTS. THANKS FOR OFFERINGS.

* * *

For donations to the Missions in the month of November our Missionaries send heartfelt thanks to the following:

Austin Barrett, Nova Scotia; St. Stanislaus School, Ontario; Holy Family School, Ontario; Reggie Kay, Ontario; Pat and Larry Kelly, Ontario.

* * *

**St. Stanislaus School,
Ontario.**

Dear Reverend Father:

Our class say a prayer every day for the success of missionary work and we hope that our prayers help you a great deal. . . . You may use this any way you wish. . . . The Boys were a little ahead of the girls. . . . The class would like to thank you for remembering us in your morning Mass.

Grade Five Pupils,
per Valerie Selano.

Of course your prayers help a great deal. God bless you all.

* * *

Erindale, Ontario.

I have a horse named "Black Boy" and to-night he was feeling pretty gay and jumped over the fence which was much to my dislike. . . . So I think now that I can ride as good as Father Hymus, but I sympathized with him when I was learning to ride.

R. Kay.

Keep it up, Cowboy. Some day you may be a priest down in Santo Domingo, rounding-up souls.

NO RANSOMS, PLEASE

Some of our friends have been in the habit of sending us, at intervals, a five dollar donation for the ransom of a Chinese baby. We are unable to accept contributions for this purpose, which should be sent to the Holy Childhood Association.

However, if you wish to send gifts that will be helpful to our own work, either here or in China, they may be designated for our China Reconstruction Fund, for our Burses or—best of all—"stringless". In that case we are free to apply them to where the need is most pressing, to rush financial reinforcements to the weak spot in our sorely pressed line. Need we add that these anxious days especially your donations are doubly welcome.

La Passe, Ontario.

We are a class of thirty-eight . . . who wish to join the Little Flower's Rose Garden. . . . Father Murphy spent two weeks in our parish and visited the schools. He told us many interesting things about China and gave us each a CHINA which we all like.

*Your Little Friends,
The Pupils of La Passe.*

Well, I am quite certain that Father Harold Murphy brought China right into your school because he knows it so well and speaks Chinese like a native.

**Chapleau Convent,
Chapleau, Ont.**

. . . . We would like to know how to become members of the Rose Garden.

Jacqueline Duchene.

Send along a list of names and I will mail your membership cards.

Pen-Pal Corner

**Richard Leach,
P.O. Box 646,
Sydney Mines, C.B., Nova Scotia.**

"I am eleven years of age and would like to have a pen-pal of my own age."

**Frances Warren,
404 Sandwich Street, Amherstburg, Ont.**

"I would appreciate it very much if I could have a pen-pal about eleven years of age. I am eleven and in Grade

VII at St. Anthony's School. I like acrobatics and making scrap books. I also like roller skating and reading. My favourite sport is swimming."

**Margaret Murtha,
Woodstock, Ont.**

Margaret is twelve years old and in Grade VII. Her hobbies are: Reading the Lives of the Saints, cycling and swimming.

**Adele Gauthier,
19 Crosthwaite, Hamilton North, Ont.**

Adele is thirteen years of age. Wants to hear from pen-pals from all over Canada at ages 13-14. Hobbies: Cycling and reading.

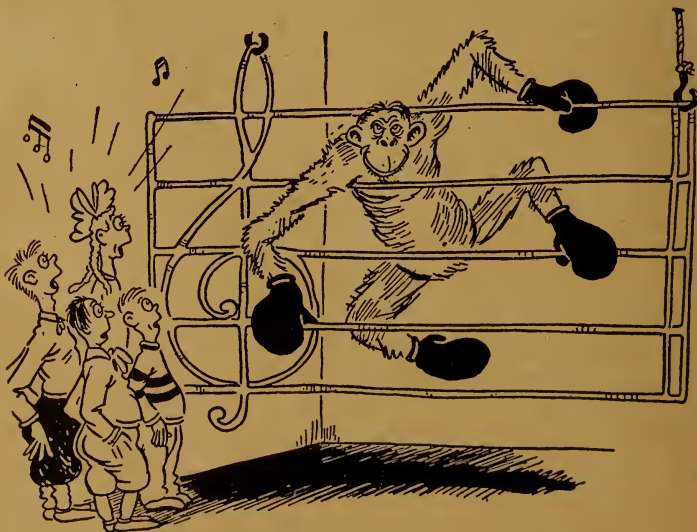
ANSWERS TO QUIZZ CONTEST

First Test: 1—should have gone, 2—correct, 3—lie down, 4—correct, 5—between you and me.

Second Test: 1—fewer, 2—from, 3—has, 4—affected, 5—kind of.

Third Test: 1—holy, 2—halt, 3—hit, 4—haddock, 5—haggle or higgie, approximately same meaning, 6—hermit, 7—heterodox, 8—hibernate, 9—hierarchy, 10—hinder, 11—hyperbole, 12—homicide, 13—hirsute, 14—hilarity, 15—hedonist, 16—hullabaloo, 17—hurricane, 18—hypocrite, 19—hypogean, 20—hypothetical.

Fourth Test: 1—surreptitious, 2—minimum, 3—hermit, 4—fastidious, 5—precarious.



They say he turns real handsprings in Rigoletto.

In Journeys Often

(Continued from page 8)

us over. They were carrying wood to a nearby village, where they would sit all day, bargain for high prices, buy some household necessities and in the evening return home. These people had paused to rest after a long climb up the mountain and the odd one took this opportunity to pay his or her respects to Buddha, by lighting a joss stick and placing it before the god's big, ugly, grinning face. Yes, old Buddha has been grinning that way for years and still he laughs at these poor people. Here I took the opportunity to mention to them the fact that there is a true God who would really help them if they prayed to Him. They listened attentively and then said: "Yes, that's right, the foreigners have a God too; this is the Chinese God and the True God is the one that the foreigners worship." After some discussion they promised to visit the hall of the True God, and so with that we departed.

A little rest just fixed me up fine for the rest of the journey. Away we went down the winding road, across bridges and through mountain hamlets until finally we reached the bottom of the mountain. One-half hour of easiest riding in the world and a real thrill which finally brought us to the river's edge. Here again we crossed the river in a little ferry boat and after giving the "lao ta" (boatman) a few cents, started on the last lap of the journey.

After about three hours travelling we finally arrived at Lungchuan tired out and ready for some sleep. Fr. Venedam greeted us in the usual hospitable manner, for which he is known. "Give us the news," everyone said, and this we did, priest and servant both giving their version of what had been going on and of what was to come. Both were agreed that these were troubled times and that we should all "Chu Tien Chu pang

chu women" (Beseech God to help us). This we did next morning at Mass, thanking Him for a safe arrival and hoping that no more planes would come around at least until we were rested up. Yes, this was our first scare and little did I think of what the future had in store,—it was hidden from my eyes,—and I was glad.



Bulletin Board

(Continued from page 20)

mission work in general. The children in our schools are in for a real treat, when Father Reeves pays them a visit, for he has been in China many years and came through all the horrors of the war while there.

Is Your Subscription Overdue?

Look at Your Expiry Label.

On your copy of CHINA you will notice a yellow label. Above your name and address there will be a date. Let us suppose the date is June, 1945. What does it mean?

It indicates that your subscription is paid up till that date and that you are "on active service" as far as CHINA is concerned. If all our subscribers kept paid up to date their co-operation, translated into terms of assistance to the missions, would be equivalent to the cost of construction of about twenty new churches in China.

But suppose your label reads Sept., 1944, or earlier. Then we are "carrying" you along. You have become a dead weight. The last thing in the world you would desire.

Look at your expiry label today. One dollar will advance your subscription for another year.

CHINA

Scarboro Bluffs

Ontario



It's Time to Laugh



A parrot lived in the bar of an inn, and was accustomed to note the rush of business every Saturday night.

One Saturday it left its cage to explore the neighborhood, and was eventually found in a field surrounded by crows, who were busily depriving it of its feathers.

When the rescue party arrived the parrot was heard ejaculating: "One at a time, gentlemen, if you please. One at a time; you'll all be served."

An undertaker found a donkey lying dead in his back yard and went to inform the police.

"What shall I do with it?" he asked the police officer in charge.

"Do with it? Bury it, of course," said the officer, laughing. "You're an undertaker, aren't you?"

"Certainly I am replied the undertaker. "But I thought it my business to come round and inform the relatives first."

' Their home leave happened to fall together, so they were having a good talk.

"But weren't you engaged last time we met?" asked one. "What happened? Did you break it off?"

"No, not exactly."

"Then she did?"

"No, she didn't."

"Well, then—"

"You see, she told me what her clothes cost, and I told her what my pay was. Then our engagement sagged in the middle and gently dissolved."

Judge, solemnly: "The sentence of the Court is that the prisoner be confined in prison for the remainder of his natural life."

Prisoner: "But, your honour—"

Judge, sternly: "Not another word, sir, or I shall give you four years more."

Barber: "Was your tie red when you came in?"

Customer: "No."

Barber: "Gosh!"

Two women in a car disputed concerning the window, and at last called the conductor as referee.

"If this window is open," one declared, "I shall catch cold, and probably die."

"If the window is shut," the other announced, "I shall certainly suffocate." The two glared at each other.

The conductor was at a loss, but he welcomed the words of a man with a red nose who sat near:

"First, open the window, conductor. That will kill one. Next, shut it. That will kill the other. Then we can have a little peace around here."

Man Instructor (to new girl): "I'm putting this rivet in the correct position; when I nod my head hit it real hard with your hammer."

Next morning he woke up in a hospital.

Sharp received a letter from his friend McTavish which bore no stamp, and he had to pay double. "You will be delighted to hear I am enjoying the best of health, old chap.—Yours, McTavish."

Sharp then wrapped up a large stone and without paying postage sent it to McTavish with the following note: "This great weight rolled off my mind when I read your good news."

Barber: "You say you've been here before? I don't remember your face."

Customer: "Probably not — it's all healed up now."

"When you asked her to dance, did she accept quickly?"

"Why, she was on my feet in an instant."

Peter: "I had a beard like yours once, but when I realized just how ugly it made me look, I had it cut off."

Paul: "Well, I had a face like yours once and when I realized that I couldn't have it cut off, I grew a beard."

Porter (to doubtful and doubting old lady, who was entering first class compartment): "Are you first class, ma'am?"

Aged Lady: "Yes, thank you! How are you?"

Doctor—I thought that man's legs were too short to pass him for the navy.

Second M.D.—What do you mean, too short? They touch the deck, don't they?

"Which would you prefer in your future husband—wealth, ability, or appearance?" asked the pretty girl.

"Appearance, my dear," replied the spinster, "but he's got to appear pretty soon."

A woman inserted the following advertisement in a newspaper:

"Wanted, companion for a lady; must be a total abstainer; must be cleanly in her habits and know a little about nursing. Comfortable home; no salary."

A few days later she received by express a basket containing a tabby cat. An accompanying note said:

"In reply to your advertisement I recommend bearer. She is a total abstainer; cleanly in her habits, and knows a little of nursing having brought up a large family. She will be pleased to accept comfortable home and requires no salary."

The sailor was relating his hair-raising experiences aboard a torpedoed ship. The dear little lady was listening wide-eyed.

"An, there I sees a torpedo, lady, headin' straight for us."

"Oh, dear," she gasped. "I do hope it was one of ours!"

In one of our eastern college classes the professor placed a sign on the door which read as follows:

"Professor Blank will be unable to meet his classes to-day."

Some college lad, seeing his chance to display his sense of humor after reading the notice walked up and erased the "c" in the word "classes."

The professor, noticing the laughter, wheeled around—calmly walked back, looked at the student, then at the sign with the "c" erased—calmly walked up and erased the "l" in "lasses," looked at the flabbergasted student and proceeded on his way.

Frosh One: "I heard you got thrown out of school for calling the dean a fish."

Frosh Two: "I didn't call him a fish. I just said, 'That's our dean, real fast.'"

"My friend," remarked the physician, "you are suffering from a chronic complaint."

"I know it, Doc, but, please lower your voice," cautioned the patient. "She's in the next room."

"What are you doing in college, anyway?"

Frosh: "I was about to ask you the same question."

Optimist: A person who reaches for his hat when the speaker says, "Just one more word and I'll close."

A pilot who had bailed out in North Africa was coming down when he was amazed to see another man with his parachute going up.

"Hi there!" he shouted. "What's happening to you?"

"It's all right old man," came the reply. "Mine's a tent. It's windy down below."

A drill sergeant was training the recruits in the use of the rifle. All went smoothly until blank cartridges were distributed. The recruits were instructed to load their pieces and stand at "ready" and then the sergeant gave the command: "Fire at will."

One Lad (puzzled, and lowering his gun): "Which one is Will?"

Waiter—Will it be tea or coffee, sir?

Guest—I'm not bettin'. But what else is running?

He—No woman ever takes another woman's advice about frocks.

She—Naturally. You don't ask the enemy how to win the war.

Old Gentleman: "You're an honest lad, but it was a \$10 bill, not 10 ones."

Small Boy: "I know, mister, it was a \$10 bill I picked up. But the last time I found one, the man who owned it didn't have any change."

"I'm stepping out in society. Tonight I'm having dinner with the upper set."

"The steak may be tough—better take the lower set, too!"

"My Scotch boyfriend sent me his picture yesterday."

"How does he look?"

"I don't know yet. I haven't had it developed."

"Did they take an X-ray photo of your wife's jaw at the hospital?"

"They tried to, but they could only get a moving picture."

What of the Night?

Is world peace once again trembling in the balance? Is the spectre of World War III rising to haunt us before the present war is won? What part will be played by "unpredictable Russia" in future affairs of the world? Read the answer in:

FATIMA, HOPE OF THE WORLD

By RT. REV. WM. C. McGRATH, P.A.

Did You Know?

That God's Blessed Mother foretold the conversion of Russia and an era of peace for humanity?

That peace, blessed peace for a war-weary world, is ours for the asking?

World leaders view the future with apprehension. Human wisdom—as once before in living memory — is unequal to the task of ensuring world peace.

Let Us

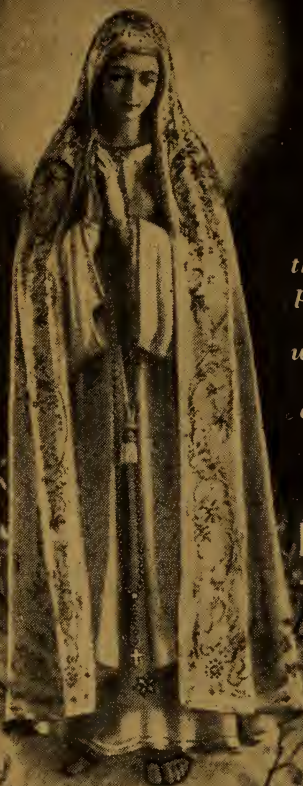
Take It Out of Their Hands!

Fidelity to the request of the Blessed Virgin will assure that peace for which all mankind is yearning. Learn the part that you must play. Read the startling—and consoling—story of Fatima and the direct revelation, definite and in detail, made by the Mother of God.

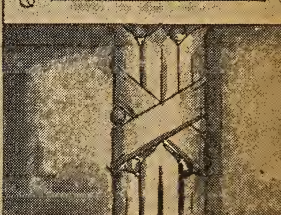
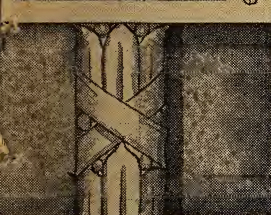
FATIMA, HOPE OF THE WORLD

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FEBRUARY
1945

JUST A MINUTE

... *Please!*

YES, DEAR READER ... I MEAN YOU

... THERE'S STILL THIS PAGE!

While you are still chuckling over those jokes and I have you in a good humour, I'd like to have a parting word with you. Do you mind?

It's a blustery cold day outside, but you certainly have this room warm and comfy. That's a swell smoking jacket you got for Christmas and do those slippers ever look comfortable. Golly, I was just thinking of our Canadian priests and sisters over in China, with clothing so hard to get and so beastly expensive, they must be finding the damp, cold winter in Lishui almost unbearable — especially with their houses in ruins, the wintry winds must blow in one side and out the other.

Thanks for the cigarette. Did you say you got enough from Santa Claus to do you for months? Boy, are you lucky! You know, it's grand to think that we can send the boys overseas so many cigarettes at so low a price. Father Turner just wrote from China the other day, saying that it was years since he saw a cigarette and when a package was obtainable it cost about five dollars gold—a wee bit above the missionary's budget. Smoking is such a comfort, too. How often it gave me a lift when I myself was on the missions.

Is that "Roses of Picardy" on the radio now? It's one of my very favorite pieces. I wonder what it must feel like and sound like to hear a bomb drop almost on top of you. One missionary said it sounded like some mighty hand striking the basso profundo. That's about all the music our poor priests in China have heard for some years now.

Well, I guess I better be on my way. Thanks a lot. It was a swell visit. That cheque for Monsignor Fraser's Reconstruction Fund will sure come in handy. Think nothing of it Father Editor. In the midst of so many blessings, comforts and conveniences, the very least we can do is to think of our missionaries.

The Bulletin Board



A Distinguished Convert

Hsu Yuan-Teh, son of Lt. Gen. Hsu Yong-Chong, of the Chinese Army, has just been received into the Church by Rev. George Stratemeier, O.P., chaplain and associate professor of Religious Education at the Catholic University of America in Washington.

Attention Catholic Writers

Announcing a contest in Marian Prose and Poetry and the compilation of A Mary Book of Canada.

Sponsored by The Canadian Federation of Catholic Alumnae and The Marian Literary Research Committee, October 7 to March 25.

RULES

1. The contest is open to all residents of Canada, and to those of Canadian birth.

2. Contributions must be original and may be in prose or poetry. Contestants may submit any number of entries.

3. Provided the theme refer, at least indirectly, to Mary, any choice of subject is allowed.

Suggested topics:

Titles, Feasts, Shrines of Our Lady.
Legendary or factual incidents from Canadian History, Missionary, Parish or Community Annals,
Stories of Miraculous Images, Marian Devotions and Societies in Canada, Our Lady and this War, Hymns and Sacred Songs, Creative and Imaginative Work.

4. Prose entries must not exceed 1,000 words.

5. All manuscripts must be typewritten. Three copies are required, also a short biographical note, suitable for publication and bearing the name and address of the contestant.

6. All material entered in the contest will remain the property of the writer, but the Canadian Federation of Convent Alumnae and the Marian Literary Research Committee, will have the right to publish the same, without fee, in any compilation they may make.

7. Material already published by the author may be submitted, but if copy-

CHINA: Very Rev. Hugh F. X. Sharkey, Editor. Vol. XXVI, No. 2, February, 1945. Issued monthly, September to June; bi-monthly July-August. Rates \$1.00 a year. *Official Publication of the Scarborough Foreign Mission Society, Scarborough Bluffs, Ontario.* ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AND ADMITTED TO PRIVILEGED POSTAGE RATES AT THE POST OFFICE, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, JULY 10, 1924. *Published by Ecclesiastical authority.* Printed by The Industrial & Educational Publishing Co., limited, Toronto 1.

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Circulation: 49,000

righted, a written statement from the holder of the copyright must be included giving permission to reprint without charge.

8. Entries must be post-marked not later than March 25th, 1945.

9. The awarding of prizes will be based upon the decision of a board of judges whose verdict is final.

Address contest material to:
THE MARIAN PROSE AND POETRY CONTEST

38 Gloucester Street, Ottawa, Ontario

PRIZES

The following prizes will be awarded for the best contest entries:

First Prize:

Prose, \$50.00
Poetry 50.00.

Second Prize:

Prose \$25.00
Poetry \$25.00

Third Prize:

Prose \$15.
Poetry \$15.

Co-Missionary Crusade

This is the aim of the Canadian Co-Missionary Crusade. This organization seeks to interest the Catholic layman in the great apostolate of the Missions. Why not become a co-Missioner? Every Catholic man, woman, girl and boy, may join the Crusade. You may do so by simply following the rules listed below.

- 1 ADOPT a Missionary as a brother priest.
- 2 WRITE To the Canadian Co-Missionary Crusade, St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto, Ont., and a missionary will be assigned you. Mention if a Scarboro Foreign Missionary is desired.
- 3 OFFER UP all your prayers, duties, joys and sorrows on one or more days of the week for your missionary. Specify the day or days in your letter.

4 PRAY that he will be a "priestly priest" and successful in the salvation of souls.

5 SHARE not only in Christ's work, which your Missionary is carrying on, but also in the prayers of your Missionary.

ALL may join, boys and girls, men and women, young and old.

NO FEES — NO DUES.

BE WISE and CO-MISSIONIZE Now.

Remember in Your Prayers

Miss Mary Colgan of Saint John, New Brunswick.

Sister M. Theodore Frechette of the Sisters of Saint Joseph of Toronto.

Sergeant-Observer Donald F. McDonald.

Hugh Delaney of Chapleau, Ontario.

May Their Souls Rest in Peace.

"CHINA"

St. F. X. Seminary,
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Enclosed find \$.....,
as a subscription to "China"
for

Name

New Address

Name

Old Address

(If you have changed your address,
please give us the OLD address as
well as the NEW one.)



God's INTERLUDE

HUGH M. McGETTIGAN
S. F. M.

THIS is a true story. Seven years have passed since the curtain was rung down on this drama, but the thrill of it still remains with me. With the passing years I have realized more fully God's goodness to me in choosing me to play a part in the last earthly scene of this privileged soul.

* * *

It was early summer. The memory of the rains was still living in their immediate aftermath of mildew; and plant life, lush after its lengthy drought, was steamingly cloying. Thus is described that torrid moon when the human system, racked with fever, cried, "Halt," to the activities of a missionary bent on completing the initial survey of territory recently placed in his care.

Without portraying himself a martyr, the priest was ill that morning. There was every excuse for his seeking a quiet shade to rest. But there was much to be done in this newly erected mission. It was essential that he visit the homes of all his Christians. This coming visit, the last on the list, seemed to have a greater urgency than the others. It could

be left till the cool of September. For the visit entailed a three hour uphill walk in an atmosphere of heated dankness. The missionary's inclination, as well as, the catechist's advice were for foregoing the trip. The trip was made.

The visit was to the home of a young catholic matron married to a pagan. This young woman, since her marriage four years previously, had foresworn her faith. Each time she had been visited by the catechist she has been maddeningly, withal, smilingly obdurate. This particular day was no exception. A polite refusal was all that crowned the missionary's efforts. As he turned away, the sickened, saddened priest imagined he saw that polite, patient smile reserved for the foolishly venturesome; in his heart he felt he had been.

He had hardly begun the return trip when in passing a cluster of huts, at the far end of the village, he was hailed by cries of, "Foreign Teacher, Foreign Teacher!" The hailer was an old woman.

"Are you," she asked, "the teacher at the new church in the valley?"

If you are, please come to my home to see my daughter-in-law. She is ill unto death. This morning she heard of your coming and since has been pestering me to stop you on your return. To humour her, would you step in for a few moments?" A strange request! Doubly strange, as neither of the travellers had seen the old woman before. Nor had they any knowledge of Christians or catechumens residing in the vicinity.

They entered the house. There on a pallet, ravished by disease, lay a woman of some thirty years. Her gasps spoke the echo of death's persistent call. She tried to rise at the visitors' entrance; one vain effort showed her its futility. Her welcome had to be her smile. It was sufficient; gladness and entreaty were mingled. Then, without further ado, as if she realised death was impatiently waiting to claim her, she launched forth on her story. "Sir, she said, someone must have sent you to-day. For truly, I am dying, and my one wish these months past has been to meet a teacher of the Heavenly Lord's religion. I want to know something of Him before I die. Please, please tell me quickly something of Him."

An astounding statement from the lips of a dying pagan woman, who seemingly had had no previous contact with the one, true faith. Her visitors were nonplussed. She sensed their bewilderment for then she began to give the pertinent facts of her life's history. The facts made everything the more astonishing.

This young woman had been brought up in a strictly pagan home. Her mother had schooled her in all the rites and ceremonies of the local pagan worship. She, in her ignorance, had come to love them all, and had performed them with all the fervour of her soul. But there came a time when all became distasteful. Instead of performing all with the alacrity of true devotion, she discovered

herself trying to avoid them. Then she gave them up altogether. Her fellow villagers were greatly surprised, even disgusted at her lapse, for she had been such a devotee of their gods. She, for her part, was frantic, forlorn, lost, without any sensible means of expressing that which she knew not what

This state continued long. Surcease came when a coolie from the valley came with the tidings of the erection, in his village, of a church to the foreign God. "To the Heavenly Lord," as he called it. With great pride he had related to those about him all he had already heard of His teachings. In fact, he told his listeners he hoped on the arrival of the priest to be enrolled in this strange religion.

All this greatly interested the young woman. She questioned the man for further details. The little he could tell her lifted her depression; the night of the soul which had been her lot for so long, had its dawn. She was possessed of a great longing to know more of this God. She resolved to visit the little church as soon as the priest was in residence. Illness kept her from fulfilling this resolve; and diffidence forbade her sending for the priest. With death so close she had well-nigh plumbed the depths of despair.

That morning she had heard of strangers, a foreigner and a Chinese, passing through the village. She knew somehow that the foreigner was the priest. So, she importuned her mother-in-law to hail the travellers when they were returning. With her story told she was about to sink back exhausted, when mustering what seemed to be what was left of her ebbing energy, she feverishly whispered, "Your God guided you here to-day; I wish to adore Him."

She sank back exhausted, death was showing impatience, but mercifully its hand was stayed. An hour,

(Continued on page 29)



ARTHUR KESLOR.

BEFORE coming to these islands of the West Indies, I must say that they often proved to be a very interesting topic for conversation. This was even more true following the arrival of our priests in the Dominican Republic. Many visioned these missionaries as living in parish houses, flanked by beautiful swaying palms and overlooking broad beaches, washed by the rolling surf of the Caribbean Sea. Such a picture is made of the same material as "Castles in Spain." However, even though we are not living in a tropical paradise, the work is very interesting and most important. Each day presents its own interesting incidents. I will record a few of these, hoping that they will prove as interesting to you.

* * *

It is quite natural to sympathise with those who are handicapped in any way. Then again, it is just as natural to rejoice with those who turn their handicap to their own advantage. Hence, we in San Domingo, are rejoicing with Fr. Chafe.

Due to his difficulty in hearing, he has found it necessary to use an ear phone. In one respect, at least, this has proved beneficial to him.

Within a period of two months there have been four hundred baptisms in the parish of Monte Plata, of which Fr. Chafe is the pastor. The children in this country act much the same as those in Canada do during the baptismal ceremonies. I refer to the lung practise. The priest and others who attend can do little except grit their teeth and persevere to the end.

This has given rise to Fr. Chafe's advantage. When such outbursts take place (and they generally do) he simply slips the attachment from his ear and proceeds with the ceremony in peace.

* * *

To be awakened from a sound sleep by a fire alarm is not a pleasant sensation. It is much less pleasant in this village of Bayaguana where every building (except the church) is constructed of jagua and palm boards. If a fire ever got out of control, within a few hours we would gaze upon the church, standing solitary in the midst of a sea of ashes.

Not long ago, we experienced the sickening sensation but not the actual disaster. Fortunately, the entire town was on hand a few moments after

the church bell began ringing out its warning of danger.

The sight would have been amusing if the situation had not been so serious. Men, women and children were running from the wells to the scene of disaster and back again, carrying pans, cans, pails or anything which could hold water. We have no equipment other than the bucket brigade.

The fire occurred only two doors from the parish house. When our "boy" went to do his bit to avert disaster he did not take the usual short cut through our quarters. Later, when asked the reason for not taking the shorter way, he replied: "I did not want to awaken you."

* * *

On yet another occasion, our slumber was rudely interrupted. The hands of my alarm clock were pointing to 12.30 a.m. when I heard Fr. King cry out: "Hurry, Father, someone is in the church." While I was pulling on a few clothes, he took my flashlight and went out.

Already half a dozen men had gathered, including a policeman. This little band, led by the pastor, entered the sanctuary by a side door. Strangely enough, they were not met by any bullets, knives or clubs. In fact, they advanced into the body of the church without any interference. But they did not advance very far before encountering the "thief". What embarrassment! It was only a dog. Having expelled the culprit they all came to the parish house to enjoy a cigarette and a good laugh.

* * *

The three hundred year old parish church is also a national shrine. It contains a large Crucifix which is popularly referred to as, "Santisimo Cristo de los Milagros de Bayaguana". In other words, "The Holy Christ of the Miracles of Bayaguana." The Dominican people have great reverence for this Image. On the First Friday of each month it is ex-

posed during the High Mass. The church is usually crowded for this event. Following the Mass the people are permitted to venerate the Crucifix which stands in a niche behind the altar. It is interesting to watch this demonstration of the survival of the fittest.

On one occasion, a giant of a man, with hard, weather beaten face; dressed in a dirty pair of faded blue overalls, burst into the waiting crowd. He brushed everyone aside until he reached the foot of the staircase, leading up to the Image. Having mounted the steps, he venerated the object of devotion. Then, he fished in his pocket for something. What do you think he drew forth? About two yards of pink baby ribbon. With this he measured the Image, then stuffed it back into his pocket and made his exit.

This is only one example of the many pilgrims who visit the shrine and the various ways in which they manifest their devotion.

* * *

"A promise is a promise." No one is more convinced of the truth of this saying than the people of San Domingo. They make countless promises to God, Our Blessed Mother and every Saint in the heavenly court. Every effort is made to fulfill them and if they become too difficult to carry out they seek the advice of the priest.

A certain lady in our district approached one of our priests in this regard, some time ago. It seems that her son, as a baby, had been quite sick. Hence, she promised that she would carry, to the shrine at Higüey, a candle, the length of which would correspond to the son's height at the time of her pilgrimage.

Many years passed before she decided to make the visit to the shrine of Our Lady of Altagracia. In fact, the son had grown into manhood. Unfortunately, for the mother, he turned out to be a "six-footer".

(Continued on page 29)

An Open Letter to Edmonton

By REV. J. H. McGOEY, S.F.M.

THERE was never any question as to whether he should or should not have done it. Certainly he should not have done it. Nor is there any doubt about the fact of his having done it. He definitely did it. Even if all other proof of his having done it were lacking, we could still prove the fact of his transgression by the effects of his crime even unto the present day. Perhaps the most general effect is the selfishness inherent in mankind.

Let us go into the thing a little deeper. How many times have we realized that on all sides we are being greeted with pleas for help? How many times has there been a real, noticeable let-down when help has been given, and yet the person who cried so hard for help, forgets any show of gratitude in the joy of his newly acquired status "Self-sufficient." I know what I am talking about too. Perhaps because of that knowledge more than anything else, I can avoid a very common failing, consequent to the crime mentioned above.

What are we talking about? That is a 64 dollar question. But guess it will go back to the Jackpot. Let me explain.

Adam did eat the forbidden fruit, and we were all marked with certain tendencies as a consequence. Our Lord's "Where are the nine?" could be asked after almost any favour done. Selfishness is our heritage. Selfishness is hard to condone. It is especially reprehensible in one who has cried and begged for help, for he especially has reason to turn and at least say "Thank you."

If you are really smart you will know that is my way of saying

my conscience is bothering me. That certainly is saying it the hard way, isn't it? Well, only a couple of years back I, like every missionary, was always thinking, 'If we only had the means to do this or that! If the people could only see what could be accomplished with a little help from them! What I wouldn't give for a chance to tell the people about this, and ask their help;—but then Canada is so far away'.

Yes it was,—then; but now I am here. I have had the chance to tell the people. I have asked their help. And I have received their help. BUT I have not really said thank you. And I have REASON to say it.

Yes, all last Fall I was in Edmonton, with the kind permission of His Grace the Archbishop, Most Rev. John H. MacDonald, preaching the missions to the people. Now I want to thank him, and the priests and the Sisters for their help. I want the people, men and women, boys and girls to know, that even though Adam and Eve did get us started on some very bad habits, it is not a habit for missionaries to gloss over lightly the help they have received for their work for Christ's work. I want them one and all to know that I personally am grateful; that the Scarboro Foreign Missions is grateful; and that we will repay in our own way by our prayers and Masses, asking Him Who inspired this work to be grateful too, and bless those homes and folks who have taken His work seriously enough to play a part in it. I know He can, and because He can, He will. Thank you Edmonton, Wetaskiwin, Legal and Red Deer, and God bless you all.

J. H. McGoeY.

THE *Witnesses* OF FATIMA

RIGHT REV. W. C. MCGRATH

FOREWORD

Not since the autobiography of the Little Flower have I found anything so profoundly touching in its spiritual simplicity as the story of the child witnesses of Fatima. Beside the heavenly wisdom of those simple shepherd children, the pronouncements of the worldly-wise, in this our bewildered day and age, stand out in stark and depressing contrast as the helpless babbling of infants crying in the night.

Small store, indeed, does God set upon the merely intellectual man. What messenger from Heaven has ever spoken to our modern University Professor, or scientist, or diplomat of international repute? Margaret Mary! Teresa of the Child Jesus! Bernadette! And now—in your day and mine—Francisco, Jacinta and Lucia. These, and their blessed prototypes the world over, the “foolish” in the eyes of men, are wise, indeed, with the wisdom that reacheth unto the stars, for “of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.”

Here, then, is the story of peasant children, “alike to fortune and to fame unknown.” They have given us their simple message of a love that yearns to save the world. Having lived and spoken, they have passed this earthly scene.

Would we save America, as devotion to Fatima has saved Portugal? Then will we learn from those child friends of God's Own Blessed Mother. Would we take the salvation of a broken and despairing world from out the hands of leaders who cry “Peace, Peace” when there is no peace? Then, in God's Blessed Name, let us no longer delay. For this, in very truth, may be civilization's eleventh hour.



THE first World War, for the termination of which the Blessed Virgin had so often urged the children to "pray the Rosary," came to an end in 1918. But there followed in its wake that deadly influenza epidemic which took such a heavy toll of life in almost every country of the world. Not even the remote little village of Fatima, so far off the world's beaten path, was immune from its depredations and ere long Francisco and Jacinta were numbered among its victims.

During one of the earlier apparitions Lucia had asked the Blessed Mother if Francisco would go to Heaven. She replied that he would but that he would first have to say many Rosaries. From that day forward, we are told, till his ebbing strength was no longer equal to the task, Francisco never let a single day pass without saying his Rosary and asking the Blessed Virgin to pray for him at the hour of his death. That hour was not to be long delayed.

At the first onslaught of the dread disease, to which his none too robust constitution could offer but little resistance, Francisco was confined to his bed for more than two weeks. Rallying a little, he was permitted to get up but was so weak that he found it impossible to say more than a decade or two of his beloved Rosary. Even this effort finally proved so exhausting that his mother advised him just to follow the prayers in his mind while she recited them aloud. When she sometimes forgot the special aspiration, the prayer the Blessed Virgin had asked the children to say at the end of each decade, Francisco always reminded her. "Remember, Mother, Our Lady's prayer:—*'Oh my Jesus, forgive us our sins, deliver us from the fire of Hell and give relief to the souls in Purgatory, especially the most abandoned.'*"

Francisco knew that he was going to die. But he longed to pay just

one more visit to the Cova, the little shrine so dear to his heart and so redolent with sacred memories of the gracious Lady from Heaven. His wish was to be fulfilled. A few weeks later his strength seemed to have returned sufficiently to undertake the journey. It was made very slowly, with many a stop to rest before they finally reached their destination. We can imagine the feelings of the child, so soon to leave this world, as he stood once more before the little oak tree and gazed upon the spot where the beautiful Lady had stood, the Lady who had looked lovingly upon him and said that he too, would one day go to heaven. The happiness that flooded his soul on that blessed day had been a foretaste of that Heaven where he would soon be with her forevermore.

"Why, you are getting better, Francisco" his friends said to him. "You look so radiantly happy today. In no time you will be as well as ever and back here watching your little flocks again."

"No" replied Francisco. "I am not going to get better." And they were filled with wonder at the quiet conviction of this mere child.

Last Illness

The improvement in his condition did not last long. He had fallen ill towards the end of December and the month of April found him unable to rise from his bed. At this time Jacinta herself was ill in another room, unable to be with her little cousin to whom she was so devoted. When, one day, somebody asked her what she was thinking about, she replied:

"Of Francisco. What would I not give to see him!" When later she knew that the boy was dying she sent a message of touching simplicity and asked him to take it to Heaven.

"Give my most loving regards to Our Lord and to Our Lady. Tell them that I am ready to suffer all that they

wish, in order to convert sinners and to make reparation to the Immaculate Heart of Mary”

The parish priest was called to the child's bedside. Francisco had a special request to make of him. Would he mind preparing him for his first Holy Communion? He wanted to receive his Eucharistic Lord before he left this world to meet him in Heaven.

The evening before his Communion day he made his mother promise not to give him anything to drink after midnight and when the priest arrived the next morning he wanted at least to sit up in bed. But his frail strength was not equal to the effort. It was Francisco's first Communion and his Viaticum as well. The following morning he died. His last words were spoken to his god-mother who entered the room almost as he was breathing his last. He asked her to forgive him for any offence or displeasure he had ever caused her and to ask God to bless him. Almost as he spoke these words, a radiant smile appeared on his features, a smile of farewell to his loved ones on earth and of greeting to the beautiful Lady awaiting him in Heaven. Francisco was not yet eleven years old.

Jacinta

It is gratifying to read, in the few available accounts of the child shepherds of Fatima, that Jacinta was “a very ordinary child.” Most of us, I am sure, are partial to “ordinary” children and will confess to an allergy to the over-played child prodigy. And who is there among us who has not found himself wishing at times that biographers of the Saints would only tone down the theme of “great sanctity from their earliest years” and at least admit, in their regard, the mischievous innocence of normal childhood! It is, of course, no reflection upon the Saints in question but upon the writers who are so at pains to

gloss over their little faults and who do such a thorough job of dehumanizing their heroes that they cease to be creatures of flesh and blood.

Not so the story of Jacinta. Not only was she “very ordinary” but she was, actually, a bit of a spoiled child. She was, before the apparitions, both selfish and self-willed. As Lucia tells us in her later accounts of those days, she was given to pouting if she were crossed or thwarted to any great degree. Disappointing? Disillusioning? Rather just the contrary. Personally, I find it very consoling. It is much easier to go in if you know that initial perfection is not a requirement in the struggle for sanctity. It is encouraging to realize how God's blessed grace can make saints out of spoiled children . . . and worse. It offers a ray of hope—even for you and me.

Spiritual Transformation.

The amazing — and consoling — thing about Jacinta was the spiritual transformation that took place in her child soul from the moment she first gazed upon the Blessed Mother of God. Previously a lover of the bright and gay things of life (as what normal child is not?)—play, flowers, her little lambs, the village folk dances—she had always felt a bit uncomfortable when prayers lasted *too long*. We are told, in fact, that it was she who invented the “streamlined” Rosary which the children had been accustomed to say each day after their luncheon. Instead of the full prayer, as they told their beads, they said simply “Our Father,” Hail Mary” and nothing more. “In that way” Jacinta used to explain, “you get the Rosary said more quickly and you have more time to play.” Possibly Jacinta was just a bit more honest than most of us on this question of praying long prayers.

But immediately after this first visit a remarkable change took place in the child's outlook on life and she

was imbued with a sense of spiritual values far beyond her mere seven years. The very next day, when the children had brought their sheep to Cova for pasture, Jacinta was in no mood for her usual games. She sat down near the little oak tree, absorbed in serious thought.

"What's the matter, Jacinta?" asked Francisco. Aren't you going to play with us today?"

"No, somehow . . . I do not feel like playing, today."

"And why?"

"Because I am thinking of what Our Lady said to us. We are to recite the Rosary and make sacrifices

for sinners. So now, when we say the beads, we must say the whole of the Hail Mary and the Our Father. We must say it properly. But how do you think we are to make sacrifices?"

The generous hearted Francisco had a solution.

"I'll tell you what we'll do. Let's not eat our lunch at all today. That will be a sacrifice. Let's give it to the sheep instead."

The story does not record whether or not Francisco's advice was taken on that occasion but that first day after the appearance of the Bessed Lady marked the beginning of a series of



THE DEATH OF FRANCISCO

Lucia: "Francisco, you are suffering much."

Francisco: "Yes, but I bear it all for the love of Our Lord and of Our Lady."

(Illustration from "Fatima, Hope of the World")

daily mortifications which continued until the children's death. It was only from Lucia's revelations in 1938 that this fact became known.

Sacrifice for Sinners

After the vision of Hell during the July apparition Jancinta was more than ever consumed by an overwhelming desire to do all possible to save poor sinners from the terror of damnation. More than ever did she devote herself to fervent prayer and daily mortification in their behalf and there were times when it seemed as if she were completely oblivious to her immediate surroundings. One day Lucia found the child sitting on her bed, utterly absorbed in her thoughts and asked her what she was thinking about.

"The coming war" Jacinta replied. "So many will die and so many will go to Hell." This was the present world conflict, that "*other and more terrible war*" foretold by the Blessed Mother "*if people do not cease to offend God*" To little Jacinta it was seemingly clear that the Blessed Virgin's plea would be disregarded. She already regarded the "more terrible war" as inevitable.

By now she had given up dancing and, like Francisco, she never let a day pass without the recitation of the Rosary. She even prevailed on her family (N.B. members of the Rose Garden) to have the Rosary said every evening at home. But in spite of her spiritual vision of things beyond this world she was still the child, more thoughtful and serious, it is true, than ordinary children, but exuberant and demonstrative in her affection towards her own family. When alone with children she sometimes played with them but more often availed of the opportunity to teach them prayers or to get them to sing. Older folk she found "tiresome." They were forever scolding, it seemed. And asking those inter-

minable questions, over and over again.

Yes, we can imagine . . . The visiting dowagers and vice-presidents and "practical" women of affairs. Can't you see them? Convened, in battle array, to "deprecate" such childish nonsense.

"Now child, tell me . . . You say you really saw . . . where? . . . where? . . . when? . . . what? . . . how? . . . why? . . . My dear, if you were my child . . . really, it is high time . . ."

"How it makes my head ache to listen to those people" she would say to Lucia. "Now that I can no longer run away and hide, I offer it all up as one more sacrifice to our dear Lord."

Fatal Illness

Then she too, was stricken by the deadly influenza and, showing no sign of recovery, was taken to the hospital at Ourem. She had already confided to Lucia that Our Lady had told her she would go to two hospitals, "not to be cured but to suffer more for Our Lord and for sinners." She felt very desolate at the thought of being there alone.

The two months spent in hospital brought little or no improvement and Jancinta was once more brought home. The next four months of constant illness occasioned her great distress, not merely in body but in spirit. Her vivid realisation of the consequences of sin was always with her and redoubled in her the desire to suffer and suffer still more to save sinners from Hell. She suffered habitually from thirst. In her later revelations Lucia records this utterance of the seven year old child.

"My head pains me so much and I am so thirsty. But I will not drink. I want to suffer for sinners." With premature discernment she had grasped the apostolic idea of "filling up in her body what was wanting to the sufferings of Christ." (Col. 1.24.)

There was in this child's appraisal of values no morbid enjoyment of suffering for its own sake but rather a desire to endure it willingly for love of God and for the salvation of souls. It was her consuming desire until the end. Who can say how many souls are in Heaven today, "*sinner who had nobody to pray for them,*" because of the expiatory role so cheerfully accepted by this innocent, loving child!

"What will you do in Heaven?" Lucia asked her.

"I will love Jesus very much and the Immaculate Heart of Mary. I will pray for you and for sinners and for the Holy Father and for my parents and brothers and sisters and for all the people who have asked me to pray for them."

Hospital Again

A specialist from Lisbon who happened to be visiting Fatima suggested that Jacinta be brought to the capital city for an operation. She told them it was useless; that she was not going to get better. But nevertheless she was taken to the hospital where the operation was performed. It was pronounced a success but still she grew no better. A frequent visitor was a poor, kindly old lady with whom Jacinta had stayed. "Try to be patient" she advised the child. "That will be pleasing to God." Little did she understand how well Jacinta realised the truth of her remarks.

In the hospital, seeing visitors or attendants immodestly attired, she would exclaim: "What is the use of such conduct? Oh, that they would only think of eternity." She said that Our Lady had told her that the sin of impurity was responsible for the loss of the greatest number of souls; that the world must turn from that sin and that great penance was needed by way of reparation. It seemed that while telling her this the Blessed Virgin had shown great concern for hu-

manity because the child would keep repeating:

"Our poor, dear Lady. I am so sorry for her. So sorry for her."

At this hospital, as at so many, there were doctors who boasted of their unbelief. With that contemptuous sophistication that characterises some members of the medical profession, who have performed so many operations and "never once seen a soul," they even aired their scepticism in the hearing of the dying visionary of Fatima.

"Fools!" she would say sadly. "Fools who know so little of what awaits them."

She sent a message to Lucia that Our Lady had told her the day and hour of her death. Four days later, on the 20th of February, Jacinta asked for the last sacraments. The parish priest heard her confession about eight o'clock that evening but, in spite of her earnest entreaties, he did not give her Viaticum as he saw no immediate danger of death.

"But, Father, I am really going to die, this very night."

It was half past ten "that very night" that the Heavenly Lady came to bring this little child to her true home in Heaven where suffering would be no more. Jacinta was not yet ten years old.

But "venerable old age is not that of long time . . . A spotless life is old age. . . . Being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time, for his soul pleased God. Therefore He hastened to bring him out of the midst of iniquities. . . . The just that is dead condemneth the wicked that are living and youth soon ended, the long life of the unjust." (Wisdom xx iv.)

(For the story of Lucia, now a Religious of the Sisters of St. Dorothy and the full revelations of Fatima we recommend that you read "Fatima, Hope of the world," by Monsignor McGrath. Please see back page. Ed.)

A CHINESE HOLY HOUR

PART I.
REV. D. E. STRINGER S.E.M.



ARTHUR
KEELOR,

THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD

IN this our day and age it requires little or no effort of imagination to picture scenes saturated with heartache and pain and doubt. All humanity is suffering in soul as well as in body. The human caravan is milling about in the desert, buffeted and beaten by the worst storms that have beset it since it started ages ago, a company of two, on the long search to regeneration and redemption.

Even as it was foretold, we hear to-day so many voicing the desperate doubt . . . Can there be a God? . . . Must we humans forever and forever turn on one another and rend and tear each other like a pack of hungry savage beasts? . . . Is there never to be peace? . . . Doesn't God care at all?

But yes, He does! No matter how the winds of adversity roar. No matter how wild the tempest. No matter how dark the night, that steady, calming Voice unerringly reaches us, "Follow Me . . . I am the Way", the safe way out of the maelstrom. What, then is wrong? The fault lies in us,—but will we admit it? And remedy it?

Throughout our life span, and especially in moments of severe affliction, the full beauty of the doctrine of God's Providence has power to soothe and strengthen, charm and cheer us. The knowing that He can, and does exercise a care over each one of us as though no other existed, should fortify our wills and incite them to accept the pains of purification we must suffer in mind or in body, and give us wisdom to know He knows best. But poor God! He is blamed for so many things . . . Even though His one concern is to assist us in every way to get Home to him.

Some years ago I was in the town of Beautiful Water. At the time there were thousands of Chinese engaged in

the arduous work of road-building. Hundreds of labourers were brought down from the north and their camps were scattered on the outskirts of the town. As we passed up and down the river, busy in our various mission tasks, we often saw these men at work. Whole mountain sides gave way before them. Two by two they worked,—one holding a hand-drill while the other drove it into the rock with a stone-headed sledge. Days rolled into weeks and on into months as slowly the roads were fashioned. At times small charges of dynamite were used to loosen the more resistant formations

One morning the Catechist came to my room and told me I was needed immediately in the men's dispensary. I went at once and beheld a sight which time has been powerless to erase from my memory. In chairs slumped two men, blackened and burned, with long ribbons of skin hanging from their bodies, exposing large patches of raw flesh . . . One glance sufficed to show they would soon die—no time was to be lost. I asked them if they wanted to be baptized. They nodded assent. Did they know anything of God? Again the answer was yes. In fact they were so ready in replying that I became more curious. I had the Catechist question them and it was revealed in hurried painful gasps that they had been catechumens in their northern homes. I baptized them, and though their sufferings must have been an agony, I could see the joy of heaven in their eyes. Two hours later they were in that Heaven. They're there now! They'll always be there!

Three men died in that accident. The other was a pagan, killed outright. The two who were catechumens were brought to our Dispensary although there were other places nearer to the scene. No one knew they were neophytes . . . But God's Providence never sleeps.

The incident was one of the most striking ever to come within my experience. It taught us all a lesson. And yet how few of us can learn to trust God the way He wants us to. It is as though we want to confine God's action within the narrow limits of our own knowledge. Those two Chinese certainly had no desire to leave their homes, loved ones and friends. They had no inclination to go south where language and customs were so different to their own. How could they know they were on their way to Heaven?

All of us can learn, or re-learn, the need of reliance on God's Providence. In the abstract we are all quick to admit our knowledge can't begin to compare with God's. Yet when it comes down to cases all of us are prone to seek our own will in the matter. True it is God requires us to use our own intelligence and will; He tells us to pray. Furthermore He has promised to answer our prayers. But nowhere can we find He has bound Himself to answer them in the way or in the time we think wise and proper. Those two Chinese undoubtedly prayed to become Christians. And very probably they thought the journey south would just be a complete hindering of their desire. But God knew best!

The next time we are inclined to murmur at His seeming indifference or neglect of us, we can think over this manifestation of God's Providence, from it learn to work and *wait*, to pray and *wait* to suffer and wait. So long as we do what we can, the answer *will* come when it's best for us and everyone else. *That* He has promised.

PART II

THE MOTHER OF GOD

Is there a person who has not at some time or other known or felt himself to have been in love? Childhood days and what some sophisticates call-

ed one's "puppy" love? Or the days of growing maturity, when thoughts and words and deeds always kept falling short of expressing the deep wonders love created in our hearts? Remember the loneliness of separations? The depths of solicitude and the weighty sense of responsibility? Remember?

There is, perhaps, no other word so often used and so little understood as love. It connotes sacrifice. Its action paradoxical, for it strives to give everything in order to receive everything. It is mystery, for it has to lose itself to find and save itself!

Everyone must love. To hate is insanity. But the fate of human love is that nothing, just exactly nothing only human can ever satisfy. Read the love stories of great pagans; read those of great Christians, and the fact is evident. It is because the capacity of human beings for love approaches so terrifyingly close to the infinite, that it takes infinite Him to suffice. Too, divine Love is the very life-blood of human love. Yet it takes most of us so long, so very, very long, to realize this truth; to realize our hearts were made for Him. We spend a lifetime learning it; learning that human love must sanctify itself unto the full beauty and perfection of its destiny in the Heart of God.

Of all the qualities of love it is understanding which most quickly reveals its existence. I suppose all of us feel ourselves misunderstood at one time or another. And in spite of the vagaries of human nature, it always hurts more to find ourselves misunderstood by friends. The Little Flower found so much comfort in the knowledge that God's understanding could evaluate the least good as well as the greatest sin. It seems true too, that this great virtue—for virtue it is—has a distinct maternal quality about it. Men have done great things; but who can begin to gauge the forces of self-effacing love that

powered their climb to heights of greatness?

But try as we may to suffice one unto the other, we mortals still need a loved one to turn to in the battles of life. Someone we can always reach, whether it be day or night. Someone who is always there, be it a crowded street or a lonely pathway. It is but another reason why God planned our redemption in the way He did. He wanted to give us a Woman to love; a Woman whose understanding would never fail! a Woman whose understanding could be measured only by Himself. How many in this tortured world have still to know Her! and yet how many too could tell us of Her soft-spoken words of encouragement? Of Her gentleness? Of Her willingness to listen?

In far-off China there was an old man, a sinful old man, who today is in Heaven because She could understand; because She was willing—to use human language—to go out of Her way to lift him out of the pit he had dug for himself.

Old Cheng-ling had sold his daughter to become the bride of a pagan some years before I came to Dragon Spring. Oh yes! . . . he knew it was the wrong thing to do, but then avarice will always make one do the sinful thing, won't it? . . . and he knew that he would be punished for it.

Now, I ask you, who has to be protected the more? The strong or the weak? And of course the answer is obvious. In China where our Catholics are relatively small in numbers; where pagan practices and habits militate against our holy Religion; where it is often social ostracism to become Christian, it is necessary that we guard against any conduct that would jeopardize the supernatural life of each and every member of the flock. To sell one's daughter is certainly quite a public scandal; and the penalty requires the performance of a public penance.

The offender must stand or kneel at the altar rail, before the assembled Christians. His pastor speaks a few words of admonition and the culprit asks pardon. The act of contrition is recited by all and the sinner is returned to the fold.

Old Cheng-ling knew all this . . . but then, avarice will always make one do the sinful thing, won't it? He dreaded the loss of "face" the penance would entail. To tell the truth, we did explore every avenue of escape from it, but the deed had been so flagrant that even the pagans talked about it. To dismiss it casually would be a very dangerous precedent. Would he perform his penance? No . . . He left my room and went into the Church to pray his rosary . . . surely there was some way out. Poor old Cheng-ling!

Shadows were busy dyeing the dusk into dark as he knelt before the large picture of Mary. Then . . . was it imagination? No, oh no! She was there! She was alive; She was looking at him! And he begged Her to get him out of the mess he was in . . . at all costs to save him from such 'face-losing' penance. Wordlessly she looked at him; then turned Her head and bowed to Her Son in the tabernacle; then, just a picture again. Poor old Cheng-ling! Was there no one to understand the fear in his heart? Wasn't he sorry time and again for what he had done? Had he been so bad that even She would remain silent . . . He walked home by the light of his little lantern. He would have been embarrassed had he met anyone, for old Cheng-ling was crying.

A banging on the Mission gate in the early morning brought us all on the run. It was barely five o'clock! There stood old Chen-ling. I knew something of really great importance must have happened to bring him out so early. And indeed something had. He told the story little by little, how

(Continued on page 29)

Everybody a Missionary

Through the Canadian

Co-Missionary Crusade

POPE PIUS XI has definitely and sincerely told us, "The Missions are the first burning purpose of Christ and of His Church. The work of the missions surpasses every other work of Christian charity." And we quote again from an anonymous source, "Work for Missions and Missionaries. Help them by a daily prayer and a small alms. Your prayers and alms add to the power of the Church; they can alter things in souls for God even at the other side of the world and that is the first Catholic Action."

Catholic Action is the active participation of the laity in the work of the priesthood of Christ. What phase of priestly activity offers us a greater opportunity of active participation than mission work; that, is, the work of winning and converting souls to the true faith of Christ? Conversion comes through grace and grace comes through prayer. The work of merely preserving the faith of those already converted, great and noble work as it is, is more the work proper to the priest by reason of his powers and jurisdiction; namely administering the sacraments, offering sacrifice, preaching etc. In these the priest does not need so much the help of the laity; he needs more their cooperation. But no priest is a mere preserver of the faith. All are missionaries, that is all have the desire and all seek to win new and numerous souls to Christ, and it is in this fighting work that they need our help. In this we can help, by example, prayers, vocations and alms, and as Christians we have a God given duty to do so.

Let us examine the facts. When we were baptised, we joined the army of Christ as recruits, to be trained and disciplined in our early life. When we were confirmed we were made soldiers in the army of Christ; garbed in the armour of faith and Christian virtue we took in our hands the weapon of truth. This meant we had to fight. But what? The world, the flesh and the devil. There are two ways we fight these evils. Privately, in our own lives, by practicing and living faithfully our Catholic principles; and publicly, by spreading and giving to others these same principles, winning them from the power of these evils, which is, in consequence, opposed and weakened.

Some may say let our priests and sisters fight this second way. No, we must join with them in this active battling. In the armies of the world, the generals and leaders do not fight the battles alone, letting the soldiers stand by as onlookers. They are chosen to lead, direct and guide the soldiers in their attacks and to enkindle in them the spirit of fighting. So in the army of Christ, the priests are the chosen leaders, guides and directors, but we the laity are the soldiers. We are the ones who must actively fight in the strife of the Church, in both the above mentioned ways. Just as the Christians did in the early centuries of the Church, under the guidance of the Apostles, so we are the ones who must come forth and under the guidance of our priests, firmly resist, by word and example, the corrupting evils of the modern world and fight under the

banner of peace and love for the spread of the kingdom of Christ to the furthestmost bounds of the earth.

However, in foreign or in any way distant work of the Missions, we actually have not the opportunity of such active participation, unless through a vocation to such work. Nevertheless we can participate in such work in two very vitally necessary ways, namely by prayer and alms for the support of missions and missionaries. Pius XI says, "To prepare the one way of salvation for heathen peoples, there is especially to be required that the faithful should understand with what keenness, constancy in prayer, and with what generosity they should combine to promote a work so holy and so fruitful."

It is of the help of prayer that we wish to speak now. Again we quote Pope Pius XI, "Now it is easy to see that everyone has the opportunity of praying, and so this help and nourishment of the Missions is at the command of all." This statement is supported expressly by the frequent exhortations of St. Paul to the Christians, "Brethren, pray for us."

It is for this purpose that the Canadian Co-Missionary Crusade has been established at St. Augustine's Seminary, namely to inspire and stir up our Catholic people, laity and religious, to participate more actively and zealously in the work of home and foreign missions by aiding Canadian Missionaries with their daily prayers. We say Canadian Missionaries because for obvious reasons the crusade is being restricted to them.

This is not a general Crusade of prayer; it is something specific. He or she who becomes a member is assigned to a missionary and then pledges himself or herself to offer up on one or more days during the week, by a morning offering, all their duties, trials, joys, successes and failures of that day or days for this missionary, that he will be a "priestly

priest" and successful in the salvation of the souls entrusted to him.

Those interested in such zealous and charitable work, and who desire to become members of this great Crusade are asked to write to the Canadian Co-Missionary Crusade, St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto, Ont., requesting that a Missionary be assigned to them... *Those who wish to adopt a priest of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society should specify this fact in their letter of application.* Applications for membership should contain the following information: the full name and address of the applicant, and the day or days of the week he wishes to offer up. Teachers in lower schools are asked to have the different grades as a whole adopt a missionary. In this way the children of each grade can be kept mindful, by the teacher, of their pledge to offer up their day for their assigned missionary. A certificate of membership will then be forwarded, informing them of the Missionary assigned to them. Their Missionary will also be informed of their pledge of prayer. Correspondence between the Co-Missionary and his Missionary is discouraged. There are no fees attached to the membership, but because of this, members are kindly asked to enclose in their letter a four cent stamp to cover the mailing of their certificate.

The main thing to remember about this marvelous Crusade is that it is chiefly through prayer that you are to support your adopted Missionary at the front, through the generous offering of your labors, joys and sorrows for him and for the souls committed to his care. St. Paul foreseeing dangers and hardships tells the Christians of Corinth: "And in Him we have hope to be delivered yet again, through the help of your prayers for us." In this way you will be helping to bring about a more speedy conquest of the Powers of Darkness and the establishment of the Kingdom of

Christ. You also benefit by this, for you share in Christ's own work of redeeming souls, as well as in the prayers and works of your adopted Missionary.

This pledge of prayer does not interfere in any way with the making of the heroic act for the poor souls, the morning offering, DeMontfort's Devotion, nor private intentions. You simply make the intention, on the day promised, to offer everything for your Missionary. No special prayer is required. Nor does this pledge bind under sin in any way whatsoever.

Certainly our faith tells us that there is not nor could there be anything wrong nor anything in our Christian life opposed to such a Crusade as this. However, let us observe a few of the approbations the Crusade has already received from the Bishops of Canada:

"I deeply appreciate and I know that they (Missionaries) will be grateful for the prayers that will be offered in their behalf." Most Rev. P. F. Pocock, Bishop of Saskatoon.

"I read with pleasure and edification your letter sent to me in the name of 'The Canadian Co-Missionary Crusade'. The purpose of your organization is to secure more spiritual donations for the missionaries of our diocese. May God bless the promoters of this pious Society, and all who become active members." Most Rev. P. J. Monahan, Archbishop of Regina.

"Your Prayer Crusade for the active Missionaries is most praiseworthy and I shall be happy to offer you every assistance. The Missionary more than anyone else realizes the need and the power of prayer. His work will be fruitful only if backed by many fervent prayers." Most Rev. M. M. Johnson, Bishop of Nelson.

As an impetus for us to join heartily and sincerely in this Crusade of prayer let us look for a moment at

what our Missionaries themselves think of this work; in fine they appreciate and encourage it. One Missionary writes: "The work of the Co-Missionaries still makes itself felt. Of late there have been several sinners of long standing who have again returned to the sacraments. Only God knows why, for it was not due to our efforts; we hardly knew the parties. It can be the fruit of nothing but the hidden prayer and sacrifice somewhere along the Co-Missionary line. They can't be proud of it, for they know nothing of it, and we can't either, for God makes it clear that we had very little share in it. Co-Missionaries, keep up the good work! One day you will see the harvest of what you have so silently sown."

In praise another writes, "The Canadian Co-Missionary Crusade is doing a magnificent work; we need its help. I may say, we owe very much to the members of the Crusade."

Finally, in this movement, can we not see the fulfillment of the desire of P. Pius XI who in his Encyclical "Rerum Ecclesiae" writes, "And first of all, by speaking an writing, cause to be introduced among your people and enjoin the gradual extension of the pious custom of praying 'the Lord of the harvest that He send forth labourers into His Harvest,' and of begging for the heathen the aid of the heavenly light and grace. For what can the heavenly Father deny to the prayers of the innocent and pure of life?"

The present Holy Father writes in his Encyclical on the Mystical Body: "Let our united prayer rise daily to heaven for all the members of the Mystical Body of Jesus Christ, first for the Bishops who are responsible in a particular way for their respective dioceses, then for the priests and religious men and women who have been called to the service of God,

(Continued on page 29)

The LITTLE ★ ROSE



FLOWER'S GARDEN

MY DEAR YOUNG MISSIONARIES:

No doubt you have heard the grown-ups forever talking about what's wrong with the world. Unequal treaties, unfair distribution, human greed, disregard for others. But do you know what's wrong with the world? Let me tell you. In language that any child can understand. **THE WORLD HAS LOST ITS MOTHER.** The lonely, weary, despairing world has lost its mother and lost its way.

The Reformation took Mary away from a great portion of the so-called Christian world. It took the joy out of men's hearts and souls. And small wonder. Could you be happy—and joyful—if someone took your mother away? Orphaned religions are a dime a dozen throughout the world to-day. Most of them profess loyalty to the Son of God. But none of them realize that they, too, have lost their mother.

"Go directly to God," they will tell you. "No intermediaries. No intervention." And a little child could ask them: "Did God come directly to us?"

It may be all right for God to come to us through Mary. It is not all right, they will say, for us to go through Mary to God. Why? Are we better than God? Isn't God's way good enough to be our way? Their attitude, did they but realize it, is an insult to the Son of God, to the gentle Babe of Bethlehem Whom the arms of Mary first held in a mother's loving embrace.

Ad Jesum per Mariam. To Jesus through Mary. There is a little phrase that could save the world, even yet—at this eleventh hour of fear and apprehension—when big people talk about the end of civilization.

Mary has asked us to come back to God through her. She appeared and spoke to three little children not so very long ago. Mary, our loving Mother, wants to save the world. But perhaps the world will not be saved. Who knows?

This month we want you to read that wonderful story. Read it in "The Witnesses of Fatima" published on page 10. There you will see what we mean. There you will see how God's Blessed Mother could save us and save a despairing world. And we know that you will all do as she asks of you by being faithful to your daily Rosary like little Francisco and Jacinta.

Affectionately,

Father Jim



FIRST TEST

The Homonym

A homonym, secondary meaning, is a word with the same pronunciation as another word but with a different meaning. Example: Dough—Doe. Fill in one homonym for each of the following: (Answers on page 28).

- | | |
|----------------|------------------|
| 1. Way | 6. Kernel |
| 2. Meet | 7. Altar |
| 3. Whale | 8. Fisher |
| 4. Told | 9. Trust |
| 5. Mote | 10. Affect |

SECOND TEST

Musical Knowledge

Play (or have somebody play) the given opening bar or bars of these more familiar classics and see if you can identify selections and composers.

<p>A <i>ROBINSON</i></p>	<p>F <i>SPRAYOU SKY - CHANSON TRISTE</i></p>
<p>B <i>SPRING SONG - MENDOTA</i></p>	<p>G <i>MOZART - A LA TURQUE</i></p>
<p>C <i>SCHUBERT - MARCH MILITAIRES</i></p>	<p>H <i>MOZART - A LA TURQUE</i></p>
<p>D <i>BOETH - MEN</i></p>	<p>I <i>ROBINSON</i></p>
<p>E <i>ROBINSON</i></p>	<p>J <i>ROBINSON</i></p>



College Street School,
Halifax, N.S.

Happy New Year from all the College Street staff and children. I am enclosing a Money Order from Grades Five and Six for the St. Madeline Sophie Burse.

Mother M. O'Brien.

Know what I was just thinking? That College Street School has always been "In the van" of our loyal friends and supporters, as long as I can remember. (Well, you wouldn't expect me to say just how long that is, now would you?) Right out in front, too, have the Halifax schools been in activities of the Mission Crusade. Don't ever tell Dr. Curran that we said so but he has long been the inspiration of the wonderful Maritime Crusaders. (You'll keep this open secret, we know.) Also many thanks for the used stamps.

* * *

Carbonear, Nfld.

As it is drawing near Christmas we decided to give you a little remembrance in our gifts this Holy Season.

The Fitzpatrick Family.

See how far behind we are. So many letters come in that one issue cannot begin to take care of them and here's an acknowledgment of Christmas mail. We are deeply grateful for your thoughtful and much appreciated remembrance.

* * *

St. Joseph's School,
Boys Room,
St. John's, Nfld.

We thank you very sincerely for your donation. In this acknowledgment may we also express our gratitude to St. Patrick's, Holy Cross and St. Bonaven-

ture's College, all friends of ours down the years. Brother Luberts of St. Bon's has kindly offered to display mission posters and literature for us, and at the moment the boys are busy collecting Newfoundland stamps for us. They are always most welcome.

* * *

Massey, Ontario.

I am a little boy of nine years old. I live in Massey. I am going to be a priest when I grow up. I am an altar boy. I listen to your programme on the radio on Sunday and we all listen in. My mother and sisters and myself listened to the Life of St. Theresa to-day. I am sending up a picture of myself as a priest. Mother made my vestments. I want to wish you a blessed New Year.

Your little friend,

Florent Rajotte.

Who knows, Florent, but that you may be a missionary some day, climbing the mountains of China or travelling in a "sedan"—chair or riding the campos of Santo Domingo. So glad you listen to our Religious Theatre of the Air Programme.

* * *

St. John's, Nfld.

Another year has rolled round and we eagerly wait to hear the count of the coppers and other coins as big brother opens the "Film-Tank" mite box which has been our "China Mission Bank" for some years now.

After the total count this year it fell short of our expectations, as, judging from the weight, we felt sure we had a record catch, but lo and behold it did not reach the ten dollar mark. So we

(Continued on page 28)

THE MIRACLE AT FATIMA

A picture story taken from
Heroes All
EST. 1908 • PUBLISHED WEEKLY

National Catholic Comic Magazine, Minneapolis, Minn.

Our Lady of the Rosary



MAY, 1917 FOUND EUROPE NEARING THE END OF ITS THIRD YEAR OF WAR AS THE UNITED STATES WAS JUST ENTERING INTO IT.

IN PORTUGAL THE COUNTRY DEDICATED TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN, THE REVOLUTION OF 1910 HAD DETHRONED THE KING. NOW IT WAS HOPED GOD ALSO MIGHT BE DETHRONED.

LUCY SANTOS AND HER COUSINS, FRANCIS AND JACINTA MARTO, LIVED IN FATIMA, PORTUGAL.

WHERE SHALL WE GO TODAY LUCY?

TO MY FATHER'S FIELDS AT COVA DA IRIA



AT COVA DA IRIA...

LET'S PLAY ECHO NOW.

JACINTA! YOU KNOW WE MUST SAY THE ROSARY FIRST

LET'S SAY IT THE SHORT WAY, THEN WE'LL BE FINISHED QUICKER.



HAIL MARY... HAIL MARY... HAIL MARY... OUR FATHER...



To be continued

OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY

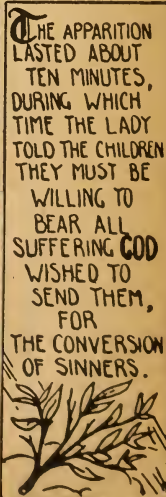
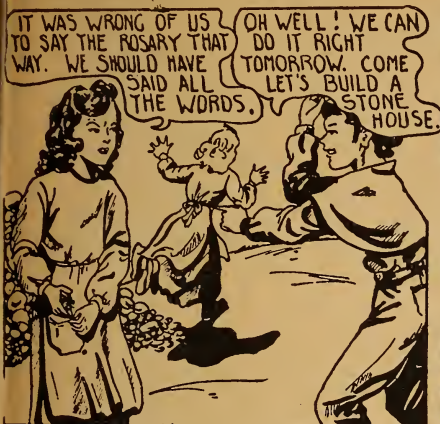
Part
II

In the fields of Cova Da Iria at Fatima, Portugal, in May, 1917, Lucy Santos and her cousins, Francis and Jacinta Marto, tend sheep and play. But first they say the rosary "the short way."

A picture story taken from

Heroes All-
CATHOLIC ACTION ILLUSTRATED

National Catholic Comic Magazine, Minneapolis, Minn.



To be continued

called up our reserves, Mom and Dad, and they came through like heroes.

We would also like to thank you for your remembrance of our brother Ted who is with the Loyal Edmonton Regiment in Italy.

Yours friends,

"The Fewers"

Jim, Betty, Michael, Gerald, Mary, Billy and Ted in Italy.

It was, indeed, a record catch but, of course, fishing is always pretty good in Newfoundland. If all our mite boxes came through like this we should be well on the way to rebuilding some of our wrecked missions in China.

We shall continue to remember Ted in our Masses and prayers and hope that ere long he will be with you again in blessed days of peace once more.

* * *

Fort William, Ont.

I hope and pray I can send you more money in the New Year because you do such wonderful work. May God bless you all.

Betty Davis.

Thank you, Betty. That's a real "lift" you have given us with your kind words about our work for China—and your generous New Year resolution.

* * *

**St. Catherine's School,
St. Catharines, Ont.**

We are very happy to be able to send you 750 stamps which we have collected.

The Stamp Department is always eager to receive used stamps. Many thanks. What do we do with them? Buy babies, as some people think? Guess again. Use them for dye? Don't know where that idea came from, either. We sell them to dealers, in bulk for the most part and eventually they find their way into packets and sets for collectors the world over.

* * *

Windsor, Ont.

I wish to thank you for putting my name in the pen pal corner. I received letters from many Pals and am very fond of all of them.

Gloria Suprenant.

Many of our pen-pals have become regular correspondents, right from Newfoundland all the way to British Columbia. Know what you'll do? Next time you write one another just see how many have read the article on Fatima this month. We are so anxious that you all do read it.

Complete list of new members will appear next month. Crowded out this time.

Pen-Pal Corner

**Rita Hooley,
Fairville, N.B.**

Age 14 years and in Grade 8. Pen-pals of own age, boys and girls. Hobbies: Reading, sewing, photography, collecting stamps and sports.

* * *

**Thomas Magusin,
Farmington, B.C.**

Age 17. Born in Slovakia. Birthday October 28th. Pen-pals of own age.

* * *

**Richard Leach,
Box 646, Crescent St.,
Sydney Mines, N.S.**

Calls for pen-pals of own age, eleven years.

* * *

**Helen Demirs,
479 Sherman Street,
Mt. Hamilton, Ont.**

Hobby: Music. Sixteen years of age and would like to hear from boys and girls of own age.

* * *

**Dolores O'Sullivan,
St. Columban, Ont.**

Dolores' birthday, November 27th, and now 14 years old. Would like to hear from boys and girls of own age. Hobbies: Reading and music.

* * *

**Joan Earle,
59 Pokiok Road,
St. John, N.B.**

In Grade 6 and thirteen years old. Likes painting for a hobby.

* * *

**Katherine Quigley,
16 Dick's Square,
St. John's, Nfld.**

In Grade 9 and asks for letters from a girl and a boy around 16 or 17.

ANSWERS TO TESTS

First Test:

1, Weigh; 2, Meet; 3, Wail; 4, Told; 5, Moat; 6, Colonel; 7, Alter; 8, Fissure; 9, Trussed; 10, Effect.

Second Test:

A, Melody in F, Rubenstein; B, Spring Song, Mendelssohn; C, March Militaire, Schubert; D, Gipsy Rondo, Haydn; E, Minuet, Boccherini; F, Chanson Triste, Tschaikowsky; G, Song Without Words, Tschaikowsky; H, Turkish March, Mozart; I, Turkish March, Beethoven; J, (a bit of a stickler) Kamennoi-Ostrow, Rubenstein. (As far as we know, no other piece begins with these opening chords for the right hand, but perhaps we should have given you the left hand melody as a clue.)

Topics from the Tropics

(Continued from page 8)

The poor woman could not easily obtain a candle which would correspond to the height of such a son. What was she to do? She approached the priest with the problem. It was finally decided that she should take to the shrine the amount of wax which would correspond to a candle of such dimensions. This was more practical, not only for the woman but also for the church. It is customary, here, to present masses of unmoulded wax which can be made into candles as need demands.

Everybody a Missionary

(Continued from page 22)

and are protecting, increasing, advancing the Kingdom of the divine Redeemer at home and in the foreign missions"

Bishop Paul Yu Pin has said, in reference to Mission work, "This is the hour of God and the hour will pass." Come then, before the 'hour passes', one and all of our Catholic people, men and women, boys and girls, rich and poor, old and young, and join in this great Crusade of prayer for the speedy and successful spreading of Christ's Church on earth, in order that we may make it a glorious and joyful 'hour' for Christ our King and a meritorious 'hour' for ourselves and our adopted Missionary.

Sincerely yours,

A Seminarian.

In making, or revising, your Last Will, please remember the Missions by inserting the following:

"I BEQUEATH TO THE
SCARBORO FOREIGN
MISSION SOCIETY, SCAR-
BORO BLUFFS, ONT., THE
SUM OF \$.....

God's Interlude

(Continued from page 6)

an all too short hour still remained for her to hear tidings of her unknown God; Of His justice, of His mercy, of His love. She was baptised. Her relief was evident. Gone were her terrors, those terrors of death were exchanged for a God-given impatience to meet what was really a magnificent adventure. She met it within the hour.

A Chinese Holy Hour

(Continued from page 19)

She had come in the night. In Her hands She held a scroll which She unravelled before his gaze; and on it were four characters in classical Chinese. "Peace of conscience comes from union with God!" And in the early dawn, while the East was a crimson glow, old Cheng-ling insisted on knowing how soon he could perform his public penance! . . . He's been dead these few years back but he's in Heaven now! He always will be, and he's looking at One Who once upon a time lost "great face" in order that we might save it.

Do I need to suggest phrases of prayer and praise by which you can tell Her how you love Her? . . . Are you at the moment afraid of losing "face" by a sincere confession? Or perhaps your heart is filled with agony, and your Cross weighs heavily upon you? Then look at Her! If among the toiling, sweating, poverty-stricken *millions* of China She could seek out and bring comfort and pardon to old Cheng-ling, don't you believe She would perform a similar favour for you? She will! So go to Her! If you can't, then call Her to you. She'll come. What mother wouldn't?

(To be Continued)



It's Time to Laugh



Hubby (at golden wedding); "Well, dear, all the years have flitted by, and I haven't deceived you yet, have I?"

Wife: "No, John, but goodness knows you've tried hard enough."

Officer: "What's the big idea? What are you men doing, climbing trees and crawling through the bushes?"

Private: "Well, sir, we camouflaged the gun before lunch and now we can't find it."

"Oh, yes," confided the pilot on the river steamboat, "I've been on this river so long I know where every durn stump is."

Just then the boat struck a stump and bowled over every passenger from stem to stern.

"There," mumbled the pilot after re-gaining his balance. "That's one of 'em now!"

Conn C. Tedd: "I'll bet, Mabel you've been out with fellows who were worse looking than me."

No answer.

"I said," he repeated, "I'll bet you've been out with worse . . ."

"All right, all right," cut in Mabel, "I heard you the first time. I'm just trying to remember!"

Customer: Hey, waiter, this steak is burnt black.

Waiter: Yes, sir—a mark of respect—our head waiter died this morning.

The boss came home in a temper. "It's no use," he stormed to his wife. "Your new chauffeur has got to go. That's twice he nearly killed me."

"Oh, darling," said his wife, "couldn't you give him another chance?"

"What will it cost to fix my car?"

Mechanic: "What's wrong with it?"

"I don't know."

Mechanic: "48.53."

Patient: "Well, doctor, how am I?"

Doctor: "Very well. Your ankle is still swollen, but that doesn't disturb me."

Patient: "Sure, doctor, if your ankle were swollen, it wouldn't disturb me either."

"The pig is a most useful animal," said the teacher. "We use its head for brawn, its legs for hams, its bristles for brushes. Now what else do we use from the pig?"

"Please, teacher," said one small child, "we use its name when we want to be rude."

Night Watchman: "Here, what are you doing to that door?"

Burglar: "It's like this. I found a door key and I'm testing the doors because I want to return the key to its rightful owner."

Bill Frat: "I wish the boys wouldn't call me Big Bill."

Brother: "Why?"

B. Frat: "These college names stick. And I'm studying to be a doctor."

Auntie: "I had two apples in this cupboard, Mary Jo, now there's only one. Do you know anything about it?"

Mary Jo: "It was so dark in there that I couldn't see the other one."

"What," asked the teacher, "is the plural of man?"

"Men," promptly replied the teacher's pride and joy.

"And the plural of child?" probed the teacher.

"Twins!" came the prompt answer.

Patient: "I haven't been feeling at all well, Doctor."

Doctor: "But you look to be in perfect shape."

Patient: "I know. But it takes all my strength to keep up appearances."

Teacher: "If you had \$10.00 in one pocket and \$15.00 in another, what would you have?"

Pupil: "Somebody else's trousers."

Professor: "What is a comet?"

Joe Frat: "A star with a tail."

Professor: "Good, so far. Now, name one."

J.Frat: "Mickey Mouse."

Desk Sergeant: "Let's have a description of the missing cashier."

Banker: "Well, he's about five feet five inches tall and \$7,000 short."

Lawyer: "Well, Puff, have you any money for your defense?"

Puff: "No, but I've got a mule, some chickens and a hog or two. Will that do?"

Lawyer: "That's fine—now, let's see; what are you accused of stealing?"

Puff: "Oh, a mule, some chickens and a hog or two."

"I'm going to miss you while you are on your hunting trip, dear," said the young wife. "And I'll pray that the others do too."

College boy on a budget, vacationing with his brother and his father's prize hound, Alice, sent home the following telegram.

"Bruises hurt erased afford erected analysis hurt too infectious dead." (Ten words).

Translated it read: "Bruce is hurt. He raced a Ford. He wrecked it and Alice is hurt, too. In fact, she's dead." (Nineteen words).

The maid was very slow to get up in the morning. One morning the mistress said sternly;

"From now on, every time you stay in bed and I have to cook the breakfast, I shall deduct fifty cents from your wages."

The next morning the maid was late again.

"Look at that clock," said the irate mistress. "I've had to come down and get the breakfast myself."

"Well, what about it?" replied the girl. "I'm paying you for it, ain't I?"

Plate in hand and with a puzzled look on her face, the waitress paused beside a table.

"Are you the boiled cod?" she asked.

The diner smiled wearily.

"No," he replied. "I'm the hungry sole with an empty plaiice, hoping for something to fillet!"

A candidate for the sheriff's office in a western county was unequivocally defeated. He totaled 55 votes out of 3,500. The next day he appeared wearing two guns.

"You weren't elected and have no right to carry guns," fellow citizens told him.

"Say, listen," he replied, "a man with no more friends than I've got in this county ought to carry guns."

"Did your husband get hurt badly when he was hit by a car, Liza?"

"Yassuh, he suffered from conclusion of the brain."

"You mean concussion of the brain, don't you, Liza?"

"Nossuh, I mean conclusion—he's daid."



HE LISTENS TO THE NEWS EVERY QUARTER-HOUR, ON THE QUARTER-HOUR, FOR A QUARTER OF AN HOUR

What of the Night?

Is world peace once again trembling in the balance? Is the spectre of World War III rising to haunt us before the present war is won? What part will be played by "unpredictable Russia" in future affairs of the world? Read the answer in:

FATIMA, HOPE OF THE WORLD

By RT. REV. WM. C. McGRATH, P.A.

Did You Know?

That God's Blessed Mother foretold the conversion of Russia and an era of peace for humanity?

That peace, blessed peace for a war-weary world, is ours for the asking?

World leaders view the future with apprehension. Human wisdom—as once before in living memory — is unequal to the task of ensuring world peace.

Let Us

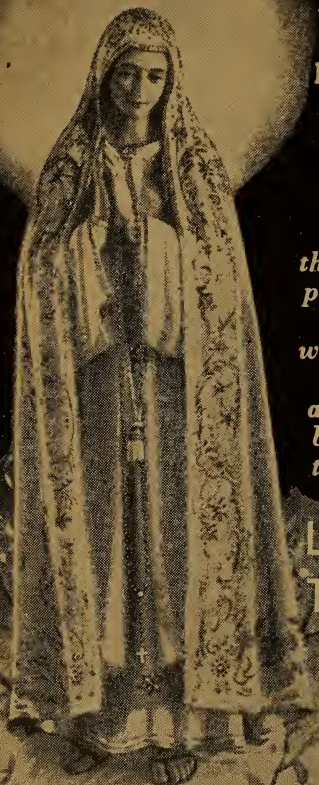
Take It Out of Their Hands!

Fidelity to the requests of the Blessed Virgin will assure that peace for which all mankind is yearning. Learn the part that you must play. Read the startling—and consoling—story of Fatima and the direct revelation, definite and in detail, made by the Mother of God.

FATIMA, HOPE OF THE WORLD

Single Copy, 25c, Postpaid
One Dozen . . . \$2.75

BOOK DEPT., SCARBORO
FOREIGN MISSION
SOCIETY,
SCARBORO BLUFFS,
ONTARIO.



CHINA



SCARBORO
BLUFFS
ONTARIO

MARCH
1945

ARTHUR KEBLER

The Pope's Prayer

*Below is a translation of a prayer of intercession to
Our Lady issued by Vatican Radio in Italian with
the title "The Pope's Prayer":*

With sorrow and tears, with many hearts pained by so many long and bitter separations, anxious and uncertain of the fate of so many loved ones, mourning so many dead, grieving so many lives uprooted and scattered in sudden and dreadful dispersal from the quiet of their peaceful homes, distressed in spirit but with our minds full of hope, we turn to thee, Mother of Divine Love and Queen of Sorrows, seeking salvation through thy motherly intercession.

Anxious to remind thee of our feebleness of heart and of love for thee, we would, O Mother, base our prayer on the promise which thou so expectest from us, our promise to lead a more Christian life. Through this same promise we beg thy mediation with thy beloved Son, who refuses nothing to thee.

Open, O Mother, His heart and pour into it all our sorrows. Guard thy Rome and preserve it also in the future, with its sanctuaries, its churches, its tombs, and its monuments. Above all, preserve it so that it may be born again from these hard experiences and become once again an example to the world of Christian civilization and faith. And, exceeding all else, dear Virgin Mother, thou who joinest together all peoples and wipest away the tears of all who sorrow, thou who relievest the privations and sufferings of refugees and comfortest the mothers robbed of their sons, the brides, the orphans and the oppressed, remember us in this time.

Remember the refugees from the abandoned lands, deprived of the homes which sheltered their youth, where they worked and where they prayed. Give them the strength to restore with courage and ceaseless toil their wrecked homes, their ruined churches, their deserted fields, their devastated workshops, their tortured soil. Grant unto all thy mediation, thy prayer, thy motherly care.

When the storm that now ravages all things is over make to shine upon them all a just peace, a peace free from malignance, from the spirit of hatred, of violence or of revenge, a peace that will be a symbol of eternal happiness and faith. Amen.

"CHINA"

St. F. X. Seminary,
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Enclosed find \$.....,
as a subscription to "China"
for

Name

New Address

Name

Old Address

(If you have changed your address,
please give us the OLD address as
well as the NEW one).

The Bulletin Board

Catholic Mission—

Lungchuan, Chekiang, China

December 8th, 1944.

I have just returned from a prolonged visit to the Missions, including Tsingtien, Dolu, Lishui, Pihu, etc. Most of our missions have been looted and little remains. However, with the exception of Lishui and some of our northern stations, the buildings are still standing.

Next week I expect to go to Lishui and Pihu to prepare the Christians for the great feast of Christmas. What a difference from former years! Still, we have a lot for which to be thankful, and God is certainly with us. Better days are ahead, I am sure . . . Let us hope they are not too far distant.

L. A. VENADAM,
(Pro-Prefect of Lishui.)

TORONTO NEWS

We are grateful to the Ladies of the St. Francis Women's Auxiliary and the Bridge Club for the following gifts:

Albs, 16.

Surplices, 14.

Linen for Altar Rail at St. Ann's Chinese Mission.

Sheets for Seminary.

St. Francis Xavier Women's Auxiliary

The annual meeting of St. Francis Xavier Women's Auxiliary took place in St. Anne's Mission Hall on January 23rd, 1945. Mrs. M. Quigley

the retiring acting President, thanked the members for their co-operation throughout the year and urged them to continue their active support. Mrs. E. Hunting was then appointed Chairman of the meeting and the election of officers for the year 1945 was as follows:

President, Mrs. Edwin J. Staley; 1st Vice-President, Mrs. Teresa Rolston, 2nd Vice-President, Mrs. Wm. Ingoldsby; Recording Secretary, Miss Ann Cordone; Treasurer, Miss Mary LaFrance; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Kathleen Meehan; Membership Secretary, Mrs. J. A. Bradley; Councillors, Mrs. Proudlove, Mrs. Archer, Miss Mary Brown, Mrs. J. P. O'Regan.

* * *

St. Patrick's Day Concert, Massey Hall, Saturday, March 17th. New York's Premier Artists: Francis Flanagan and his violin—Mae Beehan, mezzo-soprano — Josephine Patricia Smith and her harp. Young Toronto Artists: Stephen Somerville, boy soprano; Jackie Burns, dancer and singer. Concert begins at 8.30 p.m. and ends at 10.30 sharp. Reserved seats — \$1.00. (Reservations at the King Edward Hotel NOW). Unreserved—50c. Tickets on sale at C.T.S., 67 Bond Street; Cigar Stand, King Edward Hotel; Miss Eva Doyle,

CHINA: Very Rev. Hugh F. X. Sharkey, Editor. Vol. XXVI, No. 3, March, 1945. Issued monthly. September to June; bi-monthly July-August. Rates \$1.00 a year. Official Publication of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AND ADMITTED TO PRIVILEGED POSTAGE RATES AT THE POST OFFICE, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, JULY 10, 1924. Published by Ecclesiastical authority. Printed by the Industrial & Educational Publishing Co., Limited, Toronto 1.



Circulation: 49,000

Ticket Convener, LAkeside 9384. Sponsored by the Laymen's Committee of the Religious Theatre of the Air.

MONTREAL NEWS

Montreal Unit of the Missionary League of the Little Flower

At a meeting held in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dempster at 2329 Madison Avenue, on the evening of January 17th, the Montreal Unit of the Missionary League of the Little Flower was organized. This League is the means used by the Fathers of Scarborough Foreign Mission Society to foster the Lay-apostolate in the interest of the Foreign Missions.

Missionary Addresses Meeting

Father Gerard McKernan, S.F.M., who has recently returned from China addressed the meeting and in his discourse traced the history of the Church's activities from the earliest times down to the present war-torn period of China's history. He drew as a conclusion that in spite of the war China is now ready and ripe for a great spiritual harvest which will be garnered as soon as peace comes to the valiant Chinese people.

Purpose of the Unit

The work outlined for all units of the Missionary League of the Little Flower is simple and pleasant. It is urged that once a year a social event be sponsored in all places where there is an organized unit and that the financial returns go to the Scarborough Foreign Mission Society to help extend the Kingdom of God in their territories abroad or in their mission endeavours for the Chinese in Canada.

Elected

The following Executive was elected for the coming year: President, Miss Noreen Cummins; Vice-President, Mrs. C. Dynes; Treasurer,

Mr. R. Gendron; Recording Secretary, Miss Mary Turner; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Linas McMahon.

The following ladies and gentlemen are members of the Unit: Mrs. MacDonald, Mr. and Mrs. Dempster, Mrs. K. Turner, Mrs. P. E. Doyle, Lieut. and Mrs. T. Hughes, Mrs. C. Gendron, The Misses Eileen, Kathleen and Agnes Gibbons, Miss Monica McFee, Lieut. and Mrs. Don Colvey.

It was proposed to hold a Social Evening for all friends of the Scarborough Foreign Mission Society, shortly after Easter.

From Wilton, Ont.

Please publish in CHINA my thanksgiving to St. Gerard Majella for favours received.

Our Thanks

We gratefully acknowledge donation from R.W.

Remember Our Dead

Pilot Officer Patrick Quinn of Bainsville, Ontario.

Sister M. Pauline Tallon of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Toronto.

Captain Frank Kirby of Toronto, Ontario.

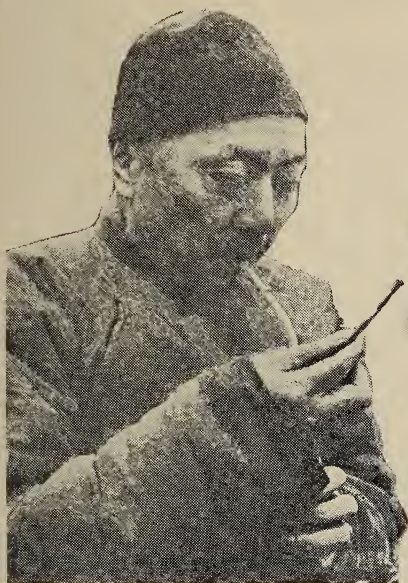
The Religious Theatre of the Air

now heard
in the Maritimes
every Sunday afternoon
from 1.45 to 2.15

★

STATION C.J.F.X.
ANTIGONISH, N.S.
(580 on the Dial)

The old patriarch warms his feet on a portable charcoal stove. All carry these with them during the winter.



The cool smoke comes to us from the Chinese. This Chinese smokes the ancient water-pipe.



The rickshaw coolie rests and awaits a passenger.

**A CHINESE
HOLY HOUR**

PART II

REV. D. E. STRINGER S.F.M.



ARTHUR
KEELOR

A Chinese Holy Hour

PART 3

THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

IT was a beautiful moonlit night, chilly and clear. All around was silence. Now and again it was broken by the shout of a late wayfarer calling the ferryman from across the river; or the rattling of boards as someone closed the front of the house for the night. Noises that only accentuated the quiet that followed. Had you been awake that night, idling about the Compound of the Mission at Beautiful Water, you would have seen that shadow slip noiselessly over the white wall, and land inside with just the faintest thud. It was Act 1 of a drama that reached into Eternity to play its finale before the throne of God . . . And a pair of Chinese slippers led a bandit home to Heaven!

Had you been awake that night you might have heard the softest footfalls as they crept along hugging the shadows. Then the almost inaudible scraping of a key as it found and opened a lock. Slowly, soundlessly, a door was opened inward. Inside the Church only the flickering of the red sanctuary lamp gave any light to the intruder. The sanctuary floor creaked as nimble steps hurried to the tabernacle. 'Twas but the work of a moment to break it open . . . The sacrilege was done! And out into the starry night fled another sinner. As he sped in his escape he noticed a pair of new Chinese slippers. That they belonged to one poorer than himself did not deter his greed; he quickly secreted them in his jacket. Then over the wall and gone!

It was Father John who discovered the crime in the morning . . . Was it strange that he should bear the name of him who loved the Author of the Blessed Sacrament so deeply that he was the guardian chosen to keep the

Mother of us all? . . . Be that as it may, he lost no time in breathing a prayer of tearful reparation the while he searched for some clew that would help solve the mystery. The school-boys moved restlessly in their seats while waiting for Mass to begin. And then from outside came the wailing of little Ming, calling for Father John. Someone had stolen his slippers . . . What a beating his father would give him! . . . He had lost a bowl once at home, and now this bad luck would surely brand him as the "careless puppy" his irate parent had called him.

While his wailing was at its loudest, the day pupils were coming in. They sensed at once something was very wrong. So Ming had lost his slippers. Stolen, were they? . . . Were they the blue pair they had seen yesterday? . . . They were? . . . Excited jabbering! Young Wong had seen Chu-tai down the street just now wearing a pair just like them! . . . With a hoot and a yell they were off in pursuit. Chu-Tai hadn't the ghost of a chance and they brought him back, scared out of his wits, to Father John.

The whole truth of the story soon came out. How he had robbed the tabernacle the night before. Questioned as to what he had done with the Sacred Hosts, he first said he had hidden them in a drawer in the sacristy. There was no sign of them there. And finally he admitted he had eaten them.

There was no use sending him to jail. More in sorrow than in anger Father John tried to bring home to Chu-tai the awfulness of the deed he had done; then he sent him away to his home. And Father John felt it all deeply for Chu-tai was a Christian.

The day passed and night came. It was cold for a biting wind had risen. Father John blew out his lamp and climbed into bed. He was tired and weary. All day long thoughts of Chu-tai had plagued his mind. He wondered how the boy would end up . . . Was he going to become a confirmed thief? . . . He fell asleep.

In the morning an incredulous Father Bill brought him the startling news that Chu-Tai had climbed over the wall again during the night . . . Had they caught him? Yes, indeed—but not they were the captors. They had found him sitting on the stone steps, his head resting against the door he had opened the night previously, and even now the shadow of death was hovering over him. Poor Chu-tai! Pneumonia had seized him as he kept his lonely vigil. He was carried in and made as comfortable as possible. All day long everyone watched and prayed. Would he regain consciousness? . . . Would he really die before he could make his confession? . . . Would he not get to know the joy of true repentance? . . . Towards six o'clock that evening he rallied. Confession! Viaticum! Extreme Unction! . . . And then Chu-tai was telling it all to God, alone—the story of another Good Thief!

Such is the mercy of Jesus. As God the Father looked down on Chu-tai in the act of his sin, it wasn't so much the sacrilegious hand He saw reaching into that Tabernacle as the wounded One He saw reaching out. Reaching out to draw that sinful soul to Himself, praying all the while, "Father, forgive him . . ." And isn't it just something our Saviour would do! The bruised reed! . . . the smoking flax! . . . the lost sheep! . . . All symbols of our weakness, which He wants to bind up and strengthen with His own virtue.

Are you satisfied with the way and the times you visit Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament? Do you find the moments long and tedious when you are in His earthly dwelling? Do you find your thoughts roaming, flitting here and there, occupied with everything but Him? Do the joys of worldly things still satisfy? Does sacrifice still frighten and repel you?

Are you honest with yourself when you say you really haven't the time, or is that just an excuse, a good one, but not the real one?

One of the truest reasons why we don't visit the Blessed Sacrament more is because we derive little, if any, sense pleasure from it. We can sit for hours at a bridge table, even go out in very unpleasant weather to get a game. We can sit for hours listening to the radio, with smokes or sweets as our tastes require. We will stand in line to get a seat for a movie. And we'll make jolly well certain that our bodies are as comfortable as creature comforts can make them . . . But to kneel before the Blessed Sacrament,—that's different! We're tired . . . We're busy . . . We've got work to do . . . We've got appointments . . . We might catch a cold . . . and so on and so on—isn't it the truth?

Have you the courage to admit that visits to Him irk you? Are you willing to examine yourself and face truths that won't flatter you one bit? In a very true sense Chu-tai's sin was good for him. At least he wasn't one of the "indifferentists, the 'neither hot nor cold' ones that so *disgusted* Christ.

Let one fruit of this Holy Hour be that you will budget your time in such a way that more visits to Him will be possible. Then like Chu-tai you will reach heaven for sure, to enjoy the rewards of your God.

Items of Interest

CHINA LEADER TARGET FOR U.S. REDS' ATTACK

*Maryknoll Priest Declares
Communists Warring on
Chiang Kai-shek*

NEW YORK.—American Reds and groups closely allied to them are largely responsible for the propaganda campaign now being waged in this country against the Chinese Government of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, says the Rev. Albert J. Nevins, M.M., writing in the current issue of the Chinese-American Bulletin, a publication of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society.

Declaring that the Chinese communist government in Yennan is a treasonable government set up against the legitimate Chungking Government, Father Nevins says that "it is high time we learned to mind our own affairs and not to interfere in the internal concerns of an ally who for seven long years has withstood siege from without and within."

Accusing the Chinese communist government of taking orders from Moscow, Father Nevins goes on to say that the American writer, Edgar Snow, and others who follow his lead, have done more to cause disunity than any other outside group, with the exception of Russia.

Turning its attention to the communist Yennan government the article says of this government:

"It has its own army, which it has preserved intact to oppose Chungking. It prints its own money. It collects its own taxes and contributes not one penny towards the national

war effort. If this is not treason then the word has no definition.

The Communists in China are in armed rebellion. There is no question of this fact. For anyone to attempt to justify this condition means either that he is insane or deliberately deceiving . . . China in the post-war world will be the dominant force in the Orient. It is the intention of Russia to dominate China and through her the Orient. Such domination will not be through force but by economic means. The importance of China in the post-war period is the reason for this sudden influx of propaganda from Yennan."

Our Lady of Fatima and the Rosary



UR APOSTOLATE—to spread
and increase the devotion to
the Immaculate Heart of Mary,
under the title of "Our Lady of
Fatima"—Our Lady of the Rosary.

Rosary Pledge for Life

I do
hereby pledge to recite daily the
Rosary (in my home with the other
members of my family), and to do
so, as long as God gives me strength
and life.

Signed

Address

City Prov.....



THE sun was climbing steadily up and over the hills on the eastern side of the panoramic valley of Ocoa as I mounted my horse and rode out of town. The motive—a Sunday Mass for a congregation that was small and poor—one of the thirty-five missions—in a shelter that was only a few poles supporting a thatched roof. The ride was short—less than an hour.

A few faithful souls had already gathered before my arrival. These few have enough good will to make up for their lack of instruction. During Mass they were not as devout as they should be—they will be better soon. As yet, even these do not know and appreciate what the Mass really is—but then—who does?

These humble people will soon be fervent. They will respond to God's grace if only they can have a chance. Hundreds of others in that same mission have yet to be contacted—to be taught—to be brought back to God's humble home in the hills. The pitiful scarcity of priests in past years has left a scar on the faith that will take long years of prayer and sacrifice to erase.

With a special prayer in my heart

for the re-awakening of the Faith, I gave Holy Communion to one boy—a lad whom I had instructed and trained for several months. He now serves Mass efficiently and devoutly. Would to God that we had enough zealous priests and continued support to ride and ride and ride—into those hills—into those valleys—and to every single home—that many more might receive the necessary grace and instruction to follow the example of that one boy—to love intensely and receive humbly, the Bread of Angels.

After Mass I taught a little Catechism; performed a baptism; talked with a few people; gladly accepted a cup of coffee; mounted my horse and headed for home. It was almost noon.

Within sight of town I suddenly remembered two old sick people in another near-by mission. Some time previously I had anointed them and brought them Holy Communion. This was an opportunity to visit them again—another chance might not present itself for some time. Without a murmur of complaint my faithful mount answered the reins and shortly before two o'clock we found ourselves at the thatched hut of the old

people. Poor as it is—to them it is home!

No one seemed to be around, but as I shouted a salutation the house came to life and before long the family had gathered to salute the Padre. The poor old woman was worse—she got a special blessing. The old man—he's over a hundred—was as happy as a child to see the priest. We talked; someone brought in a little girl to be baptized; I had to instruct her first—and leave a Catechism with her parents—for themselves as well as for her; we all partook of the hospitable cup of coffee; again I mounted and rode towards town. However, the day was not to end so easily.

For a while we were caught in the rain and if I am not mistaken, even the horse laughed at me—I had forgotten my raincoat. The deluge ceased as it had started—with tropical suddenness—and we went on.

Twice more we stopped—each time

to instruct a few children and adults in the primary truths of our religion. The infinite need is instruction—instruction — instruction — and two priests can do so little for twenty-five or thirty thousand people scattered over a vast area.

Finally as the sun was beginning to dip behind the hills in the west we spurred for home. The shadows lengthened till darkness fell and blue stars twinkled their delight that once again the Padres were mounted on good steeds and riding forth to joust with Satan and ignorance — that Satan was being smashed and ignorance dispelled. It was only the smallest beginning. There are years of sweat and heartbreak ahead—but some of the people who had fallen away are coming back to God—to the God Who gives us the sun and the moon and those beautiful blue stars. They are blue I think, because the Queen here is Our Lovable Lady of Altagracia.

Stop the Press News

Our Deepest Sympathy

It was with the deepest regret that we heard last month of the death of Captain Frank Kirby, brother of our own Father Basil, who is now stationed in the Dominican Republic. Captain Kirby was killed while on active service overseas.

To his bereaved wife, and heart-broken mother and father and the other members of his family we offer our deepest sympathy and an assurance of our fervent frequent prayers for their dear dead. May God in His mercy give eternal rest and happiness to one who so unselfishly offered up his very life for his fellowmen.

On receipt of the sad news Requiem High Mass was offered up in St. John's Church, Toronto, by the parish priest Rev. Dennis O'Connor. Among the numerous clergy present in the sanctuary were

Rev. Doctor Gerald Kirby, uncle of the deceased; Very Rev. Rogers Pelow, Rector of our seminary and Rev. Fathers James Leonard, Andrew Pinfold and Lawrence Hart of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society.

We recommend Captain Frank Kirby to your prayers. May he rest in peace.

* * *

Rev. Father Cadot, S.J., Expresses Gratitude

From St. Stanislaus Novitiate at Guelph, Ontario, Reverend Father Cadot, well-known and beloved Indian Missioner sends his sincere thanks to his many relatives and friends, who so kindly remembered him at Christmas time. Father Cadot is now retired and too feeble to answer personally the many letters received. He begs God to bless you one and all.



Spiritual U·N·R·R·A



REV. F.O'GRADY S.F.M



YOU'VE heard about the workman who took so long getting back to his job after he broke his little finger? Six months it was from the day the digit broke until he reappeared at the factory. "What kept you?" asked the foreman. "—Compensation set in" was the answer.

Many people are asking questions about preparations for peace. They complain that there are too many delays in the planning for post-war rehabilitation. They are wondering if something has 'set-in'. Whatever about the political angles, U.N.R.R.A. has one set of answers; its a master-plan to take care of all war-victims, and as such it's a wonderful idea. It has its counterpart in the spiritual order. Catholics are asking if the Church has a comparable plan. Five minutes reflection might be reassuring.

To convert the world, whether it be at war or at peace, Christ left an organism which has the advantages of a hierarchy, the help of unity, and the assistance of Catholic Action (corresponding to the democratic activity of the individual citizen).

In our Spiritual UNRRA, each citizen has hidden powers which he

has become so used to that he takes them for granted. In many cases, unfortunately, he forgets their proper nature and use. Seven of these supernatural aids are called the Gifts of the Holy Ghost.

The spiritual part of man has two dynamos which are the sources of all his spiritual activity. We call them Mind and Free-Will. They work together 'in series' to speak in terms of electricity, and either one alone is insufficient. Now the lubricants for our first dynamo are four in number: Wisdom, Understanding, Counsel and Knowledge.

The Mind

WISDOM, the first lubricant of the Mind, perfects the virtue of charity by giving us a liking for divine things. It's like an aperitif, the pineapple-juice before a meal. Besides the increase of charity, it renders faith unshakable; thus after tasting for some time the joys of Holy Communion, doubts as to the Real Presence are dispelled. Wisdom also steadies Hope.

UNDERSTANDING is another lubricant of the dynamo we call Mind. It disposes us towards a better grasp of

the truths of faith. Now notice that it's not a separate power like a virtue but rather a 'help' to the faith we already have. Instead of struggling with a doctrine and trying to understand it after the manner of a geometric theorem, we see the conclusion of faith in a flash, somewhat as the angels see things, in a manner which is above our human way of doing things.

COUNSEL, the third lubricant of the Mind, helps us apply the truths of faith to individual works and again in that swift, angelic way. It perfects the virtue of prudence which we use especially in difficult cases.

KNOWLEDGE is a gift of good judgment enabling us to refer all created things to God. We see them in their proper perspective and recognize them as helps or hindrances on the road to heaven.

Free-Will

The other dynamo which man has is called Free-Will. Angels also have these two. You have perhaps heard it put this way, angels have two wings: Mind and Free-Will. Men have no wings but we do have the same sources of power and here we have been calling them dynamos. The three gifts of the Holy Ghost which serve as lubricants for Free-Will are: Piety, Fortitude, and Fear of the Lord.

PIETY disposes us to worship God as our Father, and to honour our fellow-man on account of God. The brotherhood of man finds its greatest prompter in this gift. Love of God and its effect, love of neighbour, are helped along by Piety.

FORTITUDE is the second lubricant of Free-Will. It's an impulse which enables us to do good things even though we fear evil consequences. It is given not only to martyrs but also to every Catholic in the state of

grace. With its help we will speak up for our religion when somebody attacks it, without worrying too much about their opinion of us when we do.

FEAR OF THE LORD: this last lubricant has nothing to do with any fear of hell or other punishment. It's simply a fear of exaggerated pleasure which would keep us away from God. It perfects the virtue of temperance.

The gifts themselves cannot replace the virtues; they are simply a help. If you decided to review your algebra, a subject you have not so much as glanced at in years, the thing you would use most would be reason. But if it's Saturday night and you want to listen to The Voice, or perhaps tune in on the Maple Leafs, algebra stands a poor chance. Suppose though, that the wife has your slippers and smoking jacket, your favourite pipe and best tobacco, all near your most comfortable chair, a low table, pencil and paper all ready and **AN OPEN ALGEBRA BOOK!** What do you think? You are certainly more apt to do something about it. That is the role of the gifts; they make it easier to practise virtue.

These are seven aids to be used in the Spiritual UNRRR. Get to know them, perfect them by use and you will find them a great asset. They are called gifts of the Holy Ghost because they make us more susceptible to His inspirations. Less technically, most of us think the Holy Ghost can be tuned in only via short-wave. Actually He is much closer and by means of the seven gifts, we can hear Him on the standard broadcast wavelength. Never forget these gifts which work summer and winter, everytime you receive them in a sacrament.





THE days which followed the Boxer Rebellion in 1900 brought to the Church great prestige and not a little sorrow. France had given many of her sons and daughters to the work of the Missions so she became the Guardian Protector of the Church in China. The Missionaries could no longer be thrown into gaol and left there for months without trial or secretly strangled.

This news soon spread throughout the length and breadth of China, halcyon days at last arrived to a long suffering and persecuted christianity. The majority of the Mission Districts were understaffed but in places where a number of priests and well trained catechists were gathered, the Church made great strides in making conversions and receiving catechumens. In many cases the outlying districts were visited twice a year but the work was carried on by a catechist, who sometimes took untimely vacations unknown to the priest or conducted business very often detrimental to the interests of souls. He was consulted in matters of dispute and his decision frequently depended on some monetary consideration. In matters of greater

moment he could appeal to the Mandarin to pronounce sentence in favor of his client or friend with utter disregard to justice. The unscrupulous became rich and arrogant but very cautious and when the Missionary arrived for the visitation, no one dared expose the faults of the catechist.

Sui Chang a city in our own Lishui District can be taken to illustrate the turn of events at that time. For a number of years a catechist was stationed there and had produced good results. Because of the tremendous prestige of the Missionaries and their representatives, the Catechists, all Mandarins were obliged to show the greatest respect to them. Those who enrolled as catechumens were first examined by the priest and each had to memorize prayers and the catechism. When the priest made his visitation those preparing for Baptism were expected to recite the entire catechism by heart. This was no mean job for the illiterate but the records show over 50 baptised and 400 on the catechumen list.

During one of those temporary absences of the catechist, a number of christians assembled in the down

stairs part of the chapel for a round of Mah Jong, others could enjoy a pipe of opium without being disturbed by the Police, since the Chapel enjoyed the right of asylum. Mr. Chu, the Chairman of the Opium Suppression Committee launched a vigorous protest and threatened to expose all to the priest. He was a good practising Catholic and knew the demoralizing effect of the drug. The Chapel was put under surveillance by the Police. After that things began to happen. Eleven were arrested for gambling and smoking the forbidden drug. The Father Rector made a further investigation and all found guilty were imprisoned from three to five years by the Court.

Among those whose liberty was restricted was a Mr. Liu, and if he pleaded "Don't fence me in" it was no use because he spent the greater part of three years behind the bars. I met him one evening as I was returning from Nan Tang. His shop is on the Main Street near the East Gate and everytime the priest comes to Sui Chang he passes that shop. During my first five years in the District no one ever mentioned anything about the whereabouts of Mr. Liu. This particular evening as I was returning to the city under much difficulty with a badly sprained ankle, my friend stepped out of his shop, bowed gravely and made the Sign of the Cross. That night he came along for night prayers the first time in 26 years. The next morning he attended Mass but did not attempt to make any Confession. After breakfast he told me his story over a bowl of tea and our pipes.

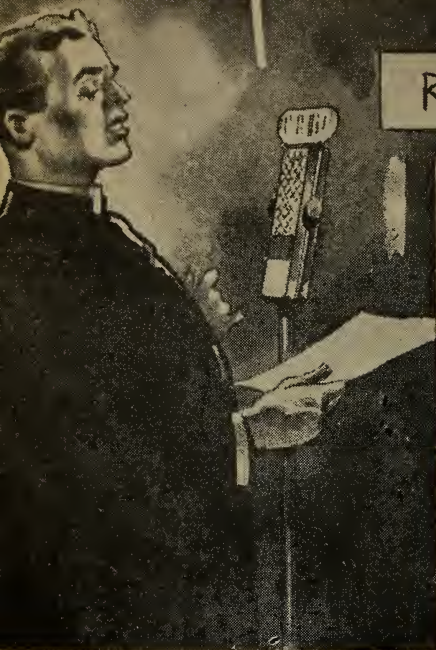
Well Sheng Vu, he began, "about a month ago I was returning from the West Gate and as I was passing that old mill on the left I heard strange noises and figures moving around, I was almost paralyzed with fear, these figures were following me, so I ran home with all possible speed. When I reached there I

couldn't talk so went to bed and my wife called the doctor who prescribed several kinds of medicine, none of which did me any good. The Tao Shih was then called in to pray over me and this of course involved a good deal of superstition. While this was going on, I had a vision,—The Blessed Virgin appeared to me and said she was not pleased with what was going on in the front part of the house. "In a few days", she said, "the Sheng Vu will return to the city, you must meet him and make yourself acquainted, you will have no difficulty recognising him, not only from the gown he will be wearing but he will be limping from a sprained ankle. When he comes you must make your peace with my Son whom you have disowned these many years. In a few days he will be celebrating the Holy Week Ceremonies in preparation for Easter." After that I came to my senses and shouted to Mrs. Liu to come to me,—I told her she must dismiss the Tao Shih immediately. At first she refused but I insisted that was what had to be done. When they left, I told my wife the story as I have told it to you and promised to return to the Fold without further delay and remain a fervent Catholic till death.

He was not satisfied with making one confession but came back a second time to make sure he had covered all the ground. He spent much time in prayer during Holy Week and received Holy Communion on Easter Sunday. After Mass and the usual fireworks which always follow the Four Big Feasts I invited those who had been to Communion to join me at breakfast. It was quite evident to me from his facial expression that he was genuinely happy. When he got his pipe going he said, Father you don't know what I have suffered these past 26 years in being separated spiritually from God who is the source of all consolation and joy. *(Continued on page 29)*

Calling all CATHOLICS

REV. J. M^cGOEY S.F.M



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An address delivered over
the Catholic Youth Broad-
cast (Edmonton) by Father
John McGoe, S.F.M.

+

THERE is nothing so highly respected in the world we live in, as efficiency. In these very days we are being faced time after time with the startling victories of efficiency over inefficiency. It has been this very respect for efficiency which has forced the thinkers of the world to put their heads together in post-war planning. The complete justification of this get-together would be found in a momentary glance into the chaos in the world, without it.

But what has this to do with Missions? Simply this. First things first, is an old saying. No one begrudges first place to the war, war-time production, and war-time strategy. Obviously little else can be accomplished until this war has been fought and won, and peace restored. But would it not be strange, if we failed to realise the necessity of a little efficiency, a little post-war planning where human souls, not bodies, were

the prime consideration? Would it not be strange if we could see the necessity of this planning for the future, where material things were concerned, and yet were so blind as to be oblivious of its necessity in spiritual things, the things of eternity? "Is not the life more than the meat, and the body more than the raiment?" would be Our Lord's way of putting it. When the world is caught in the throes of such an all-embracing conflict as the present one, it is difficult not to lose sight of other things. But would it be sensible to let our grasp on eternity slip, in our anxiety to save for ourselves and for others, the means of material comfort and a prosperous way of life? "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his eternal soul?" is the yet unanswered challenge of Our Blessed Lord. Nothing should allow us to forget, that if

post-war planning does not include, first and foremost, provision for all nations to work with their eternal destiny as their over-all objective, it is doomed to failure. Consequently any post-war planning must contain a program whereby the great pagan nations will have widespread opportunity to study Christian doctrine, and to experience the Christian way of life. If this is not done we will be building our house on sands, our walls without foundations, and our house will fall.

Post-war Planning

There may be a tendency among some of us to feel that this is not as closely connected to the really important issues of life as might be. But is this true? Is not the Christian way of life that which made all the things we are fighting for, just what they are? Would we have any freedom at all if it were not for the fact that Christ purchased it for us? Would we be even fighting at all if it were not to escape a bondage brought back to us by a nation whose leaders have enslaved their people to a paganism more dreadful than that from which St. Boniface originally delivered it? Is there anything in our present civilization in the way of Charity, Goodness or Generosity, fanning out into Churches, hospitals, orphanages and educational institutions, which has not found its source in the teachings of Christ? It is these things which alone will save the pagan nations. How then can we hope to give the pagan nations the fruit of Christianity without first giving them the Christianity from which all these fruits flow? The very thought is ridiculous. We see plainly that the source of the difficulties of these nations is their lack of Christian culture, and yet, we have those stupid enough to presume that we can give these nations the culture without the Christianity. No, it is up to us to work and plan, so that when

times settle down we will be ready to go into action with the personnel and means to adequately place Christianity before the pagan nations.

Christian Plan

Among those plans calculated to contribute to the establishment of satisfactory mutual understanding among nations, we have seen Lend-lease, outright bestowal of gifts, cultural and educational exchange missions, and Red Cross relief work. A lot of thoughtful planning has gone into these measures. How much could be accomplished if we would only put a small fraction of such planning into means of bringing Christian principles to the whole world! Of course while men are men there will always be differences among them. The final settlement of these is promised only in eternity. But in so far as anything could contribute to international understanding, nothing has had the effect that the spread of Christianity has had, along with its myriad Christ-inspired charities and services. Why then is more concrete thought not being put into the work of spreading Christianity as a solid means of establishing world peace? Perhaps religion cannot accomplish this, but certainly if religion cannot do it, nothing can, for nothing has made our world so worth living in as our religion, and misery and meanness only come in when the prescribed goodness, kindness and salutary fear of God go out.

Naturally those who have been led to believe implicitly in the efficiency of brick and mortar, will only be convinced under extraordinary circumstances of the efficiency of the remedies suggested by Christ. However, for those of us who have experience of a pagan world, a world as yet untouched by these remedies, there is no need of further proof. Our brick and mortar experts have enjoyed the fruits of Christian cul-

ture for so long that they have failed to realise just how much of our present way of life is due to that culture, and consequently can only be brought to others through that culture.

China Missions

What then is the present condition of mission work in China? Perhaps the answer to this question can best be had by a glance at the work in our own Canadian Catholic missions of Lishui, China. How are the people disposed toward Christianity? What has the war done to the work?

It is safe to say that Christianity for China or any other pagan country, is the key to progress, to the elevating of the people to a higher physical as well as spiritual life. It is this which will cultivate in these nations a way of thought similar to our own, and put them on a plane with the other nations.

In ordinary peace time, the work of instructing the pagan in religious doctrine, helping the afflicted in hospitals and dispensaries, caring for abandoned children, and educating the youth, went on normally with quite satisfactory results. The progress depended generally on how many priests and sisters were available for the work, and on what means they had at their disposal. Prices were low and contributions from home, although small, accomplished a good deal more than the same amount would at home. Then came the war.

During the first two years of the war there was little ostensible change in the routine of work. It is true there was a blockade on, but after the first few uncertain months, it was quite easy to run the blockade in and out of free China for the necessary medical attention and supplies, and all the other requirements. However, 1940 brought an end to this, and we began to live almost completely off the land. Things were harder to get;

the Japanese were dropping more bombs; communications were showing the signs of the times. Things became progressively worse and mission routine became harder to maintain. Men were being taken right and left for the army. The old men who so loved their bamboo chairs and their pipes in the corner, were doing their own farm work in lieu of young sons. School was constantly interrupted by air alarms. The students liked it but they were not learning anything. The farmers could no longer find the time to come and listen to doctrine. It was all the Christians could do to come to Sunday Mass. They were too pre-occupied with the efforts necessary to keep the rice bowl filled thrice daily. The dispensaries, at first a good means of instructing the people, turned out to be beehives of activity, where the injured were treated so fast that there was little time to talk doctrine as had been the custom. The main disease was now shrapnel. From the day that twenty-five Chinese dollars had been voted an adequate salary for a man and his family in the employ of the mission, things had changed. Supplement after supplement had to be added. Communications with home were becoming worse than ever, and from the two or three weeks it used to take a letter to come from home, four to six months were considered quite alright. Finally the small trickle of letters that had been coming in, stopped altogether. Inflation was on. Each month ended with a prayer of thanksgiving that ends had met, and the next month began with a prayer of petition that they would meet again. Then the bombs fell even thicker until it became quite the custom to see the majority of the people leave the city at dawn, returning only at dusk when the danger of raids was over. And how frequently they found on their return that their homes were no

more, and their little had been turned into nothing.

The End Comes

The bombs falling devastated the missions, but the work could go on. People saw that whatever bandages were available, they got. The Sisters were to be seen everywhere after the bombings and all the help they could give was cheerfully and expertly given. But the bombs were the preface to the inevitable marching feet, and this spelled the virtual end of our work. A telegram came from authorities telling us to flee and to avoid internment at all costs even if this meant hiding in the mountains. We found ourselves with our backs to the missions we had served so long, and in the midst of thousands of soldiers and civilians, in flight, into the interior of China. All along the road one met the sick and the destitute. Children with only rags to cover them, and almost nothing to eat. Unwashed for weeks they were scrounging around ditches and drains for orange peels or any refuse that would keep them alive a little longer. There had been a day when it was an easy matter to take them in and keep them, one and all, but now we too were destitute. Never had we seemed more one with them than now. They found means of getting food for us, and there was a sort of camaraderie established in our mutual distress. There was a satisfaction for them in the fact that they were being called upon to help those from whom they had learned to always expect help.

Conditions went from bad to worse. Our missions were all occupied. Malaria, dysentery, cholera and plague took their daily toll. Finally when no hope was to be had for the evacuation of our missions by the Japanese, we began our fifteen-hundred mile flight to safety. Arriving at the comparative security of an American air base which was itself later to fall to the Japanese, we had time to examine our labours and

balance our books on the matter of missions; to ask ourselves what had been accomplished, and whether it was worth it all. Would it yet avail? Would the future see us in at it again? Discouraged and broken down in health, some of us having lost dangerously close to half our original weight, we knew there was only one answer. It could never be a failure. We would go back one day, and soon. But when we would come back it must be with greater numbers, greater organization, greater means at our disposal. The efficiency demanded in a material world must be applied in the spiritual world. We had to continue, for ours was a work commenced long ago at the expressed command of Christ, and it could only be abandoned at His command. On the ruins of our buildings would rise other buildings. What the price of a single Superfortress wouldn't do? On the sacrifices of our new Christians would be built a bigger and better Christianity. What the enlistment of only a small proportion of those in the Fortresses would not accomplish if they were in the ranks of the priests? This Christianity would be a leaven for a better China. The failure of Christianity to perish under the ravages of war was proof enough of its lasting character. The atrocities of war proved adequately enough what a world without Christianity would be; proved adequately enough that the abandonment of Christianity by any nation augured ill for its neighbour-nations.

China's leaders were quite aware of what the priests and Sisters were striving to do for her people, and heartily approved of the work. Then too after the war, science would aid and abet the missionary. Roads would be opened up; the motorcycle would replace the missionaries' weary feet, and from the pains of

(Continued on page 29)



Beachhead FOR CHRIST

REV. R. REEVES S.F.M



“SOMEONE to see you San Shen F’u.” So spoke the catechist on that eventful Tuesday morning. “What now?” I asked. “A visitor, mother of one of the schoolboys,” replied the catechist. “Tell her I’ll be right down,” I answered.

In a few minutes I went to interview my visitor. She was the mother of a boy attending school and working at the mission part time. Painfully, she told me the story. “I have a cancer, San Shen F’u, and I have come to see if you can help me.” Strange thing, just a few days ago I had made a chance visit to her home when returning from a mission. For a long time no priest had dared go near the place. The mother was an out and out pagan and cursed the priest if he chanced to be around visiting. Why the change in so short a time? Was it because I was helping her son? Perhaps; but this I do know, I had just finished instructing her son and on New Year’s day he was baptised. I always exhorted him to pray for the rest of the family and no doubt Almighty God heard the prayers of that simple shepherd boy who had come to know that Our Lord first revealed His birth to some shepherds watching their flocks by night. His father was a careless Christian and that didn’t help any.

After some deliberation I decided to send the woman to the Sisters in Lishui, and so the next morning bright and early she came to see the Mass; the only expression she knew describing the Christian form of worship. Then I arranged for her journey by boat to Lishui. The poor soul was indeed happy and thanked me, hoping that some benefit would accrue from this visit to the Sisters’ little hospital.

Time passed by, and one day the boy’s mother returned. “The Sisters were very kind San Shen F’u,” she said, “but they cannot do much for me, the cancer is too far advanced.” Here was my chance I thought; D day had arrived and now I went all out to gain her heart and mind for God, to establish at least a beachhead on the barren shore of a pagan mind. I used all the ammunition available, prayer, exhortation, and sympathy. The going was hard. The mud and bog of pagan slavery were terrific. The devil was firing back I’m sure, inspiring the woman with fear of what might happen should she become a Christian. What would the other pagans think of this? Buddha would curse her. Her ancestors would never rest in peace. She would die and return to the earth as a dog and so on. Some battle,

but no fear—Christ is the Captain and soon there came a change. The next day before returning home she asked me to visit her again in her humble home. I told her that I would at first opportunity. After thanking me for the help I had given her she departed.

It was two weeks later. A beautiful, spring day and a grand opportunity to make the promised visit, and a second attack to beat the devil. The journey was about seventy-five li, roughly speaking about twenty-five English miles. I arrived in the town of Suichang about eleven o'clock and made a visit to the mission. After straightening out some affairs I wandered over to the school-boy's home. There I found his mother very sick, the cancer giving her great pain. I immediately spoke to her about the things of eternity, the goodness of God and the love of His Blessed Mother. Then I asked her questions about the commandments, the doctrine of redemption and baptism. All these she explained very well, showing with what interest she had followed the instructions given her at the mission.

Her fond hope was to be like her son—a Christian; baptised in the Catholic Faith. It was indeed a surprise. Her disposition had changed completely. Now instead of hate there was love, in the place of ridicule there was respect, no doubt a change brought about by her son's prayers. She also mentioned the fact that it was her sincere desire to have the other son baptised, and that her wayward husband was studying doctrine again. Indeed things were very encouraging, so I promised to come back and administer baptism very soon. After the usual bowl of mien and cup of tea I departed and went to the mission and there prepared to return home.

Late that evening I arrived at Sungyang. After having supper I went to see the boy at the mission

school, telling him that his mother was quite sick and that she was going to be baptised. He was very glad indeed to hear the news about his mother becoming a Christian and remarked, that if she died he wouldn't worry now, because he would soon have a good friend in heaven.

Just two days passed and a message came for me; "Come quickly!" Someone is dying in Suichang." I immediately set out and arrived at the home of the sick woman in good time. She was dying, and so after necessary preparations were made I baptised her, releasing a soul from the bonds of Satan and admitting it into the friendship of Christ. Then I prepared her for death. What a difference now, what a transformation. She was prepared to die, well prepared to cross the great divide. After everything was over she begged me to look after the boy and this I said would be done.

Word reached me later on that the woman died the next day. Truly God had been good to her, bestowing a great grace upon her at the eleventh hour. For that soul death was no leap into the darkness, no gloomy night, but rather the passing from darkness into light, the release of a soul from the fetters and hindrances of the body.

The boy at the mission received the news of his mother's death and was exemplary. He thanked me for all the assistance they had received, and promised that he would always pray for missionaries, because that's what China needs. So ended another little chapter in the history of the Canadian mission field in far off China. We must hope that in the not far distant future many more souls will be garnered into the Master's vineyard by the ministrations of more missionaries. Yes, let us hope that missionaries will not be wanting who by giving up all for Christ become rich unto eternity.

The LITTLE ROSE FLOWER'S GARDEN



What Did the Kings Leave Me?

By VERY REV. A. CHAFE, S.F.M.

JUST IMAGINE how terrible it would be on Christmas Eve night if you had no chimney in your house to let Santa Claus enter, and no stockings to hang up to receive his presents! Well, if you lived with me here in the Dominican Republic (ask your Teacher to show you that country on the map) you would not have a chimney in your house because it is too warm here to need stoves or fireplaces; and you would not wear stockings, either, as almost all the children here go bare-legged the whole year.

"Oh, my!", you'll say, "but that's tough on Santa Claus as well as on his little Dominican friends."

But here they do not celebrate very much Christmas Day, and they do not pay much attention to Santa Claus. Why? Because they have a custom here which, I think, is even better than your custom of hanging up your stocking on Christmas Eve for Santa Claus. I'm going to tell you about it, and you can write Father Jim and tell him what you think about it.

What you do on Christmas Eve and on Christmas Day the children here do a week later, but in a different way. Their "big day" is January 6th, Feast of the Epiphany, the day we celebrate the visit of the Three Wise Men to the Infant Jesus and His Mother Mary and St. Joseph. On the night before the Feast the children put a little bit of grass, and a little water, in their shoes and then put the shoes under the bed, at home. And they put the same things, without the shoes, under the beds in the homes of their friends.

Why do they do that? Well, they know that to-morrow the Holy Kings are coming on their camels to visit the Infant Jesus. So they help the Kings on their journey by putting grass and water in a safe place for the Kings' camels to eat. Naturally, the Kings, because they are bringing so many gifts to the Child Jesus, will be pleased with the food for their animals and so leave some of their gifts for the good little children.

Bright and early in the morning, the children are up. Instead of saying, "What did Santa Claus bring me?" they say, "What did the Holy Kings leave for me?". Then they go out and call at the houses of their friends to see what the Kings left there for them, too.

When I went out of my house on January 6 to open the church doors at 6.30 a.m., it was almost dark as the sun had not yet come up. And I was surprised to see so many children playing in the streets and others carrying parcels in their arms. They had their toys and games, and other gifts, just like you found in your stocking or under your Christmas Tree this year.

I did not know anything about that custom so when the children asked me "What did the Holy Kings leave in your house for me?", I said, "Oh, but you forgot to feed their camels—so they just left some pennies with me to give you to buy candy". And in a short time I had a lot of little visitors, all happy to get their pennies, for you know most of the children here are very poor and a few cents would be a

(Continued on page 27)



FIRST TEST

The Cliché

A *cliché* is a phrase (usually a simile or a metaphor) that has become hackneyed, that is worn threadbare from repeated usage. For example, the simile *happy as a clam* or the famous mixed metaphor about the gentleman who proclaimed that he could "*smell a rat*" could "*see it floating in the air*" but was determined to "*nip it in the bud*".

See if you can fill in the last word of these *clichés*:

(Three points for each correct answer)

- | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. As pleased as | 6. Mad as a |
| 2. The psychological | 7. Slow as |
| 3. Old as | 8. In the nick of |
| 4. Fresh as a | 9. No cross no |
| 5. Man's to man | 10. At the of the hat |

(Answers on page 28)

SECOND TEST

Musical Knowledge

Play (or have somebody play) the given opening bar or bars of these more familiar "old-timers" and see if you can identify them.

1	6
2	7
3	8
4	9
5	10

The Mail Bag

North Rustico,
Prince Edward Island.

. . . . We would like to know about your Society. Our parish priest's name is Father Douglas McNeill. Our school's name is Stella Maris. In our school we have electric lights and a telephone. . . . There are one hundred and seventy pupils and we have five Sisters for our teachers. . . . EVERY SUNDAY WE GATHER AT MY HOUSE AND READ FOUR PAGES OF THE "CHINA" MAGAZINE. WE ENJOY IT VERY MUCH. . . . So I, in the name of the six girls (mentioned in my letter) say good-bye.

Yours sincerely,
Beatrice Doucette.

Gee, isn't that wonderful. Just think of it, these seven Young Missionaries get together every Sunday and read the CHINA!" I bet this good example will influence many, many other members to do likewise. Kind of Mission Club every Sunday!!!

* * *

Father Jim and all at Scarboro thank Mrs. Haveron for the generous offering of five dollars. Address not on letter and regret that I cannot reply directly.

* * *

Dundas St.,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

I hope this little contribution will help in some way. God bless the wonderful work you are doing.

Yours sincerely,
(Miss) Kay Summers.
Now
(Mrs.) Kay Clarke.

I wonder if you are an "old" member of the Garden? Maybe you will write and let us all know when you joined and how you liked our company!

* * *

Spaniard's Bay,
Newfoundland.

. . . . I wrote to you twice and sent you two collections of stamps. You may not have received them, this letter I am sending by air-mail. . . . I had mail from Lillian Power. . . . I hope the Missions are having every success. . . .

Yours truly,
Bernard Brazil.

Gosh, Bernard, I hope you received our letters to you. We received the stamps and your letters and wrote to you. Thanks for the Air-mail letter.

Sacred Heart School
Fletcher, Ont.

Dear Father:

. . . . As you will notice our school won First Prize in the Spiritual Treasury for the Holy Childhood. . . . Will you please mail me 10 copies of the magazine CHINA in which the school picture will appear.

Camilla Glavin,
Teacher, S.S.S. No. 4, Fletcher.

Congratulations, dear Miss Glavin and friends, and we hope you like the reproduction in our pages.

* * *

15 McCrae Drive,
Leaside, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

It is quite a while since I wrote you last, but I have not forgotten about the Club. . . . In the January issue you asked for ideas about what we would like in the Rose Garden each month. . . . I sometimes try to write stories and I thought if the Boys and Girls write short stories each month and send them in, you could publish the best one. I think your PEN-PAL CORNER is a very good idea.

Sincerely,
Barbara Black.

Thank you, Barbara, we will try your idea. So now off to the contest! If I get a good story I will publish it in the Rose Garden Section of CHINA. From Newfoundland to Victoria, B.C., and down into the United States we will go for new, young writers for the Garden of the Little Flower. We're off!! The Pen-Pal Corner idea was suggested by a Young Missionary, Urban Kyer of Montreal. He is to be congratulated because the Pen-Pal Corner is now very, very popular. I think the members should shower Urban with letters of congratulations. His address is: 1215 Bishop Street, Montreal, Que. His suggestion was printed in the July-August issue of CHINA, page 29.

* * *

Fort Erie, Ont.

. . . . We would like to help the Missions. . . . Sue and Peter O'Hara.

What more could we ask! Thank you, Sue and Peter.

* * *

Penetang, Ont.

. . . . We get the CHINA and like it very much. . . . Father McGoey was in China but he came home because he was very sick. Could you tell me his address?

Catherine Maher.
Catherine, Father McGoey's address is: China Mission Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

Pen-Pal Corner

Richard Leach,
Crescent Street,
Sydney Mines, N.S.

.... I am eleven years old and would like to have pen-pals of my own age.
... My hobbies: reading, skating swimming and writing.

* * *

Mary Frances Clark
La Salette, Ont.

.... I live in the same parish as the China Missionary, Father Beal.

* * *

Sue Sutton,
7 Elm Avenue,
Amherstburg, Ont.

.... I am twelve years old and in the Seventh Grade at St. Anthony's School. I like all sports but especially swimming and ice-skating.

* * *

Marguerite Psihogios
669 Albert St. East
Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

.... I am in Grade Eight and I am fourteen years old. I would like pen-pals of my own age (girls only). My favourite hobbies are reading, skating and skiing.

* * *

Rosemary Langlois
120 Alma Street,
Amherstburg, Ont.

.... I am fifteen years of age. ... My hobbies are skating and swimming. I would like pen-pals between the ages of fifteen and seventeen, both boys and girls—from all over Canada.

* * *

Mary Callahan
Spaniard's Bay,
Newfoundland.

I am nine years of age and in Grade Six. ... Would like pen-pals of my own age.

* * *

Catherine Cain,
278 Johnson Street,
Kingston, Ont.

... Eleven years of age and in Grade Six.

* * *

Catherine Maher,
Penetang, Ont.

Could I write to have a pen-pal like other children do in the CHINA? My address is 110 Main Street, Penetang, Ont. I would like a boy or girl of my own age. I am 10 years old. I promise to write.

CHINA

Helen Demers,
479 Sherman Street, Hamilton, Ont.

"I am sixteen and would like to correspond with both boys and girls of my own age. ... My hobby is piano."

* * *

Elmer Sabourin,
Maxville, Ont.

Elmer is twelve years old and in Grade VII. He is an altar boy. Wishes to have pen-pals about own age.

* * *

Marcella Hawley,
Box 294,
New Waterford, C.B., Nova Scotia.

.... I am twenty years old and I would like pen-pals from all over the world.

NEW MEMBERS

Betty Murphy, eleven years old, Spaniard's Bay, Nfld. Darien Timberley, age ten, Grade V, 1114 Allard Avenue, Verdun, Montreal Que. Gerard Collins, P.O. Box 308, Corner Brook, Nfld. Dorothy Grant, age twelve, 32 Ellice Street, Kingston, Ont. Elmer Sabourin, Maxville, Ont.

* * *

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL, OTTAWA, ONT.
Grade V Girls

Shirley Shepherd, Beverley Egan, Theresa Martin, Jenny Hurtin, Joyce Fitzgerald, June Sayer, Claudia Murray, Teresa Watters, Catherine Ann O'Connor, Joan Riopelle, Marion Christie, Doreen Moylan, Mona McSorley, Shirley Longchamp, Carmelita O'Reilly, Theresa Dunleavy, Patsy Ready, Lucienne Miner, Doris Delaney, Joan Woods, Veronica Powers, Aileen McCarthy, Mary McKinney, Geraldine McPhail, Noreen Howell, Laurie Twolan, Winnie Fitzgerald, Teresa Blais, Dorothy McHugh, Amanda Parent, Joan Jessup, Joan Akeson, Joan Grant, Colleen Langton, Beverly Jodoin, Audrey Leslie, Janet Ladouceur, Eileen Beauchamp, Sylvia Guido, Lois Poulin, Helen Parent.

* * *

HOLY FAMILY SCHOOL,
TIMMINS, ONT.

Grade VI Boys

John Bowie, Harvey Shaw, Mike Novak, Joe McCann, Morton Dafoe, Alva Cooper, Terry O'Toole, Peter Raymond, Victor Power, Julian Anderchek, Raymond Pigeon, Gordon Hunt, Dan Cox, Gerald Doiron, Tommy Gloster, Larry Bretell, Desmond Golka, Rudy Soucie, Leo Belanger, Walter Kealey, Roger Leigh, Telesphor Dupras, Emmet Wolfe,
(Continued on page 27)

OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY

Part
III

A picture story taken from

Heroes All-
CATHOLIC ACTION ILLUSTRATED

National Catholic Comic Magazine, Minneapolis, Minn.



But
LITTLE
JACINTA'S
MIND
WAS TOO
HEAVY
WITH
THE
WONDER



JUNE 13TH
FEAST OF
ST. ANTHONY.



To be continued

WHAT DID THE KING LEAVE ME?

(Continued from page 22)

big gift for them. Next year, I'm pretty sure the Kings camels will get plenty to eat if they visit my house, and I'll probably be left a lot of presents for my dear little Dominican friends here in Monte Plata. Monte Plata is the name of the place where I live, with Father James Walsh from Toronto.

There are other Priests of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society in other parishes in this Dominican Republic. Father John Fullerton (of Toronto) and Father Joseph Ainslie (of Kingston, Ont.,) are in a parish called Yamasa. I was speaking to Father Ainslie a few days after the Feast of the Kings and he was all smiles as he told me about what happened in their Parish. More than 130 children left their shoes at the *Casa Curial* (that's what they call the Priest's house, in Spanish), and, of course, the good Kings left a present in everybody's shoes. Before the Mass on Jan. 6th Fathers Fullerton and Ainslie had a wonderful time trying to give back the shoes to their proper owners, but all were very satisfied. Some got toys, some got little gifts of money, and the very poorest ones even got new articles of clothing.

So you see the little Dominican children have a very beautiful custom, and perhaps you never heard of it before. Now you'll know how your little brothers and sisters in another country, a very lovely country, too, prepare for their Santa Claus. I know you'll be glad to learn that your Priests of the Scarboro Missions are working for these Dominican children. I must close my letter to my friends of the "Rose Garden" by telling you a sad thing, but when you hear it I am sure it will help you to be better little missionaries yourselves. The sad thing is that at the two Masses I said in Monte Plata Church, the Church of St. Anthony, on the Feast of the Kings, a Holy-Day, there were not more than a dozen children present.

Although the children are baptized Catholics, very few of them ever learn their Catechism or come to Mass because they have not been trained by their parents like you have, and for a long time there used to be no Priests to teach them. Now we are here to do that, and I'd like all of you to say a little prayer every day that when the next Feast of the Kings (*Fiesta de los Reyes*, they call it in Spanish) comes round many of these lovable little

Dominican children may join the Three Kings in coming to visit the Infant Jesus in his Crib and bring Him their own little gifts of love and prayer, which are the things the Christ-Child likes best to receive from His little friends in every land.

Perhaps Father Jim will let me write other letters to you in CHINA during the year and tell you many other things about the Land where Christopher Columbus first set foot in America and where his body now lies in a grand monument inside the oldest Cathedral in America, here in the Dominican Republic. Maybe Father Jim would wish to hear from you if you think you'd like to read more letters from here.

PADRE ALFONSO, S.F.M.

(At this point Father Jim would like to assure his one-time "boss", our former editor, that all his friends in the Rose Garden would like to hear from him—and often. So, Padre Alfonso, keep us in mind).

NEW MEMBERS

(Continued)

Lloyd Anderchek, Gerald O'Toole, Kenneth Beaulien, Ronald Duval, Martin Weinberger, Tommy Lyons, John Hancin, Raymond Kryns, Albert Nolan, Forrest White, Joseph Demuyneck, Robert Thomas, Zenon Pickarski, Lawrence Golka, Roger Little, Heith Jennings.

* * *

ST. WILLIBRORD'S ACADEMY, VERDUN, QUE.

Grade VIc

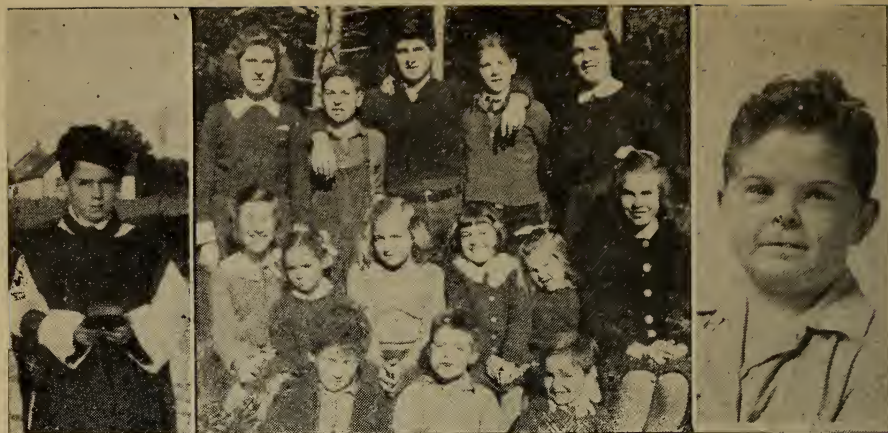
Maureen Pendergast, Catherine Mansfield, Joan Daze, Lois Young, Betty Lugten, Mildreda Joannette, Kathleen McCann, Alison Dowd, Shirley Grant, Patricia Donoghue, Helen Hayes, Beryl La Prairie, Beverley Watts, Estelle Dube, Teresa Gannon, Joyce Leitham, Dolores Walsh, Marie Policino, Rose Mary White, Audrey Ingram, Faith Forbes, Joan Gauthier, Patricia Maloney, Marna Fenlon, Marjory Fitzgerald, Mildred Hill, Una Burns, Patricia Healey, Norma Brown, Eileen Rogers, Ruth McGuire, Mary Wildig.

* * *

Rita Hooley, Fairville, N.B.; Thomas Magusin, Farmington, B.C.; Dorothy Grant, 32 Ellice Street, Kingston, Ont.; Joan Earle, 59 Pokiok Road, St. John. N.B.

* * *

We welcome to the Rose Garden the new members listed above and trust they will find good reading, good fun and pen-pals galore.



Left to Right: Tommy Martin, Jamaica Plain, Mass.; Pupils of St. Catherine's School, St. Catharines, Ont.; Florent Rasjotte, Massey, Ont.

Answer to *Cliche* Test

1, Punch; 2, Moment; 3, The hills;
4, Daisy; 5, Inhumanity; 6, Hatter; 7,
Molasses; 8, Time; 9, Crown; 10, Drop.

* * *

Answers to Musical Quizz

(1) Little Annie Rooney; (2) M-o-t-h-e-r; (3) Kathleen Mavourneen; (4) I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen; (P.S. Isn't it time she stayed at home?) (5) Comrades; (6) Home on the Range, or The Man on the Flying Trapeze; (7) While Strolling Thru' the Park One Day; (8) No, No, A Thou-

sand Times No; (9) The Curse of An Aching Heart, or (Snif, snif) You Made Me What I Am To-day, I Hope You're Satisfied; (10) Daisy Bell, or Bicycle Built For Two.

★

Conditions of membership:

- 1—To receive Holy Communion once each month for an increase in missionary vocations.
- 2—To recite the official prayer daily for the conversion of infidels.
- 3—To aid the Fathers of the Scarborough Foreign Mission Society by saving pennies for the Missions.



Teacher and Pupils of Sacred Heart School, Fletcher, Ont.

Calling All Catholics

(Continued from page 19)

war would be born a new surge on the crest of which would ride the barque of Peter from which Christ once more would teach the people. More priests and Sisters must be available for the work as soon as times will permit. More financial help must be within reach if a golden opportunity towards world peace is not to be lost. The hope of China as the hope of the whole world would be in the establishment of the "Peace of Christ in the reign of Christ".

Post-war China

Into Post-war China is going to pour all the help that America can send. But Christ must precede that help wherever possible if the people are going to understand the spirit in which that help comes. All our leaders realise their responsibility in rehabilitating China, and elevating the standard of living of her people. We have this obligation simply and solely because we are a Christian people. The recipients of the help must be able to appreciate Christianity to appreciate the help. In any country predominantly pagan, the whole permanent value of such help as is given by the Red Cross is lost if the Cross of Calvary is not clearly seen as the inspiration of the Red Cross. How can it be seen if these people are not taught. Only those who have given their lives to this work can teach them this. Only the knowledge that we are all created by the same God, for the same Heaven, towards which Christ has begged each one of us to help his neighbour, only this idea pressed home to these people can contribute anything lasting towards world peace and understanding. If Christ is not brought to this world that knows Him not, before we even begin, we

destroy our possibilities of building that world into one which can understand our ways. If we would only apply a little of our admirable efficiency to the spread of the reign of Christ how much could be accomplished. Why doesn't post-war planning extend to this work? It must, and you and I must extend it, and do the planning by first of all realising the necessity ourselves. If we make sure of God's place in the post-war world we will find that our own place will not be a cause of worry to us.

To-day on the feast of Christ the King, may our prayer be for the coming of His Kingdom to those vast nations of teeming millions who still sit in darkness and in the shadow of death. For young men and women to offer their lives as priests and Sisters for this work. For the Peace of Christ in the reign of Christ. God bless you.

Mr. Liu Returns to the Fold

(Continued from page 15)

How true this is of those who through human weakness have fallen from grace and lack the moral courage to go back to God and say, "I am sorry". That is all He wants us to do. What misery and suffering people could spare themselves by going to Our Lord and unburdening all that is troubling them and receiving the sweet unction of His grace. He is ever waiting with outstretched arms to receive the repentant sinner. This was a true Eastern Morn for Mr. Liu who has now gone to share his eternal reward.



It's Time to Laugh



Teacher: "Lot was warned to take his wife and daughter and flee out of the city. Lot and his wife and daughter got safely away."

Student: "What happened to the flea, Mam?"

An American upon being introduced to an Irishman, was asked by the latter: "From what country do you come?"

"From the greatest in the world," replied the American with a smile.

"Poor fellow," sighed Pat, "you have lost your accent."

An employer called his men together to place before them plans for bettering working conditions.

"Now, whenever I enter the shop," he said. "I want to see every man cheerfully performing his task, and therefore I invite you to place in this box any suggestions as to how that can be brought about."

A few days later he opened the box and took out a slip of paper containing this message: "Take the rubber heels off your shoes."

Cross-eyed judge (to first prisoner): "What have you to say?"

Second Prisoner: "I didn't do anything."

Judge: "I was not talking to you."

Third Prisoner: "I didn't say anything."

During a conversation with a young lady a story says Mark Twain had occasion to mention the word "drydock." "Just what is a drydock, Mr. Clemens?" she asked.

"Ahem," replied the great humorist, "it's a thirsty physician."

Voter: "I wouldn't vote for you if you were St. Peter himself."

Candidate: "If I were St. Peter, you could not vote for me. You wouldn't be in my district."

Two old vets of the rod and reel were attempting to down one another with tales of their fishing accomplishments. A large audience hung onto every word as they sought to cinch the verbal battle.

"Listen, you lobsided bobber," shouted Sam. "Once I caught a 50 pound bass with just a rusty pin."

"Shucks," countered Pete, "about two years ago I pulled in an old lantern, dated 1860, while fishing, and, believe it or not that blamed lantern was still burning!"

"Now look here, Pete," scowled Sam. "I'll take 45 pounds off my fish if you'll just blow out that blamed lantern."

"I knew an artist who painted a cobweb so realistically that the maid spent several hours trying to get it down from the ceiling."

"I just don't believe it."

"Why not? Artists have been known to do such things."

"Yes, but not maids."

Cook: "Did they say anything about the cooking?"

Maid: "No, but I noticed them praying before they ate."

A woman shopper stopped at a meat market and much to her surprise found the counters piled high with lovely steaks and roasts. The butcher told her she could buy all she wanted. The lady pinched herself and then she ordered a twenty-pound roast.

"Please deliver it," she begged, "it's a little heavy for me." The butcher shook his head. "I'm sorry, ma'am," he said, "but we don't deliver any more."

"But," demurred the housewife, "I just saw your delivery wagon standing outside."

"Sure you did," sighed the butcher, "we still have the wagon but you just bought part of the horse!"

During the history lesson the teacher pointed out to the class that a surname often indicated the trade of the ancestors of those who bore the name. He gave the obviously simple examples of Smith, Taylor and Baker.

Then he questioned one of the boys: "What were your ancestors, Webb?" "Spiders, sir!"

First wife: "Is your husband a book-worm?"

Second: "No, just an ordinary one."

"What are you doing to my daughter?"

"She nearly drowned and we are giving her artificial respiration."

"Stop—I want nothing artificial; give her the genuine. I can afford it."

"Have you ever appeared as witness in a suit before?" asked the attorney.

"Why, of course!" replied the young lady on the witness stand.

"Will you please tell the jury just what suit it was?" demanded the lawyer.

"It was a blue suit, with white collar and cuffs and white buttons all the way down the back," replied the young lady.

An ambitious young man heard of the death of the junior partner of a big firm. Being full of self-confidence, he hurried to the offices of the firm, whose senior partner was a friend of his father's.

"How about my taking your partner's place?" he asked.

"Excellent!" said the senior partner. "If you can fix things with the undertaker."

Three slightly deaf men were motor-ing from the north to London in an old, noisy car, and hearing was difficult. As they were nearing the city, one asked.

"Is this Wembley?"

"No," replied the second, "this is Thursday."

"So am I," put in the third. "Let's stop and have one."

Two men were going through a house that was said to be haunted, when to their surprise they heard voices saying: "Go away! Leave us alone! Go away!"

The men turned to each other nervously. "How is it we can hear them but can't see them?"

"Because," said the moaning voice of the ghosts, "our sheets haven't come back from the laundry."

"Help your wife," says Good House-keeping. "When she mops up the floor, mop the floor with her."

"I see," remarked young Mr. Brown, "that a man who speaks six languages has just married a woman who speaks three."

"That," replied the long-wedded Mr. Jones, "seems to be about the right handicap."

In Scotland a doctor who was conducting an ambulance class asked one of his pupils what he would do if he came upon a man lying unconscious by the roadside. "Gie him a glass of whisky," came the reply.

"But if he couldn't swallow a glass of whisky, what then?"

"Well, I wouldna fash wi' him ony mair. If he's a Scot and canna swallow a glass o' whisky—he's deid."

Smith was in his den with a few of his friends talking about his wife and her peculiarities.

"I have thought for some time," he said, "that my wife is utterly devoid of taste, but the other day she put on a new dress which was atrocious beyond words. I daren't, of course, say a word about it, and dared hardly look at it, but as she went out I went to the window to have another look at her and——"

At this juncture his wife entered suddenly.

"And the funniest part of the whole affair," continued Smith, without showing the least embarrassment, "was that they found the cat 11 days later on the top of the Eiffel Tower!"

And Mrs. Smith still does not understand what there was in that ridiculous statement to make them all laugh so uproariously.

Browser: "I'm sorry to keep you waiting, but I've been setting a trap for my wife."

Wowser: "Good Heavens, man, that's too bad. Who do you suspect?"

Browser: "A mouse in the kitchen."

"What is the shape of the earth?" the teacher asked Roland the other day.

"Round," he said.

"How do you know it's round?"

"All right, then—it's square. I don't want any argument about it."

"I see you advertised your saxophone for sale."

"Yes, I saw my neighbour yesterday in the hardware store buying a gun."

Medical Officer: "Have you ever had any organic troubles?"

Recruit: "No, sir. I'm not the least bit musical."

What of the Night?

Is world peace once again trembling in the balance? Is the spectre of World War III rising to haunt us before the present war is won? What part will be played by "unpredictable Russia" in future affairs of the world? Read the answer in:

FATIMA, HOPE OF THE WORLD

By RT. REV. WM. C. McGRATH, P.A.

Did You Know?

That God's Blessed Mother foretold the conversion of Russia and an era of peace for humanity?

That peace, blessed peace for a war-weary world, is ours for the asking?

World leaders view the future with apprehension. Human wisdom—as once before in living memory — is unequal to the task of ensuring world peace.

Let Us

Take It Out of Their Hands!

Fidelity to the requests of the Blessed Virgin will assure that peace for which all mankind is yearning. Learn the part that you must play. Read the startling—and consoling—story of Fatima and the direct revelation, definite and in detail, made by the Mother of God.

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CHINA



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APRIL
1945

HERE COMES YOUR EASTER BONNET



The Bulletin Board

A Holy and Happy Easter

CHINA takes this occasion to wish all its readers and friends a holy and happy Eastertide. May the Risen Christ bless most abundantly you and yours and grant to a war-weary world that light and life and peace so beautifully expressed in the spring-time feast of the Resurrection.

Monsignor Fraser Still Unheard Of

Up until the time of going to Press, no news had reached us of the health or whereabouts of our beloved founder, Monsignor Fraser. Ever since the fall of Manila, we have waited anxiously for word of Monsignor's safety. The last news we received from him, over a year ago, he was interned with Archbishop Dougherty in the episcopal house in Manila.

Please remember him in your prayers, that we may soon receive word of his good health and safety.

Remember Our Dead

Mrs. Hugh Black of Montreal, Quebec.

Mrs. Arthur O'Rourke of London, Ont.

Montreal News

The First Annual Social Evening for the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society will be held on April 16th at St. Malachy's Parish Hall. Tickets are now on sale and may be obtained by phoning the President of the Montreal Unit of the Mission League of the Little Flower, Miss Noreen Cummins, WA. 5282.

CHINA

Monsignor McRae Improving

Our Superior General, who has been very seriously sick in St. Joseph's Hospital in Toronto, is, thank God, improving. His condition after undergoing a major operation became critical and caused some alarm. The crisis is now past, and we ask your good prayers for his speedy recovery.

Please Renew Your Subscription

We depend in a great measure on the subscribers to CHINA for the carrying on of our mission work. Please be faithful in the matter of paying up your yearly subscription. Often it is neglected through carelessness or procrastination. It means so much to our poor missionaries. In your kindness and charity give it a little thought. Thank you.

Toronto News

The Ninth Annual Bridge and Euchre Party of our St. Francis Xavier Women's Auxiliary will take place in St. Anne's Chinese Mission Hall on Thursday April 5th. Information on tickets may be had by phoning Mrs. J. A. Bradley—LO. 6670 or Mrs. W. Ingoldsby, LA. 4915.

CHINA: Very Rev. Hugh F. X. Sharkey, Editor. Vol. XXVI, No. 4, April, 1945. Issued monthly, September to June; bi-monthly July-August. Rates \$1.00 a year. Official Publication of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AND ADMITTED TO PRIVILEGED POSTAGE RATES AT THE POST OFFICE, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, JULY 10, 1924. Published by Ecclesiastical authority. Printed by The Industrial & Educational Publishing Co., Limited, Toronto 1.



Circulation: 49,000

EDITORIAL

Is It Nothing to You?

THAT half the world has No Faith, No Church, No Light and No Christ? What will you do to change this sad condition?

THAT 30,000,000 heathen die every year without baptism—with no hope—knowing not whither they are going—because there are not enough missionaries?

THAT the poor foreign missionary has to support himself and his entire mission on a monthly allowance of a few dollars? In many missions now the cost of living is much higher than in Canada! While we at home have all we need, the brave Apostle of Christ is starving and dying at the front! Is it nothing to you?

THAT many mission schools are being forced to close for lack of funds? In many of our districts our schools have been badly damaged by bombs. How can a mission succeed without a school? Is it nothing to you whether the missions prosper or fail?

THAT a large number of candidates for the missionary priesthood are poor boys dependent upon the generosity of good Catholics to help them reach their goal? You can send forth Apostles to save some of the 800,000,000 heathen, by contributing to our Burse Fund.

THAT China has only 2,300 priests for her 400,000,000 souls; one priest for every 175,000 people; one priest for every 650 square miles?

THAT the missionaries grow old and die with no one to continue their work? For effective missionary work we must have an army of 500,000 missionaries, but we have not even a fraction of that. Be an Apostle and help the mission cause?

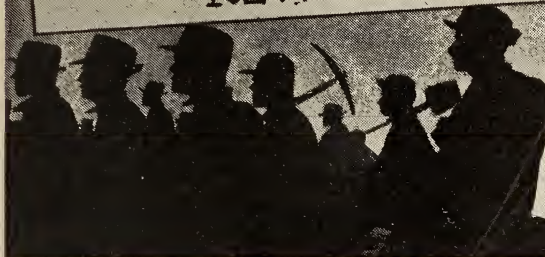
THAT of 76,000,000 Chinese children, only about six per cent are in school? We need 200,000 priests to convert China! The fields are indeed white unto harvest, but the missionaries are few—very few. Surely among our fine Catholic boys and girls throughout Canada, there are some who are ready and willing to dedicate their lives to the grandest work on earth—the missionary priesthood or sisterhood?

THAT in Toronto, Vancouver and Victoria, thousands of Chinese people live in paganism—right at our very door? Protestant sects have laboured among them these past fifty years, while no attempt was made to bring to them our Holy Faith, till within the last few years. The Scarborough Foreign Mission Society now has Missions in these three Canadian cities, engaged in work in Chinatown. Will you not help?

THAT practically all missionary help from Europe has been cut off, and upon the Americas as never before rests the obligation to “Go, teach all nations”? China, India, Africa, look to us for missionary priests, nuns, alms and prayer.

CHRIST and the WORKING MAN

REV. T. BATTLE



AS BROADCAST OVER
STATION C. B. L.
TORONTO BY THE
RADIO LEAGUE
OF ST. MICHAEL.

ALL are familiar with the saying that 'talk is cheap.' It is so cheap a commodity that people both in high and low places have indulged in it most freely this long while back. As far back as 1914, or thereabouts, talk began to jell into such sloganized catch-phrases as 'We must stop the huns from swashbuckling through the streets of Europe'; or 'We must make the world safe for democracy'; or 'We must respect the self-determination of all nations great and small.' Then, after Versailles, and the launching of that international ship of state known as the League of Nations, which soon foundered on the rocks and shoals of international power politics, we came on to the depression era, when noonday luncheon clubs told us *ad nauseam* that prosperity was just around the corner. What corner? The memorable and mournful corner of 1939 when the hun again went swashbuckling through the streets of Europe. That's what brought prosperity back. In that interim, from 1919 to 1939, the coinage of words and phrases was most prolific. We heard of chicken in every pot and two cars in a double garage. Then came from more than one, the truest and best

current phrase building: "We must drive these moneychangers from the temple of our civilization and restore it to the ancient truths."

The past six years have furnished us with a plethora of phraseology and more or less empty oratory. The sayings and slogans sounded very fine and rang true in many cases, but alas! the voice was the voice of Jacob but the hands were the hands of Esau. Talk was still cheap. Actions did not speak louder than words. We engaged in this war on behalf of Christianity and civilization. We were all bent on the repulsion of ruthless aggression and the restoration of order out of chaos. We would rebuild our world—rebuild it on the pillars of religion and justice and charity and freedom and the welfare of all—great and small.

Now what has been done to meet our words with works and our resolutions with realities? What has been done in the world of the spirit and the realm of the ideal before the reconstruction in the sensible and material world can come to anything?

In the first place as regards belief and conviction. So many of mankind are still imbued with false faiths

and philosophies and still cling to and counsel dangerous isms, schisms and vicious propaganda. All this comes from a plenary or partial revolt of the soul of man against the revelation given to the race—the faith once delivered to the saints—from which and to which nothing can be taken away or nothing added. This is known as the sacred deposit of faith given to mankind by the Saviour of the world and completed by the Holy Ghost, so, that the closing and sealing of it all cannot reach beyond the death of the last inspired apostle. The death of St. John, the Apostle and evangelist, about the year 100, marks the high water mark and famous line of demarcation. From this great storehouse and treasure house the Christian Church must draw, unfold, explain and preach and teach, under divine guidance and protection, the truths for all mankind.

It is true that since Germany walked into Poland, nationally and internationally, we got down on our knees and prayed to the Lord of all. But how much of this was there before that eventful day. And even since, has the individual learned his lesson that not once or twice or thrice each war-year, but every day in every man's life, should be a day of prayer and worship. And have nations and government taken the cue from those few days of public and social prayer to change, alter or improve their set-ups, to favor and foster and protect religion, to rule and legislate according to truth, justice and morality and to prove themselves a Christian nation and people—both in public and private—in a God-ordered and God-fearing and God-loving world?

Our morals are not improving in the social shambles in which our modern world finds itself. Not that evil doing is at any time permissible or reasonable, but, even allowing for the waywardness of our weakened and wounded, not depraved nature,

rascality today outrages all rationality. We have turned our world into a veritable hell's kitchen. Day by day in every way we are getting worse.

We are doing but very little to salvage the home and the family—the cell of society—and on whose nobility, wholesomeness and sanctity depends the well-being of all men and all nations. It is all very well for men and women to chant the catch phrases of the hour and the age about up-building and maintaining the sanctuary of home, sweet home. But how many of these same men and women are alarmed at the prevalence of and social protection given divorce which is wrong, always was and will be wrong, and is devastating our world more than wars and rumours of wars—as bad as *they* are.

The birth prevention epidemic sweeping our world, at least this part of it, is more than a menace. It has passed the menace stage. It's magnificent malignancy has manifested itself throughout the soul and body of the social fabric and actually and potentially we are no longer the race of people we used to be. Unless we change our wayward ways our total decadence is but a matter of a very short while.

The nerve of social discipline in general has had a creeping paralysis for so long a while back. The moral fibre of mankind has been hijacked and so sinfully sledgehammered. When is it all going to stop and where will it lead to both here and hereafter?

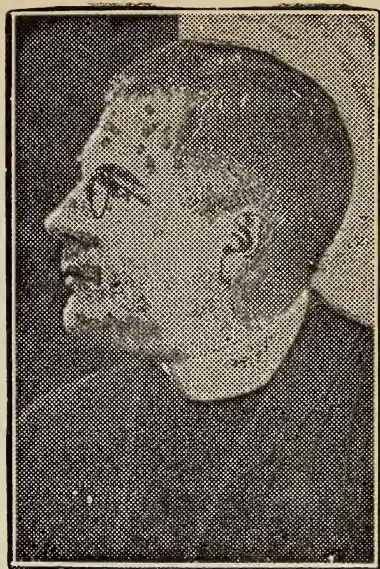
Our business world has in such great measure lost its old-time honesty, humaneness and man to man touch. The heart of man is daily crushed by corporations and even individual dealings savor of the jungle. Exploitation, cut-throat competition, racketeering of all kinds are things the present generation is familiar with. Daily life is somewhat, if not altogether, like the Apostle's des-

cription of the ancient pagan world, without affection or mercy. The golden rule has been scrapped and a strange and vicious non-Christian one has now gripped even Christians: Do others before they do you.

Even in the smaller things and ways of life we are going backward and heading for it, not only the bow-waws, but the jungle. The spirit of the jungle is selfishness and greed and a dog eat dog policy. The old amenities of life in the social and business world are fast becoming a memory of bygone days. Homeyness and hospitality are today found principally in dictionaries. If you want to taste some of my generosity and hospitality, my cheer, comfort and convenience accorded you, just look on page, 8 or 18 or under the alphabet in a Webster or a Worcester.

A saying often you hear today is: You cannot trust anyone. There is more truth than fiction there. But isn't it sad that such is so! Why is that so? Another sign of the age's forgetfulness of God, the moral law and the brotherhood of man. There were times in the past when things were not all too rosy. But those were the days when we were throwing off the shackles of ancient paganism or emerging from the night of barbarism. Since then we are supposed to have made progress, our civilization was supposed to have come to its noonday splendor. Again I ask you Why is all this? I shall give you a simple answer to it myself. It took the Christian religion to Christianize us and civilize us against paganism and barbarism. We are going back to paganism and barbaric ways today, which means that there is a recession from Christianity. Mr. Chesterton used to say: Christianity has not failed. Christianity has never been tried. It is not being tried today.

I have poured forth for you quite



Rev. T. Battle, Pastor of St. Anthony's Shrine, Long Branch, Ontario.

a Jeremiad of lamentations. Undoubtedly the world is filled with lamentations and mourning and woe. But we must not lose heart, we must not lose hope. God is still in His heaven and God is still with His world. He will not forsake us but we have forsaken Him.

We must trod the way even though it be a long and a hard one. But it is not so if we turn and turn quickly and all do so at once and lean heavily on Him for help. The world would be reformed in 60 seconds if every one would reform himself in the next minute.

There is a season at hand which should inspire every one with a change of heart and a way of life. That is the ancient and classical and holy and salutary season of Lent which begins next Wednesday. It is a special and consecrated time of prayer and penance—a six weeks stretch of self denial and mortification. It is a splendid time in which to turn to God and the things of God

and to strive for individual as well as social betterment.

On Wednesday next, the Church launches the great penitential season by solemn and significant ceremony and symbolism. What does she do? What does she do with you and with me and what does she signify for us and effect in us?

On next Wednesday—the famous Ash Wednesday — ashes which are burnt palm—left over from palm Sunday, are blessed and placed on the foreheads of man's pride and forgetfulness with the solemn and significant words: Remember man that thou art dust and unto dust thou shalt return. These are words of warning. With so much sickness and sadness, sudden and lingering and wholesale deaths in our world of to-day, these words ought to take on more significance and solemnity than ever. And more so than ever should we, the human family, get down to solid prayer and penance.

Lent is no empty or sentimental season. And remember this that the prayer and penance, the mortifications and self-denials of a season like this are not just a passing affair. True, Lent is a special and consecrated season for such as we have described. But it is a refresher and a goader. It reminds, invites, encourages and conduces to a lifetime of prayer and penance.

Lent should be a season for all—for the good and the better and the bad. The saint needs Lent as well as the sinner. And it should serve to make the bad good and the good better and the better as perfect as can be. But Lent should prove a godsend for the backslider and the evildoer—for all who are not living rightly. There are plenty of such people today.

We would throw out our customary word of caution and not be misunderstood. When we speak of wrong living and changing our ways, of liv-

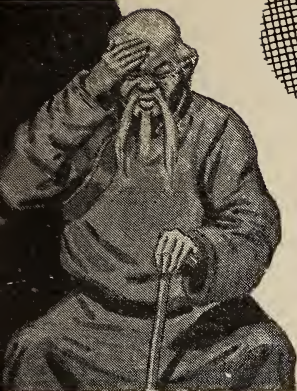
ing sanely and savingly we do not wish to create the atmosphere of a revival tent or strew a sawdust trail. We do not visualize funniness or fanaticism or fakery. We are not speaking of trances or ecstasies or wing flapping or rolling around floors. We have heard stories from our elders how in olden times people drove in from all around the countryside to spend a few days at a revival meeting. On the way home the couple—a man and his wife—would be trodding along the concession or side road, the wife in the heights of ecstasy, the henpecked head of the house in the depths of despair. She got all lit up at the meeting but he just couldn't get going. So she walked into the house on air and he went to the barn or woodshed and reached for the old muzzle loader and blew his brains out. Sinister effacement of a man! We want none of that in our scheme of things, in our brand of Christianity.

Well Lent should be a good vantage point for all to start to right ourselves and then to right our world. No world reformation without self-reformation. No world reformer who is not a self-reformer.

What needs reforming in our world. We must go back to the top of our talk where we proved a Jeremiah with our litany of lamentations.

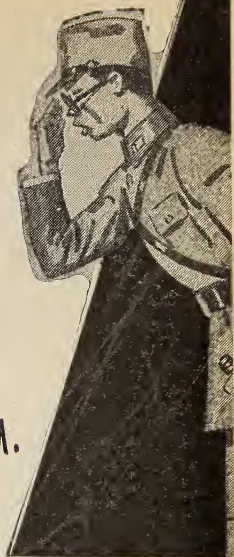
My friends, after these long years we have not yet driven the money-changers from the temple of our world. The International financiers have a grip on society and materially they own and use us and exploit us lock, stock and barrel. At their beck and bidding they make us swallow hook, line and sinker. For years it has been so, I would say for at least over 200 years. They have grown in power tremendously of late but the man on the street didn't become wise until about twelve years ago and I would wager that he has

(Continued on page 18)



THE OLD MAN

of Lishui
REV. H. J. MURPHY S.F.M.



THEY tell me that with old age comes wisdom and faith. I can only hope and pray that when I grow old, I will have the wisdom and faith of the old man of Lishui.

He was so old that people called him Lao Jen Chia (the old man). In appearance he was just like an artist's portrayal of Confucius. He wore a goatee beard, snowy white, matching his long hair. He stooped a little and used a cane to walk but all his movements were graceful and gentle-like. When he talked or smiled, his eyes would wrinkle all up and seem to disappear into his head. He smiled often.

His home was near the outer wall, not far from the main gate into the city. The only other building in that block was the large home and factory of the Lishui rich man in whose match factory hundreds of Lishui people slaved all day for a few cents. Side by side lived a gentle old man in extreme poverty and a slave-driving capitalist — in luxury and wealth.

Lao Jen Chia was over eighty years old when I first met him. It was after Mass one Sunday during my first year in China. I was im-

mediately attracted to him. His appearance alone was an attraction to a stranger to China and the fact that he was evidently a very fervent and well-instructed Catholic, aroused in me a very intense interest in the old fellow's history. One year later, when I found myself appointed to the parish of Lishui, I went to his home and he told me all about himself.

He had been a Catholic for nearly fifty years. His wife, who I noticed was at least thirty years younger than he, was his second spouse. His first wife had died some twenty years before and after he had married for the second time, he retired on his savings and now, with the help of his little garden in the back of his home, he was passing his old age in peace and leisure. He had nothing but his three meals of rice and greens a day but that was all he wanted.

That first one was the beginning of a long series of visits. When returning on my motorcycle to Lishui from the missions or whenever I had occasion to pass the main gate into the city I would swerve off onto the side road to his house. His wife would always welcome me into the

kitchen where I would usually find the old man sitting on a little stool with a rosary in his hand. Our friendship grew and grew, fostered, on my part, by his gentle manner and child-like faith and on his part, no doubt, by my priestly interest in him. Sometimes I would joke with him about his rosary and ask if he ever said any other prayer and he would insist that he also had a great devotion to The Sacred Heart and would point to an image hung up on the wall in his kitchen—an image of the Sacred Heart which I had placed in his home at the beginning of our friendship.

In 1938 the Japs began to bomb Lishui and as the old man's home was very close to many military objectives, I often feared for him. One day I asked him why these raids did not seem to bother him one teeny bit. He replied: "Why should I be frightened, Father? That is a strange question for you to ask. Did you not tell us all that with the image of the Sacred Heart in our houses, we have nothing to fear?"

A few months later Lishui had an extra heavy raid and from my mission on the other end of the city I could see that the match factory was the objective. As I watched bombs land in that district I was sick with fear for the old man. I knew he was in his house, saying his rosary. The planes had hardly left when I was on my motorcycle rushing to the scene of destruction. You can imagine my amazement when I found the old man's home intact, untouched, the only building standing in the whole block. And as I dismounted from the motorcycle I was joined by Lao Jen Chia's wife who soon let me know that she felt the same way as I did about things, and kept muttering "the old fool sitting right there in that house with his rosary and pictures." But when we rushed into the house we found everything as usual and the old man was sitting

In making, or revising, your Last Will, please remember the Missions, by inserting the following:

*"I BEQUEATH TO THE
S C A R B O R O FOREIGN
MISSION SOCIETY, SCAR-
B O R O B L U F F S , O N T . , T H E
S U M O F \$....."*

there on his stool saying his rosary. And did the wife ever bawl him out! During the scolding the old fellow just smiled at me, wrinkling up his eyes.

In the spring of 1941 the Japanese army invaded Lishui valley. For a few days before the actual entrance of the enemy into Lishui, I was practically alone in the city. The streets and homes were deserted. The Chinese army had already retreated into the mountains. With my motorcycle ready for a quick get-away, I awaited the first sign of Japs. Then I thought of the old man. I made my way to his home, hoping to find that place empty as were the other Lishui homes. But no! There he was, sitting on his little stool as usual, saying his rosary. His wife had fled with the neighbours. He was alone in this ghost city. I begged him to join me and hide in the mountains. I warned him that the Japs, in revenge for the first bombing of Tokyo, were putting to death civilians as well as soldiers in the valley. He just smiled at me and said that Our Blessed Mother was more powerful than the Japs. After a futile argument I left in a very sad mood. I did not expect that I would ever see him again.

Many weeks later the Japanese retreated from the valley and I returned to my mission from the hills. Everywhere I found death and destruction. The city of Lishui was like a great pile of debris and it was littered with dead bodies. I hurried

to Lao Jen Chia's street, hoping that I might find his body and give him a decent burial. When I reached his house, I found it intact, untouched. On the outside door I noticed some Japanese characters. I pushed open the door and entered. I went on in through the first room into the kitchen and there was the old fellow, sitting on his stool, holding up his rosary in a sort of a gesture of defiance at me. His face was wreathed in his twinkling smile.

I was so surprised and delighted that I could only sit down opposite him and stare at him. He smiled back at me.

Finally he spoke. "I told you so," he said, "Didn't I, Father." "Yes,—yes you did." I replied absent-mindedly. Then urgently I begged him. "But please, PLEASE, Lao Jen Chia, tell me what happened."

"Well," said the old man. "The enemy occupied this place shortly after you left here. A few days later, some Jap soldiers arrived at my home. I just sat here and let them break in the front door. They came in and started to loot, paying no attention to me. An officer stood near me, watching the others and once when he moved around a little, he pushed me and knocked me over onto the floor. It was then that he seemed to notice the rosary in my hand. Immediately he helped me back onto my stool and then proceeded to look around the room. He stared for some time at the picture of the Sacred Heart. Slowly he turned to me and bowing very graciously, he made the sign of the cross. I made the sign of the cross right back to him. Then we just looked at each other for a while. Finally the officer began to speak Japanese. The soldiers immediately began to rearrange everything, putting back things they had already slipped into their pockets. And then to my joy they left the room with the officer going out in the rear. He wrote something across

the door before he closed it. And he closed it very quietly, very gently. And you know, Father, not a single Jap came near me during the rest of the occupation."

Without speaking a word. I took the old man by the arm and led him outside where together we deciphered the characters scrawled by the officer. It was an order forbidding the sons of heaven to enter this particular house.

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PHILOSOPHY* (2 volumes).

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*MOORE'S DYNAMIC
PSYCHOLOGY.*

*O'BRIEN OUTLINE OF
PSYCHIATRY*

The Dean of our Faculty of Philosophy would greatly appreciate gifts of the above books as they are now out of print and so not obtainable in bookstores.

LISTENERS

*THE RELIGIOUS THEATRE OF
THE AIR: NOW HEARD AT
2 P.M. SUNDAY OVER CKSO,
Sudbury.*

Applicants for the Seminary

Boys who intend to make application for entry into our seminary should do so as soon as possible. Write to the Rev. Rector for application forms. The school year is drawing rapidly to a close and if desirous of entering the seminary this coming September, this matter should be attended to right away.



★ THE ★ RELIGIOUS CULT *of the* PAGAN CHINESE

REV. V. MORRISON S.F.M

TO determine exactly in what the Chinese religious cult consists is a very difficult question to solve. Just what their religious beliefs are no one can definitely point out though China has officially three ancient religious cults—Confucianism, Buddhism and Taoism. To say that such and such a Chinese belongs to any one of these would only be a hazardous guess, for the old Emperor and officials contributed towards the support of and made their offerings and acts of worship before the shrines of the deities, whether they were Confucian, Buddhist or Taoist. They describe their actions as a concession to the ignorance of the common people and expressed their disbelief in the whole ceremony. But really in their inner souls they were as superstitious as the common run, and feared or hoped as much from their act of worship as did the most ignorant plebeian. This outward form of ceremony is imposed upon officials in connection with their office and in order to keep their “Jobs” they must perform in a prefatory manner these superstitious rites.

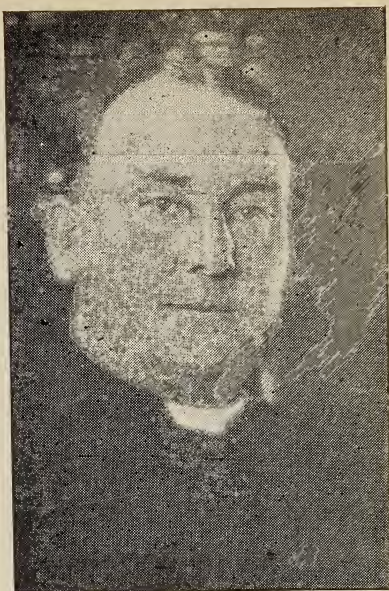
It is not about the official religion or the ceremonies which the office

holder must perform I wish to speak of here but the private religion of the ordinary run of people amongst whom it will be our lot to evangelize. The souls of private individuals will be the garden in which we will be called upon to cultivate, sow and reap. What is the condition of its soil, what weeds and flowers flourish there—what will the new seed be capable of bearing—what kind of fertilizer will it need? These are the questions which every missionary needs to ask himself and endeavour to find the answer before undertaking the evangelization of any mission district in China. We must have the ability to perceive the quality and quantity of the soil in which we are sowing and what quantity of seed it will support and harvest. There is one very sane rule and that is not to underestimate the intelligence even of a rustic, but in a simple manner to talk to him in terms which he can understand, easily apprehend and practice. No matter what the condition or state of life in which we find these people—be they poor rustics or tradesmen, they all have a culture handed down to them through the ages, and we must never

despise them or look down upon them, but treat them in a friendly and fatherly manner. Preach unto others as you would have them preach to you under similar conditions, should be written on the standard of every missionary. Put yourself in the other fellow's place, and see how you would like to be addressed and converted.

What then is the private religion of the Chinese people. One might answer this by saying that Confucianism, though it, strictly speaking is not considered a religion, at least not by its founder, would be the private religion of the Chinese people for its tenets consist in ancestor worship, a moral life and "Heaven" above to whom every thought and action is revealed. Again one might say that Taoism is the private religion of the Chinese. Taoism urges its followers to peace and quietism in this life and a search for immortality in the future life—through superstitious practices and animistic notions. Would it be Buddhism which calls on its devotees to escape Hell and attain Nirvana by constant invocations of the Buddhist formula—O-Mi-Do-Fa, together with fastings and pilgrimages and a moral and altruistic life? All these answers to the question—"What is the private religion of the Chinese people?" are a fair way of generalizing, and like most generalizations not satisfying, as far as the individual is concerned, and are very incomplete.

You cannot classify the Chinese people into three distinct and separate classes when it comes to a question of religion. The fact is that the outstanding and important doctrines and principles of these three religions have become intermingled and so closely combined that they are inseparable in the minds and character of the people. This has been brought about through the influence of the parents over their offsprings. The power of maternity in China or in



Rev. V. Morrison, S.F.M.

the Orient is not to be underestimated. The mother has charge of the upbringing of the children both sons and daughters during their impressionable age and imprints upon them her own private religious ideas—ideas which remain even after the sons and daughters are brought into contact with the world. Early impressions are lasting. She takes the child to the temple—shows it the idols—let it light and handle the joss sticks and her favorite idol and her form of worship will be the child's favorite—whether this be adulterated with Confucian, Taoism or Buddhism.

Now Private Religion may be classified as domestic religion and personal religion. To anyone who knows the Chinese, there can be little doubt that private religion is more common regarding family observances than that of personal religion. This is quite in keeping with the character, the history and the philosophy of the Chinese people. It is important to know that the family rather than the individual is the unit

in China. In the family life everything—wages, produce from fields, rents, poultry—all go to the father for his disposal. The family recognizes this as their father's sacred right, though often it is abused, and quarrels and dissensions arise from it. Personal religion is left to the individual members of the family so long as it does not interfere with domestic rites and the household is not disturbed. It is at this point where Christianity is disturbing. It introduces the rules of the Church—the destruction of idols—removal of the ancestral tablets and in short a new order is introduced into the household.

Domestic religion has added much more than was prescribed by the ancient Confucian code. The Confucian temples have no idols or idol worship; but above the doors of the many chapels are placed the tablets of ancestors and the walls and pillars of the temple are decorated with wise and fitting excerpts from the "Book of Rites" which all Confucian teachers and disciples are supposed to have studied. But this much does not seem to satisfy the devotion of his adherents and so they have added the worship of special deities. At the entrance of any house belonging to well-to-do people, at the gateway is placed the "Gate God", whose duty is to guard the house from demons who may wish to harm the owner. There is also the "Kitchen God" who leaves his post only on New Year's Eve to report the conduct of the family during the past year to the "God Superior". There is also the guardian spirit of the hall and of the different rooms of the house.

Before these shrines incense sticks and candles are lighted—the latter at new and full moons and they make an offering of chickens, meats, cakes and wine according to the proper season, birthday cakes at the New Year, and Moon cakes on the seventh day of the seventh Moon. They make

the offerings of these foods to the spirits; but the spirits are content to look and smell them only. They never partake of them. That is for the Offerer to feast on at the end of the day.

Whatever be the trade or craft of the family then the patron saint or divinity of that trade or craft must be worshipped. It is the duty of the apprentice to attend to this business—a serious impediment for a Christian youth learning a trade with a pagan master. The apprentice belongs to his master for the three years required to learn the trade, before he sets up business for himself. He must obey his master in all things; and if he has a Christian master then it will be well for him and he can attend to the practice and the duties of his religion. If the family be engaged in agriculture then the guardian spirit of the land and of the crops must be propitiated and flags must be placed over the seeds to protect them from evil spirits; and when the crops and the fruits in the orchards are ripening the farmer himself must sleep nearby to keep thieves from stealing his grain and fruit. If a member of the family becomes sick then offerings must be made to the temple gods who are consulted about the proper prescription to be followed; or the temple priest must be engaged to call back the soul of the poor sick person and restore it healthy and vigorous. Those married couples who have not been blessed with a son yearn to have this stigma removed and so they must invoke the goddess of children. Gifts and offerings must be presented so that she will answer their longings and present them with a son and heir. Her shrine is often crowded with little images of boys presented as a thank offering.

Among the Chinese are some who seek a higher life in one or other of the three public religions. Those who

(Continued on page 29)



Vancouver Mission Views



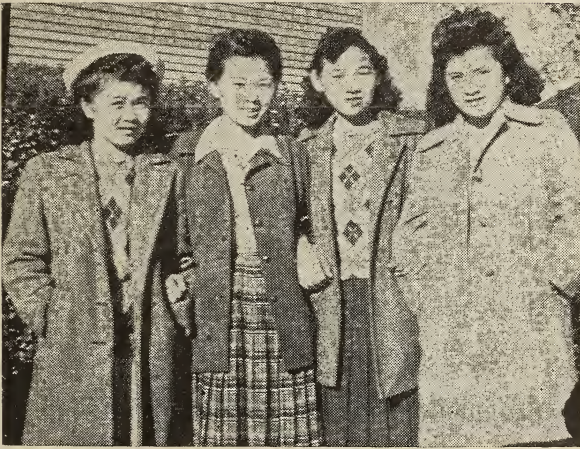
*The joke
is on you.*

Jean Mah,

Peggy Lee,

Bessie Lee

*Frances
Woo.*



Afternoon tea is an old Chinese custom.



THE

Gi



Alle
UGH. F. X. SHARKEY S.F.M.

WE sat beneath the cross and laughed,
We soldiers sat and diced;
And by us in a heap there lay
The garments of the Christ.
Petronius won the seamless robe
And laughed in sinful glee;
The sandals went to Decimus;
The girdle fell to me.
As I came down from Golgotha,
I who had robbed the dead—
I found my home so strangely still;
I felt a sudden dread.
My daughter lay upon her cot,
My wife knelt by her side;
While I had diced beneath the cross
My little girl had died.
I stooped to kiss her pallid cheek,
The girdle touched her face;
Wild-eyed, I saw her body move,
I felt her swift embrace.
I hastened back to Golgotha,
I knelt beneath the tree:
"Indeed you are the Son of God,
O Christ of Galilee."
I thought no other heard my words,
But someone near me said,
"Why Roman soldier kneel you here
Who lately robbed the dead?"
"O Mary, Mother of my God!"
Was all that I could say.
I clasped the blood-stained feet of Christ,
I bowed my head to pray,
I loosed the girdle from my waist;
She took it tenderly
And wiped the teardrops from her eyes,
Then gave it back to me.



Christ and the Working Man

(Continued from page 8)

forgotten who taught him this late lesson, who it was who tipped him off on the whole thing and I dare say he is little grateful to the views and the voice of the man who did the most to set him wise on the matter.

Again I plead for no misunderstanding. I am not crying down private property, private capital and private enterprise and all that. I am for those things. I am not against even big business and big capital and big enterprise as long as things are on the up and up and there are no abuses and unchecked greed does not enter the picture. I do say, however that the spirit of big business does not conduce to other worldliness. How am I as regards labor and its rights. One hundred per cent. Capital needs labor and labor needs capital. That is a classic and wholesome and inevitable formula. These two camps can get along admirably if the rights of both are respected and assured. There is a middle road and people should not steer wrongly to the right or to the left. The same trouble comes in the meeting of capital and labor as we find comes in the meeting of religion and science. It is fakers and fanatics in both camps that cause all the trouble and bring to light the apparent conflict. A sane man of good will enlightened by faith and supported by the grace of God will have no difficulty in sailing through life and steering an even course and riding an even keel between the two banks, whether they be religion and science or capital and labor.

But certainly the international monetary situation needs study and investigation. Unquestionably after such, the need of reform will be most glaring. There must be international justice in all phases as well as personal or commutative justice in all

dealings of life between man and man, and legal and distributive justice as regards the relation of the individual to his own country, state or municipality or of the same to the individual.

The trouble is how are we going to discover if in the first place, anything is wrong, what is wrong, who they are, who are to blame, and what are we going to do about it. That is a pretty big order and whoever undertakes the job surely has their cloth cut for them but something must be done and done quickly. There seems to be no chance of world peace and order without international monetary reform. But who is going to conduct the investigation and who is going to implement the reform. We hearken back to old Aristotle who said that a democracy is unworkable unless most men in it are virtuous and if there is such a thing as international democracy or if we would promote international freedom and welfare we must have men the world over virtuous, especially those in high place—in the seats of the mighty. I refer to the leaders and legislators of nations, diplomats, members of allied councils and leagues of nations, industrial barons, merchant princes, financial giants and so on. Which all means that if they have not religion and morality they had better get it, unless they want to see our world go under and they with it.

It is too bad that big men, so-called in many cases, would not see and realize these things. You can exploit humanity until the cows come home, but these exploiters are a part of humanity and they share the fate of humanity.

I spoke of the pagan Aristotle, great and all as he was, but a far greater gave us the prescription for even temporal welfare. Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His justice and all these things shall be

added unto you What are these things of which He speaks?

They are the food we eat, the drink we drink and the wherewith we shall be clothed. These things include money and what money can lawfully buy.

The Christian religion is the best bread winner that man has. Let me point out in only a few ways. Our religion condemns laziness, carelessness, lack of sobriety. It preaches diligence, carefulness and a lot of other things. If your dealer or your customer is a first class Christian he is the best man you can do business with. He is not going to sell you short and you are not going to sell him short. If you work for him or he works for you neither of you are going to let the other down.

The Christian religion is death on cut-throat competition, high pressure exploitation, sly practice, double-dealing, watering the milk, planting in mines and so on. The Christian religion wants a hundred cents on the dollar, a fair and square deal, a full day's work for a full day's family wage, a full dinner pail even if there is no chicken in every pot and two-Rolls-Royces in every heated garage.

The Christian religion wants every man to come across and to come clean. It wants every one of us to deal with each other as man to man, better still as adopted brothers in Jesus Christ and as children of our heavenly father.

The Christian religion wants you and me to be kind and courteous and friendly and hospitable to each other, even to the stranger and foreigner within your gates. Isn't all that good for domestic as well as national and international peace?

The Christian religion gave the golden rule a better background and a better motive and support and a consecration that no other world religion or philosophy ever gave to it. I dare say Buddha, Mohammed and

Confucius and Lao-tze and Zoroaster had a golden rule or something like it. But it remained for Christ and Christianity to give it a real place in the religious sun. It took the Eternal Sun of Justice, the Eternal Son of God to do all this. These other religious leaders may have had great and good motives and may have reaped untold welfare for their people and posterity. But Christ and His religion furnished higher and surer motives and divine support for the keeping of this great rule. If these men did it from natural motives and natural purposes and ends He baptized that rule, made it a child of God and an heir of the Kingdom of Heaven.

Our present chaos and confusion, our individual, national and international disorder is crying out for Christ and Christianity as never a world cried out before. Our international statesman and bankers, our foreign secretaries and diplomats had better cry out too. And remembering that talk is cheap, even loud talk, they had better do more than cry. They would do well to let their actions speak louder than their words. They would do well to set right their beliefs and convictions and permit the same to inspire and assure their practice.

Our world is upside down but we must not lose hope. Again we must not leave all to our leaders and our great ones. But we, the lead and the lesser ones, must fulfil our mission and play our great and noble part. Every man is a cosmic cog in the great machine. Everyone can help to make or mar his world. Our individual effort has a definite social contribution. Our world will be just as good, just as bad, just as peaceful, prosperous or otherwise as we all make it.

You are a personality no matter how great or how lowly is your walk

(Continued on page 29)



*A religious procession in honour
of Our Lady.*



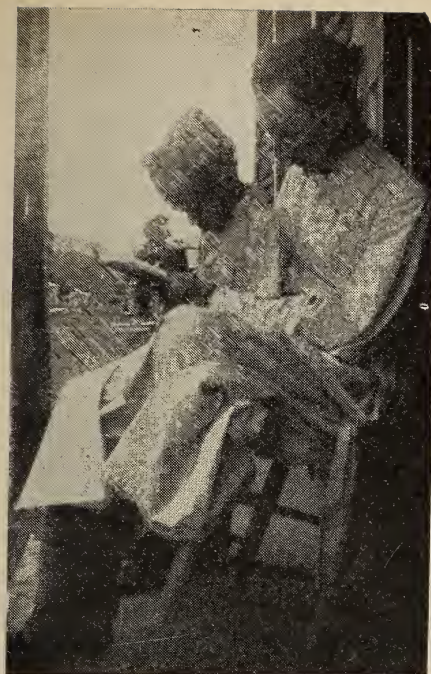
*Photographias de La
Republica Dominicana*



Rev. R. Hymus, S.F.M.



The harbour at Trujillo City, the capital.



*Father John Gault and a
little friend.*



*They have just made their First
Communion.*



*Rev. Basil Kirby and his puppet
amuse the children.*



Four generations in Santo Domingo.

The LITTLE ROSE *FLOWER'S* GARDEN



The Story of the Queen

By VERY REV. A. CHAFE, S.F.M.

“**S**ALUDO, MIS AMIGUITOS!”
That’s the Spanish for “Hello, my young friends!”

Well, here’s Padre Alfonso again, with another letter for you. Last time, I was telling you about Kings. Remember? This time I’m going to tell you about a Queen. Perhaps Father Jim will put her picture in CHINA and then you can see her as well as read about her. And pictures of her “Court attendants”, too. I’m telling you about the Queen so you’ll know of another nice custom the children of the Dominican Republic have. By the way, did your teacher show you on the map where the Dominican Republic is?

The story of the Queen is a story about School. It begins a few weeks before the schools close for the Christmas holidays. The first I knew about it was one day early in December, when Father Walsh (of Toronto) and myself were here in our house in Monte Plata, studying Spanish, and in came a group of little girls from the Monte Plata school. They told us they were all in Grade Four. Each of them had a bundle of little bits of printed paper in their hands,

and a pencil. And also a little box or a glass jar.

What did they want? Just to sell us some tickets. The box and jar were to keep their money in. And then they told us the story of the Queen. In their school, each teacher had selected one pupil from each Grade to be crowned as “Queen of the Children”. The crowning would take place the day school closed, which was Christmas Eve, but first there had to be an election to see which one of the Grades would have their candidate chosen above all the others to be the Queen. The people in Monte Plata would do the voting, but it depended on the pupils of each Grade whether or not their candidate would be elected. Actually, these little girls in our room were “selling votes.” To your parents and grown-up friends that sounds very bad, to “sell votes”, but it was a very nice thing for these children to be doing. Because the only votes that counted for the election were those that had been sold by the different pupils. If the Grade Four pupils worked hard and sold the most votes then their candidate would be crowned “Queen of

(Continued on page 27)

The Mail

Bag

Spaniard's Bay,
Newfoundland.

Enclosed . . . amount from Mite Box to educate young men for priesthood for missionary work.

Yours respectfully,
Betty Murphy.

Many thanks, Betty and may God bless you.

* * *

Carbonear,
Newfoundland.

This time we have a little contribution . . . Fathers Morrissey and Strang visited our school. We were all delighted to see them and enjoyed their visit very much. They wrote some of the Chinese language on the blackboard and Father Morrissey chanted the Hail Mary in Chinese. Since their visit we are praying even more than before for the missionaries.

Vera, Mary and Leo Fitzpatrick.

From what I hear the boys and girls of many schools will soon have visits from either Father Strang or Father Morrissey as they will do campaign work in Newfoundland, thanks to your good Bishops.

* * *

Doyle's Station, Codroy Valley,
Newfoundland.

As an old member of "The Little Flower's Rose Garden," I should like to write a few lines. At the time I Joined, I requested pen pals and in that way I have made many friends, but my plea was answered to such an extent that I was unable to answer all the letters as I received about fifty. I deeply appreciate all of them, and to those who wrote, but received no reply I should like to say a fervent and sincere "thank you," if space in CHINA permits, Father.

I wish I were now hearing from those members of the Rose Garden, as I have more time for writing since finishing school.

Very respectfully yours,
Stella Doyle.

To make friends among our members is one of the purposes of the PEN PAL Corner and it is a pleasure to know we have succeeded, Stella.

CHINA

Carbonear,
Newfoundland.

I suppose you will be surprised to hear from me because I have not written for some time . . . Father, I am keeping up my prayers for the Missions and also for peace.

I remain,
respectfully yours,
Magdalen Morrissey.

The surprise was a pleasant one, Magdalen, and many thanks for your prayers.

* * *

San José de Ocoa,
Provincia Trujillo Valdez,
Republic of Santo Domingo.

Dear Father Jim:

We are pupils of Fathers Roberto and also of the Father Basilio. They are very good and give us a class of English everyday.

Our church is one of the most beautiful of this Republic. This Sunday we are going to Mass and will pray for the priests that go to China. We are devoted to Santa Teresita, Saint Raphael and others.

We are students of the School of San Jose de Ocoa.

Your new dear friends

Mario Mignolio Pujols y Colon,
Marcos Antonio Subero y Sajum.

Rafael Echavarria y Martinez,
Juan Francisco Cejeda y Contreras.

Gee isn't this wonderful, new "Young Missionaries" from Santo Domingo! I know you will all want to write to them, but before you do so find out at your Post Office the proper amount of postage to put on your letters.

Mario, Marcos, Rafael and Jean, you are most welcome and we hope you will lead many, many others from Santo Domingo to the ranks of the Young Missionaries of Santa Teresita.

* * *

North Sydney,
Nova Scotia.

Dear Father Jim:

I am very eager to join "The Little Flower's Rose Garden." I do not quite understand how to go about it. I looked through the CHINA but I could not see anything about it . . . I understand you are collecting stamps and I would like to help you in getting them.

Yours truly,
Maureen Ryan.

Well now, Maureen, it is quite simple, first you must make three promises: one, to receive Holy Communion once a month for the increase of missionary vocations, this means that on that

solemn occasion you ask Our Divine Lord, Who is present in your soul, to send us more vocations; two, you promise to say the special prayer every day; three, you also promise to TRY to save pennies for the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society. That's all, Maureen. And by the way, we will appreciate any stamps you can send us.

* * *

Sydney Mines,
Nova Scotia.

I would like to have a Mite Box to save my pennies . . . I like that story published in the January issue "In Journeys Often" by Reverend R. Reeves—I like it very much.

Richard Leach.

Richard, I told Father Reeves and he was very pleased.

* * *

Ottawa, Ontario.

I am a little boy who wants to be a Rose Bud. Please tell me what I have to do. I want a Mite Box too as Mummy gives me pennies and I want to save them for the Chinese . . . I go to the Public School but go to the Catholic School for Cathecism and our Sister there just came back from China—she wants to go back too.

Billie McCormick.

Thank you, Billie, and as for the rules of the Rose Garden you will find them in the answer to Maureen Ryan's letter printed above. We all thank you for your help, Billie, and we hope to hear from you often.

Prayer of St. Francis Xavier for the Conversion of Infidels.

"O Eternal God, Creator of all things, be mindful of the souls of unbelievers created by Thee and fashioned to Thine image and likeness. Remember that Jesus, Thy Son, suffered a most cruel death for their salvation. Permit not, I beseech Thee, O Lord, that Thy Son be any longer despised by unbelievers; but appeased by the prayers of holy men and of the Church, the Spouse of Thy most Holy Son, remember Thy mercy, and, forgetting their idolatry and their unbelief, bring them at length to acknowledge Him Whom Thou hast sent. Our Lord Jesus Christ, Who is our salvation, life and resurrection, through Whom we are saved and set free; to whom be glory throughout infinite ages. Amen."

500 days' Indulgence each recital
Plenary, once a month.

(With ecclesiastical approbation.)

Pen-Pal Corner

Constance McCrissy,
95 First Avenue East,
North Bay, Ontario.

Now I am thirteen years old and in Grade Eight. I would like to hear from pen pals of my own age. My hobbies are reading and outdoor sports, especially ice-skating. I also belong to St. Mary's Girl Guides in my city.

* * *

Alice Callahan,
Spaniard's Bay,
Newfoundland.

I would like a pen pal of 12. Hobbies are skating, knitting, reading books about the lives of Saints.

* * *

Dorothy Grant,
32 Ellice Street,
Kingston, Ont.

I am a school girl and twelve years old. My hobbies are: swimming, skating, I am in Grade Seven and would like to hear from members of my own age.

* * *

Jean Nantais,
St. Joseph's Academy,
Amherstburg, Ont.

I am eleven years old and in Grade Six. My hobbies are reading, roller-skating and tennis. My favourite is swimming, I also play the piano and sing.

* * *

Geraldine Jewell,
St. Joseph's Academy,
Amherstburg, Ontario.

I am eleven years old and in Grade Six. I would like a pen pal of my own age. Hobbies: ice-skating, roller-skating, and reading. My most favourite sports are playing tennis and baseball. I also play the piano.

* * *

Mary Anne Bornais,
Amherstburg, Ontario,
Box 135.

Would like pen pal. Age 14. Hobbies are mostly sports.

* * *

Lorraine Rowland,
St. Columban, Ontario.

Age 13 and in Grade Nine.

* * *

Helen Duby,
104 Ramsay Street,
Amherstburg, Ontario.

I am writing for a pen pal about fifteen or sixteen years of age, I am

fourteen and one half years of age.
My hobbies are skating, dancing,
movies, reading and swimming.

* * *

Elaine Desjardins,
St. Joseph's Academy,
Amherstburg, Ontario.

I am ten years of age and in Grade Five. I would like a pen pal of my own age. My hobbies are swimming, skating, my favourite sport is Tennis and I also play the piano.

* * *

Donna Carruthers,
355 McEwan Avenue,
Windsor, Ontario.

Age 14 years old and in Grade Nine. Pen Pals of ages between 13-15. Hobbies—reading, sewing and music.

* * *

Clare Brazil,
Spaniard's Bay,
Newfoundland.

I am now sixteen years old and would like to have a pen pal.

* * *

Grace Shannon,
24 Harding Street,
Fairville, N.B.

Would like pen pals, boys or girls. Age 14 years and in Grade 8. Hobbies, photographing, sewing and all kinds of sports.

* * *

Mary Louise Sauer,
St. Joseph's Convent,
Amherstburg, Ontario.

I am 8 years old and in Grade Four. I would like very much to have a pen pal 8 or 9 years of age. My hobbies are, reading and skating.

* * *

Dora Hearty,
Vinton, Quebec.

Fifteen years old and in Grade Nine. Hobbies, reading and outdoor sports. I would like pen pals around own age, boys or girls.

* * *

Lucille Dion,
372 N. John Street,
Fort William, Ontario.

I would like a pen pal at the age of nine if you have one.

We save all our money and put it in the Mite Box at school.

* * *

Betty Cassidy,
Cargill, Ontario.

Age fourteen years and asks for boys and girls of 13-16 to become pen pals. Promise to write.

Anne Tomoko,
708 Richmond Street,
Amherstburg, Ontario.

Twelve and in Grade Seven. . . likes swimming, skating and riding a bicycle. Hobbies, collecting coins and stamps. Would like someone of own age to be a pen pal.

* * *

Betty Randall,
25 Fitzroy Street, P.O. Box 362,
Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Thirteen years old and wants a pen pal of same age. Hobbies are, swimming and reading.

* * *

Ann Middleditch,
Amherstburg, Ontario.

Would like pen pal of own age (12) . . . hobbies are swimming, ice and roller skating.

* * *

Ernest Belanger,
284 St. Clair Street,
Chatham, Ontario.

Fourteen years of age and in Grade 9A at Chatham Collegiate Institute. Also an altar boy, member of Junior Holy Name Society and a Columbian Squire. Would like pen pals of own age (boys and girls) and if possible a few boys who are Columbian Squires. Hobby, singing.

* * *

Ottawa, Ontario.

I want to be a little Rose Bud and I want a little Mite Box . . . I am ten years old.

Jean McCormick.

Jean, I bet you are Billie's sister?

* * *

To the teachers and pupils of College Street School, Halifax, we all send our sincere thanks and an assurance of a continued remembrance in our prayers. You are loyal friends and we appreciate it all very much.

PROMISE OF MEMBERSHIP

1. To receive Holy Communion once each month for an increase in Missionary vocations.
2. To recite the official prayer daily for the conversion of infidels.
3. To aid the Fathers of the Scarborough Foreign Mission Society by saving pennies for the Missions.

OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY

Part
IV

The people of Fatima, Portugal, did not believe that Lucy Santos and her cousins had seen an apparition of a beautiful lady. Despite the suffering this brings them, they return to the same spot on the day the beautiful lady said she would again appear.

A picture story taken from

Heroes All-
CATHOLIC ACTION ILLUSTRATED

National Catholic Comic Magazine, Minneapolis, Minn.

WHILE MOST OF THE PEOPLE OF FATIMA CELEBRATED THE FEAST OF ST. ANTHONY, ABOUT SIXTY, LED BY CURIOSITY, WENT TO COVA DA IRIA.

HERE SHE COMES...
HERE SHE COMES!

DEAR LADY, WHAT
MUST WE DO?

LUCY YOU MUST LEARN TO
READ. AND YOU TWO MUST
SAY MANY ROSARIES, FOR
HEAVEN WILL SOON
BE YOUR HOME.

TRUE WE SAW
NOTHING AND
ONLY HEARD
THE CHILDREN
SPEAK - BUT
LOOK HERE!

THE
LEAVES ARE
CRUSHED.

YES... AS
THOUGH
SOMEONE
HAD STOOD
THERE.

A MONTH LATER, ON JULY 13TH SOME
5000 PEOPLE WERE AT COVA DA IRIA...

I WAS THERE. I TELL YOU
I SAW A CLOUD OF SMOKE
AROUND THE TREE.

EXACTLY
WHAT
I SAW,
TOO!

AND SHE TOLD THEM
TO ASK OTHERS TO
SAY THE ROSARY TO
END THE WAR.

IN LISBON,
THE APPARITIONS
WERE MOST
UNWELCOME.
SECULAR PAPERS
RIDICULED
THE FACT AND
DECLARED IT A
FRAUD.

THE CIVIL
ADMINISTRATOR
FILLED WITH
HATRED OF
RELIGION
DETERMINED TO
END THE AFFAIR
BY SUMMONING
THE CHILDREN
AND THEIR
PARENTS TO
COURT.

REVEAL THE
SECRET AND YOU'LL
BE DISMISSED -
IF NOT - YOU DIE!

SO MUCH THE BETTER.
IF WE DIE, WE WILL GO
TO HEAVEN.

BUT THE
CHILDREN
WERE RELEASED
AND ANOTHER
MONTH WENT BY

AUGUST 13TH

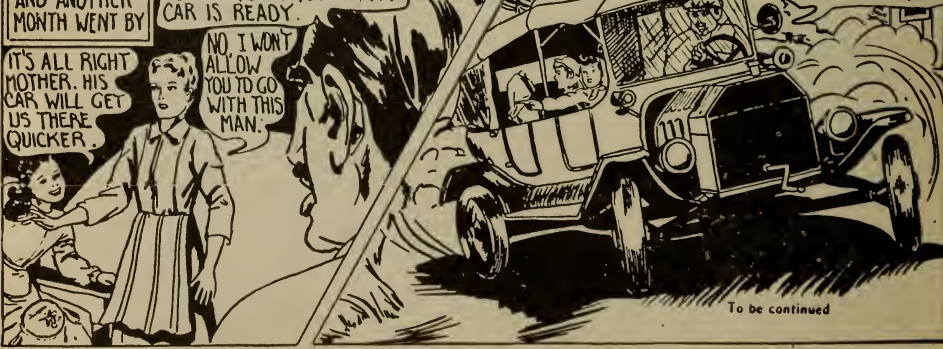
I'VE DECIDED TO GO WITH YOU TODAY
TO SEE FOR MYSELF. MY
CAR IS READY.

IT'S ALL RIGHT
MOTHER. HIS
CAR WILL GET
US THERE
QUICKER.

NO I WON'T
ALLOW
YOU TO GO
WITH THIS
MAN.

BUT THIS IS THE
WRONG WAY!

WE'RE GOING TO
SEE THE PARISH
PRIEST AT OUREM
FIRST. THERE'S
PLENTY OF TIME.



To be continued

The Story of the Queen

(Continued from page 22)

the Children" on the day school closed, for that day was called, in the schools in this Republic, "Children's Day", and the way they say that in Spanish is "Dia de Los Ninos".

The papers were printed "One Vote for as Queen of the Children". Those selling could put on the vacant line only the name of their own Grade-candidate. And votes cost only one cent each. Of course, if you wanted to vote twice or five times you get a different-coloured paper worth two or five votes by paying two or five cents.

On the three Saturday nights before Christmas, publicly, in the little park which surrounds our church here, the votes were counted and the results written on a blackboard which was then left in a prominent place for everybody to read next day. Not to play favourites, Father Walsh and I bought votes for every candidate, and I think every child in the school came to us to sell tickets.

Finally, the contest was over. Grade Seven won. Father Walsh and I had an invitation to attend the crowning in the school on the afternoon of Dec. 24th. About an hour before the crowning I saw a procession coming down the street and ran in for my camera. It was the Queen on her way to the school and with her was her chosen Royal Consort and all her Princesses of the Court, who were the other candidates, and each of them had selected from their Grade someone to be their Prince. Out in front of the procession was the Town Band and, of course, a lot of people were going along with the Procession, to the school.

When we went to the school it was already crowded. A big platform held the Queen's throne and all the Princesses and Princes. All the pupils were present, and many of their par-

ents and the prominent officials of the town. The ceremony began by the distribution of clothes to the very poor pupils, clothes made by women in the town who were given the money by the President of the Dominican Republic, Dr. Rafael Trujillo, for this purpose. In practically every school in the Republic on that day a similar programme was being carried out. Then, everybody, pupils and guests, were served refreshments. You can imagine how much the kids liked that—and we, too! Then came the crowning with a wreath of white flowers, and a sash bearing the Queen's own name, "Queen Elena." Her Royal Consort then read and distributed to various prominent persons the Royal Decrees naming them to various offices and conferring suitable titles. All duly signed by the new Queen Elena and done in real Royal style.

Finally, there was a concert and the singing of lovely Christmas Carols in Spanish, after which the Band played for a dance in which the Court took part as well as even the smallest children. Here, everybody loves dancing, and many parties are for the children to dance. I got a big kick out of watching the very little dancers. As the dance went on I started to give out to each child a little Holy Card showing the Birth of the Infant Jesus. I had a hard time defending myself from the rush for the "Santigos", as they call the little holy cards, and for which they are forever begging the priests.

I've told you all about the programme for the "Children's Day" in the Monte Plata School. Perhaps, if you think it's a nice idea (I certainly do think so!) you could ask your teacher to start something like that in YOUR SCHOOL. As little missionaries you'll naturally want it to be of a missionary character, so I suggest to your teachers that they organize a school election like the one I described for you, selling

tickets to everybody in your parish, then invite the parents and friends of the school to attend the crowning, and the title of the winner could be "Missionary of the Year", or "Missionary Queen", or, if a Boys' School, "King of the Missions", etc. The funds gathered could be your School's contribution to the Scarborough Foreign Mission Society.—*Adios.*

Padre Alfonso, S.F.M.

the missionaries and for the poor people of China. I would like to become a member of "The Rose Garden."

*Yours truly,
Marjorie Christina McLean.*

Marjorie, you will find the rules above and as for the Used Stamps mentioned in your letter, we will be very happy to get them.

* * *

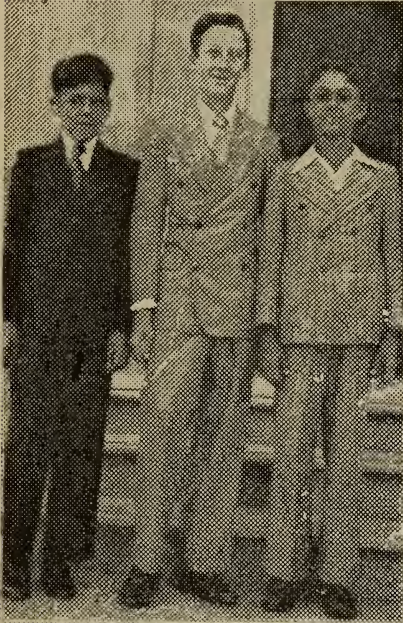
**Annette Houle,
Pigeon Lake, Manitoba.**

Age 14 years and would appreciate hearing from boys and girls from other countries.

NEW MEMBERS

Marjorie Christina McLean, Washabuck Centre, Victoria, County, N.S.; Jean McCormick, 417 Sunnyside Avenue, Ottawa, Ont.; Billie McCormick, 417 Sunnyside Avenue, Ottawa, Ont.; Maureen Ryan, Archibald Avenue, North Sydney, N.S.; Mario Mignolio Pujols y Colon, Marcos Antonio Subero y Sajium, Rafael Echavarria y Martinez Juan Francisco Cejeda y Contreiras, San Jose de Ocoa, Provincia Trujillo Valdez, Republic of Santo Domingo; Joan Schario, 11 Ahrens Street, West Kitchener, Ont.; Edward Murphy, Spaniard's Bay, Newfoundland. Mary Tompkins, 154 Belmont Avenue, Ottawa, Ont.; Edward Dwyer, R. R. 5, Mitchell, Ont.; Rene Proulx, 344 Riverdale Avenue, Ottawa, Ont.; Ernest Belanger, 284 St. Clair Street, Chatham, Ont.; Dora Heart, Vinton, Quebec, R. R. No. 2; Lorraine Rowland, St. Columban, Ont.

Claudette Chassie, Joan Gray, Shirley Conway, Cleane Roach, Joan Lepine, Zita Fitzpatrick, Betty Poupore, Theresa Fortune, Marie Gagnon, Mary Kelly, Margaret Mary Venasse, Jean Raymond, Loretta Gray, Marelyn Chassie, Verna Kane, Leontine Raymond, Mary Giroux, Helen Fitz Patrick, Valera Brisard, Sally Raymond, Lorne Chassie, Betty Fitz Patrick, Mae Duquette, Yvette Raymond, Emerita Chaput, Catherine Philan, Lillian Carroll, Gloria Nephin, Ursula Venasse, Ella Collin, Pauline Gaudette, Aurelie Fradette, Aline Pagette, Marguerite Pagette, Eva Miron, Therese Lepine, Lourelle Duchene, Corine Duchene, Leona Pleau, Phyllis St. Cyr, Jean Montgomery, Jacqueline Duchene, Chapeau, Quebec; Catherine Maher, 110 Main Street, Box 603, Penetang, Ont.; Evelyn Houle, Pigeon Lake, Manitoba; Dorothy Heuring, R. R. No. 1, Headingly, Manitoba; Annette Houle, Pigeon Lake, Manitoba.



Rafael, Mario, Marcos.

**Evelyn Houle,
Pigeon Lake, Manitoba.**

Thirteen years old and would like pen pals—boys and girls, from another country.

* * *

**Dorothy Heurling,
R. R. 1 Headingly, Manitoba.**

Would like to hear from boys and girls from other countries. Age, 12 years.

* * *

**Washabuck Centre,
Victoria County, Nova Scotia.**

I am a girl of twelve and in Grade Eight at school. Please send me a Mite Box because I wish to save money for

The Religious Cult of the Pagan Chinese

(Continued from page 14)

are brought up in the atmosphere of the Confucian classics and devote themselves to the study of the Annals, comforting themselves with the philosophic satisfaction that in doing this duty they are attaining their destiny in this life and preparing themselves for the next. They also study Taoistic and Buddhistic books and are versed in the aims and practices of both cults. They may abandon the Confucian cult and adopt the Buddhist practices—abstaining from meats and wine and reciting the Buddhist rosary and paying visits to temples and shrines dedicated to Buddhist and Taoist deities. Pilgrimages are made to distant monasteries where they spend some time in meditation and contemplation and in the performances of religious rites. Upon leaving the Monastery they make a handsome donation to the "Father Abbott" who in return gives them a certificate attesting to their devotion and guaranteeing them a passage to heaven when they leave this life.

The personal religion of the average pagan Chinese consists of going the rounds of as many shrines as can be reached during the first day or two of the New Year, placing red candles and incense sticks before his favourite idol, making his Kow Tows in acknowledgment of the protection and material good he has received during the past year, and asking for a continuance of the same upon a wider scale for the coming year. In this way he is busy after a fashion and then hopes he is through with religion for the rest of the year. He has, of course, certain other religious duties to perform at home—such as lighting joss before the little niches in which is placed an idol; offerings of food to his ancestors tablets as well as to the household gods. He

may light a lantern and hang it outside his door, partly for the benefit of pedestrians who were overtaken by night and partly as an act of worship to the powers who rule above, below and on the earth. Then he lights three sticks of incense and bows with them towards the outside, worshipping the whole hosts of heaven as well as the three earthly rulers, and he ends the ceremony by sticking the incense sticks into a crevice in the door post.

There are many other forms of private and domestic worship among the Pagan Chinese people; but I will not go into them here. However those I have mentioned will give you some idea of the pagan worship among the ordinary classes of people whom we will be eager to christianize. The breaking with their pagan past—the removal of their favourite deities—and their imbibing of the principles of christian religion will be the foundation upon which we hope to build a sturdy christianity, and the post-war missionaries have a great and glorious task before them in bringing pagan China to the feet of Christ.

Christ and the Working Man

(Continued from page 19)

in life. You are part and parcel of your family circle. Your family is part of the community, municipality or state to which you swear allegiance. Your nation is a part of the family of nations—society—the world. You are a personality privileged to exist and work out your salvation in this world for the glory of another world, and meant not to neglect your well being here as well as that of others—your fellow citizens here below. You have sacred individual and social rights and obligations. Love your God and also love your neighbor as yourself.



It's Time to Laugh



"When does the next train that stops at Manchester leave here?" asked the resolute widow at the booking-office window.

"You'll have to wait four hours, ma'am."

"I think not."

"Well, maybe you know better than I do, ma'am."

"Yes, sir, and maybe you know better than I do whether I am expecting to travel on that train myself or whether I am inquiring for a relative that's visiting at my house and wanted me to call here and ask about it to save her the trouble, because she's packing up her things and expects to take that train herself and not me; and she'll have to do the waiting and not me; and maybe you think it's your business to stand there and try to instruct people about things they know as well as you do, if not better, and perhaps you'll learn some day to give people civil answers when they ask you civil questions; young man, my opinion is you won't!"

With a gasp: "Yes, ma'am."

* * *

The sergeant looked as if he was about to blow up at any moment. Drawing a deep breath, he shouted at the raw recruit:—

"I can bear it when you turn to the right when I say left; I can bear it when you turn up on parade with half your tunic buttons undone; I don't even mind very much when you drop your rifle but—"

He glared for a moment at the cowering culprit and added:

"But, for the love of Mike, will you please stop saying: 'Sorry, my dear.'"

* * *

Pullman Passenger: "Porter, how about those shoes? One's black and one's tan."

Porter: "Well, if that don't beat all. Dis am de second time dat's happened this mawning."

The devoted young fiance had ordered two dozen roses to be sent to his loved one on her 24th birthday. "A rose for every precious year of your life," his card read.

Filling the order later, the florist threw in an extra dozen because the young fellow was one of his best customers.

And the wedding hasn't taken place yet.

* * *

Happy Young Fiancee: Darling, when we're married I am going to cook and darn all your socks.

He: Oh, that won't be necessary, dear. Just darn them.

* * *

"Sir," stormed the parson, to the Editor, "your compositors are grossly incompetent."

"Indeed, sir," he replied, "what have they done now?"

"Why in your report on my sermon the word 'reverend' occurs 14 times, and each time they misprinted it 'neverend.'"

* * *

"Darling, if I were to die would you marry again?" she asked.

"That's hardly a fair question, my dear."

"Why not?"

"If I were to say yes you wouldn't like it, and to say never again wouldn't sound nice."

* * *

"Every time the baby looks into my face he smiles," said Mr. Meekins.

"Well," answered his wife, "it may not be exactly polite, but it shows he has a sense of humor."

* * *

A bishop attended a banquet and a clumsy waiter dropped a plate of hot soup in his lap. The clergyman glanced around with a look of agony and exclaimed:

"Will some layman please say something appropriate."

After a very thorough examination, the army doctor eyed the tall and very thin recruit in silence.

"Well, doctor," said the recruit at last, "how do I stand?"

"Goodness knows," replied the M.O. "It's a miracle!"

UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE

(Discovered in the back of an old text-book)

Waitress: "Hawaii, gentlemen, you must be Hungary."

Customer: "Yes, Siam, and we can't Rumania long either. Venice lunch ready?"

Waitress: "I'll Russia a table. What'll you Havre?"

Customer: "Anything at all, but can't Jamaica little speed?"

Waitress: "I don't think we can Fiji that fast, but Alaska."

Customer: "Never mind asking anyone, and just put a Cuba sugar in our Java."

Waitress: "Sweden it yourself. I'm only here to Servia."

Customer: "Denmark our bill and call the Bosphorous, before he Kansas both. I don't Bolivia know who I am."

Waitress: "No, and I don't Carib-bean."

Boss: "Samoa your wisecracks? What's got India? Do you think your puns Andes Alps business?"

Customer: "Canada noise. Spain in the neck. Good day. Abyssinia."

A negro soldier, who had been wounded overseas, lay in the sick bay of a hospital ship. A medical officer stopped by on a last-minute checkup to ask the soldier whether he had any personal belongings which he wished carried ashore. The boy shook his head.

"You don't mean to say that a soldier who saw as much action as you did has not souvenirs?" exclaimed the officer.

"Captain," said the soldier, "I don't have no souvenirs—cause all I wants of this here war is just a faint recollection!"

Indian Chieftain (introducing himself to paleface visitor): "I am Brave Eagle. This is my son Fighting Bird. And here is my grandson, Four-Engine Bomber."

Diner—This soup's very thin, waiter.

Waiter—Yes, sir. The manager likes the people to admire the design on the plate.

Father—Your teacher says he can't teach you anything, Bill.

Bill—I always knew he was no good.

Grandmother: "There are two words I wish you wouldn't use. They are 'rotten' and 'lousy'."

Modern Co-ed: "All right, Granny, what are the words?"

* * *

The vicar's sermon was so exceptionally short, having occupied less than two minutes, that the verger felt justified, in the vestry afterwards, in remarking on its extreme brevity.

"Yes, it was short," said the vicar. "As a matter of fact, I am without my teeth today, and find it difficult to speak plainly."

On the following Sunday the sermon ran to a great length, occupying at least ten minutes longer than usual. The verger felt prompted to comment once again, and added: "I expect you've got your teeth back, sir?"

"No," said the vicar, "I haven't but I borrowed my wife's, and I wonder I'm not still preaching. I had a terrible job to stop when I did!"

* * *

The visiting minister, after a very cold drive, arrived a few minutes before Evening at an out-of-the-way church to find a steaming-hot whisky toddy thoughtfully left for him in the vestry. Without touching it, however, he proceeded to robe himself, and called for the verger.

"My friend," he said, beaming at his would-be benefactor, "I appreciate your kindness and thoughtfulness in providing for me a hot drink that would appear to be a—er—a stimulant. But I must gratefully decline for three reasons. In the first place I am a life-long teetotaler; secondly, I am making temperance the subject of my sermon this evening, and thirdly, I've had one already."

* * *

I'm standing on the corner of Seventh and Wabasha minding my own business when this guy comes up and asks me the time. So I tell him 9 o'clock, and he hauls off and socks me right on the nose.

"Whasa big idea?" I asks, picking myself up.

"Listen, wise guy," says he, "I been asking people that question all day and I'm sick and tired of getting a different answer every time."

* * *

Shop assistant (in the act of proposing): Remember, darling, this is the last day of this astounding offer.

* * *

"I don't like the looks of that halibut," said the lady customer.

"Lady, if it's looks you're after, why not buy gold fish?" asked the market man.

ANOTHER WORLD WAR?

That's What They Are Saying.

"I presume that the next World War will not break out earlier than in ten or fifteen years . . ." Lord Templewood, December, 1944.

"The United States and Russia are moving inevitably toward war with each other. Not now, but within the next twenty years we'll be at war—if present trends continue unchecked."

Wm. G. Carleton in "Magazine Digest"
February, 1945.

DOES ANYBODY KNOW?

Yes, God's Mother Knows. And she has told us plainly that if we do our part
"RUSSIA WILL BE CONVERTED AND AN ERA OF PEACE WILL BE GRANTED TO HUMANITY."

What Must We Do?

Read the whole story of the revelations of the Blessed Virgin made—in your day and mine—to simple shepherd children. Read what she asks all of us to do to **AVERT ANOTHER WAR TO BRING ABOUT RUSSIA'S CONVERSION.** The story is told in:



FATIMA, HOPE OF THE WORLD

By Rt. Rev.

Wm. C. McGrath, P.A.

Single Copy, 25c Postpaid
One Dozen \$2.75

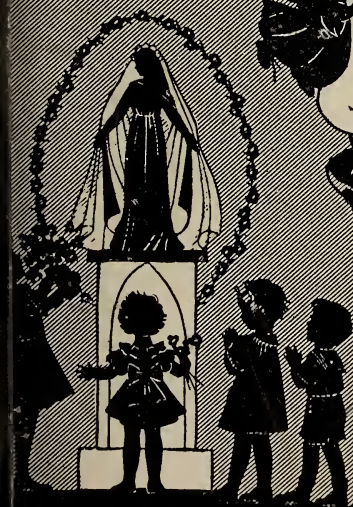
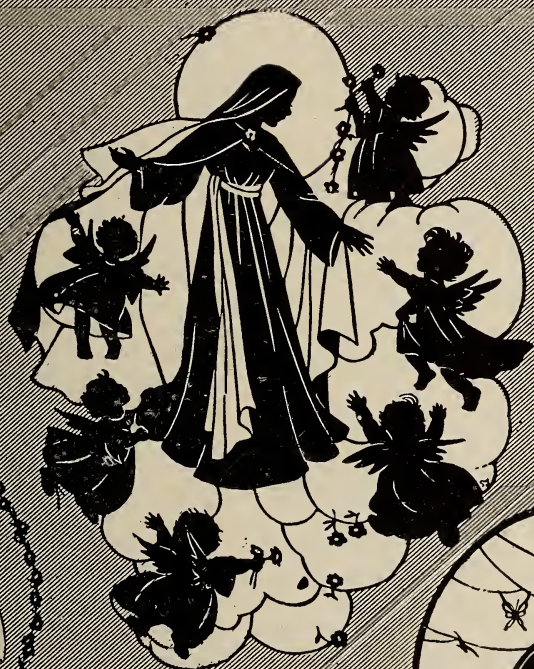
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Rt. Rev. Monsignor John M. Fraser.

Glad Tidings from the Philippines

Waiting for this day of freedom, has been for Monsignor Fraser an agonizing experience. Do you know how long those three years have been? It was over 700,000 casualties ago, over a hundred defeats ago, over a hundred victories ago. It was away back when the U.S. fleet was all but sunk in the mud of Pearl Harbour; when the names, Bataan and Corregidor, hurt just to think of them. So many other names have been burned into our memories since, from Guadalcanal and Saipan and Stalingrad to Casablanca, Salerno, Normandy and "the Bulge", that three years ago seems far away.

But time dragged in the prisons of the Philippines and for all those who had loved ones there. As one freed captive put it, "We have known over one thousand days and nights of hell", and in the words of another, "We lived a barbaric, cruel and utterly bestial existence". Our lives, for all their grimness, were filled with the rush of activity. Their lives were empty of everything save suffering and one little spark of hope which their hearts would not let die.

It is with profound gratitude to Almighty God that we record this happy news of the freedom of our dearly beloved founder, Monsignor John M. Fraser. Canada and the Missions may well be proud of him. Like the great apostle of the Gentiles, St. Paul, our heroic missionary has suffered all things for the sweet name of Jesus and has crowned forty years of missionary labor with three years of veritable martyrdom. We know that from coast to coast in Canada and Newfoundland the host of friends of Monsignor Fraser will receive this glad news with tears of joy and prayers of thanksgiving to the good God.

AFTER three years of soul-searing, health-shattering captivity, Right Reverend Monsignor John M. Fraser, founder of the Scarborough Foreign Mission Society, is at last free. The glad news came from our beloved founder himself, but was too late for publication in the April issue.

Monsignor Fraser was on his way back to the mission fields of China and had just arrived in Manila en route, when the Japanese launched their dastardly attack on Pearl Harbour and the Far Eastern War burst into full flame. He was at first interned with the Archbishop of Manila in the episcopal palace, but since October of 1944 had been at St. Scholastica's College. With the destruction and the capture of the College by a U.S. tank corps in mid February of this year, the veteran missionary was obliged to spend some time in the open and in private houses until he found refuge in the San Tomas' camp, where he is at present awaiting repatriation.

The Bulletin Board

Pray For Our Dead

Miss Ida Keagin, Saint John, N.B.
P.O. Martin Allan Knight, of
Ottawa, who died overseas.

Private Christopher Jenkinson,
killed in action in Belgium.

Rev. Father Mooney, Canadian
chaplain in army, killed in action.

Mrs. Mary MacDougall of Christ-
mas Island, N.S.

Mrs. O'Rourke of London, Ont.

Monsignor Donahoe of Halifax,
N.S.



In Thanksgiving

Mrs. L. R. of Lindsay, Ontario,
wishes us to publish her thanks to
the Precious Blood, Our Blessed
Lady, St. Joseph, St. Anthony, and
St. Roch and Brother Andre for
many favours received.



An Apology

We wish to express our deepest
regrets for a mistake made in the
January issue of CHINA. The poem
"Song of the Khaki Christ" was not
written by Rev. J. A. Ryan, C.S.S.R.,
but by an American chaplain over-
seas, the Reverend G. Galvin,
C.S.S.R.

Our apologies are due to both
Father Ryan and Father Galvin. We
recopied the poem from another
Catholic periodical and have no idea
how the mistake was originally
made.

Lucy Tou, Former Chinese Diplomat, To Be Baron's Bride

Ex-Attache at Ottawa and Pierre de
G. d'Hestroy, Belgian Embassy, to Wed

A marriage license was issued at
the Municipal Building recently to
Miss Lucy Tou, of 49 East Sixty-
seventh Street, a former attache of
the Chinese legation in Ottawa, and
Baron Pierre de Gaiffier d'Hestroy,
first secretary to the Belgian Em-
bassy in Washington. The couple
said they would be married in St.
Albert's Roman Catholic Church,
433 West Forty-seventh Street, New
York.

Miss Tou, who is a guest while
in New York, of Mrs. F. Louis Slade,
resigned her diplomatic post last
year and has been studying this
winter. She was educated at Yen-
ching University and Bryn Mawr
College, where she also did post-
graduate work in social economics.
She returned to China in 1941 on
a Bryn Mawr fellowship and worked
for the Chinese co-operatives. While
in China, she was named to the
Canadian post.

Baron d'Hestroy was born in Brus-
sels, Belgium, the son of Baron Ed-
mond de Gaiffier.

CHINA: Very Rev. Hugh F. X. Sharkey, Editor.
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SHADOW *on the* GOOD EARTH

REV. R. REEVES



THE clouds of war thickened and darkened over the mission fields in Chekiang, China. Although it was springtime, for many the blossoms passed by unnoticed. The soft wind blowing gently from the east murmurous and full of rain meant little to thousands of refugees who had been forced to abandon their good earth on account of war. Now they gathered beneath the cool arch of the city gate discussing their many and perplexing problems. Water carriers, farmers, rickshaw-pullers and the ubiquitous beggar. Here and there were little trays set up by would be vendors crying out: "Lo Hoa San! Gai! Shiang Yeh! (Peanuts, Oranges, Cigarettes). Children scampered around in childish glee, little mindful of the red dragon of war. Now and again a farmer came along with his buffalo requesting the crowd to "Doa Kai" (move aside) and make room for his faithful beast of burden. From the far end of the arch a dirty waiting-boy with a shiny black apron cried out: "Noodles, hao chih kuo le" (Noodles,

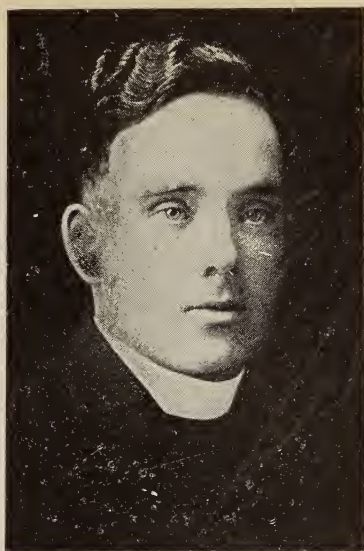
very good eating.) He was kept busy feeding the crowd and between times gleefully counting the cash he had taken in. "Bring me tea"! cried many of the thirsty ones and the reply came back: "Where's your penny"? Thus the day passed, good indeed for the small vendors but serious enough for those who were planning what to do next. Evening gradually wore on. The crimson of sunset brushed the arched walls with varied hues and this was an indication to the Christians that it was eventide and time for prayer. Slowly but surely, not a few wended their way up to the mission and night prayers began. Somehow their voices seemed more sincere that night, no doubt a sincerity brought about by the anxious moments through which they were passing and still more by the thought of future difficulties. After prayer I went out and reminded the Christians that during these difficult times they must place their hope and confidence in Our Blessed Mother, Our Lady of Ten Thousand Helps, for never was it known that anyone who prayed to

her or sought her intercession was left unaided. "Ah Shen Fu ding hao: Shing Mu i ding sham bon". (Ah Father, very good, Our Holy Mother will certainly help") they said.

Time passed by. Things went from bad to worse and so I made my mission journeys rather early. Before starting I gathered up pictures of Our Lady of Perpetual Help sent out to me by Brother Raymond. These numbered a few hundred and so I decided to distribute them on the mission trip. It might be the last journey of this kind for some time. I wondered . . . It was.

Morning was stealing silently over the hills. The gold of the day peeped from behind the clouds with promise. After a little breakfast I started out with my servant for the country beyond the mountains. I walked along the valley road this spring morning full of hope.

We had covered quite a distance, and growing a little tired I stopped for a rest near a temple, the temple to the good earth. This temple was rather a small structure, no higher than a man. It was built of grey bricks and roofed with tile. The walls were covered with plaster on the outside and at some time or other the village artist had been hired to paint a scene of hills and bamboo trees on the wall. Time had left its mark upon the scene and rains had poured upon the painting until now there was only a faint feathery shadow of bamboos left. The hills were almost wholly gone. I looked inside the temple and snugly under the roof sat two small solemn looking figures, earthen; for they were formed from the earth about the temple no doubt. These gods wore robes of red and gilt paper, and one god had a scant drooping moustache of real hair. Due to rain and summer sun their robes were spoiled. A few joss sticks were in a small pot in front of the gods and two of the incense sticks recently lighted were turning from



Rev. R. Reeves, S.F.M.

red to grey, dying out as I hoped paganism would one day. "See there Hai-Me", I said. "Those incense sticks are dying out. In a moment they will be no more. Pray that paganism will also die out, like that, in your native country." Again we took to the road and reached a mission early in the afternoon. We were greeted by the catechist who took us in and prepared some rice for us to eat. It wasn't long before the table was all ready; a little rice, Chinese cabbage, a few oranges and some peanuts. These we devoured with avidity and then sat down for a little talk. Later on the catechist went out and called the Christians for evening devotions. In the meantime we drank tea and then went to the chapel to prepare the altar.

The shades of evening were now gathering. Grey, gilt-edged clouds filled the sky; an emblem of the dying day. Slowly the Christians arrived, and soon it came time to start the Rosary. I announced that the Mission would be in honour of Our Lady and exhorted the faithful

to be most fervent. Soon could be heard the Litany: "Shing Mu Ma Li A, wei ngo teng ssz" ("Holy, Mother Mary, pray for us") After the Rosary and the Litany came the sermon. During the discourse I told them of the miraculous picture, the power of Our Blessed Mother and her love for us. Most attentive were they when I told them about her sorrows, how she had been faithful to Jesus to the end, how she had suffered with Him during His cruel and agonizing journey to Calvary. I concluded the sermon with an exhortation to be always faithful to Jesus and Our Lady of Ten Thousand Helps. After the close of the services I distributed the pictures of Our Lady and told them to place themselves under her protection with childlike confidence. For three days the Christians attended Mass and the other devotions of the Mission very well, and the morning of the fourth day saw us again on our way to another town.

Yes, the year had turned to spring. The willows grew faintly green and the peach trees budded pink. The days were growing longer, scented with the blossoming plum and cherry. The earth was moist and pregnant with harvest. It made one feel happy and content in spite of things. We made good time although the day was hot and at nightfall we arrived at the next stopping place. Here, we enjoyed our supper immensely and it wasn't long before inquisitive visitors gathered around. Some faces were familiar. One old man in particular who had once been oily and unctuous, a man of plenty and ease surprised me. Now he looked anxious and harried. His flesh was gone and his skin hung upon him like an old garment. After speaking with him for a while and exhorting him to a better life, we said night prayers and then into bed for a well deserved rest.

Next morning there were some

confessions and the usual faithful few at Mass. Again I spoke about the love of Our Blessed Mother and her solicitude for sinners. At this Mission some careless Christians came back once again to pray to her who is and ever will be Perpetual Help. Most encouraging were the children during my stay, and I am sure Our Lady must have smiled on them as they came each night to tell their beads. In this place I visited different families, drinking tea and discussing current problems always reminding them of the great purpose of life, to know, love and serve God here on earth and to be happy with Him forever in Heaven. Nor did I forget to remind them of the Queen of Heaven, the Beautiful Lady whom Bernadette saw and who St. Therese so ardently loved. "No matter what happens", I said, "Always be faithful to her who would not fail us because of our fickleness, who loved us more than we could ever realize. Towards the close of the Mission, I repeated the exhortation for childlike confidence in Our Lady and gave out pictures reminding them to be always faithful.

The next morning saw us rolling up our beds which were really small mattresses, and then onward and upward to Nan Dong (Southern Hall). All day we walked, up one mountain and down another. During our journey we stopped on a very high peak feasting our eyes on the glorious scenery. Hundreds of feet below was a beautiful valley carpeted in green. On the side of the mountain little rice paddies were spread out like numerous table mats. In the brushwood, azaleas bloomed and ferns spread their lace-covered arms in slender profusion. Down on my right a stream was playing its "musical moment", gathering tempo as it flowed down to the river below. Once or twice the lowing of

(Continued on page 18)

THIS IS CHINA



Young Chinese nurses carry to hospital another victim of "the China Incident."



New China's song is one of hope.

Canadian Co-Missionary

Crusade News

Benefits of the Co-Missionary Crusade

(1) For the MISSIONS it brings the more speedy conquest of the Powers of Darkness and the establishment of the glorious Kingdom of Christ.

(2) For the CO-MISSIONARY it represents: (a) a share in Christ's own work of redeeming souls; (b) a share not only in the MISSIONARY'S work and prayers but also in his reward; (c) the realization that your crosses can do untold good and help the Missions.

THE highest form of prayer is suffering according to the late Pope Pius XI. St. Therese, the Little Flower of Jesus, said that "more souls are saved by suffering than by preaching". St. Theophane Venard declared: "Suffering is the coin with which we purchase heaven." St. Paul states that if we are Christ's companions in suffering, we shall be His companions in glory. All the Co-Missionary is asked to do is to make this practical; **OFFER UP YOUR DAILY TRIALS AND TROUBLES, ILLS AND AILMENTS**, for your adopted Missionary, and who is there who does not have daily sorrow and discouragement?

In this work of being Co-Missionaries and of praying for Missionaries, there are really two subjects for whom our prayers can be offered, namely the Missionary him-

self and the people among whom he is working. It is a commendable thing to consider both these in our Co-Missionary prayers. Pray for your Missionary that God will grant him all those graces and blessings which will make him the kind of Missionary God wants him to be. Then pray also for his people among whom he is working and ask God, in the words of Pope Pius XI, "to touch the hearts of the heathen, and softened by His grace to draw them to Himself". For then and then only will the labors and efforts of your Missionary bear abundant fruit.

One grateful Pastor has written us saying, "Two problems faced me in my parish; one of a spiritual nature, the other financial. The latter threatened to result in a court case. Trusting in the efficacy of prayer and in particular in the spiritual assistance from my Co-Missionaries, both problems have been solved satisfactorily."

Co-Missionaries, do not forget in your May devotions to our Blessed Mother, to remember your adopted Missionary. Pray to her particularly for vocations to the missionary life. Certainly this is one of the ways you can give much needed and much desired help to your Missionaries, for the laborers are far too few for the vast and extensive mission fields of the world.

O Mary, Queen of the Clergy, pray for us; obtain for us many and holy priests. (300 days indulgence)

Items of Interest

British Bishops Give Eight Points to Ensure Better Post-War Peace

Hierarchy of Great Britain Would Take
Away Means of Waging War

BECAUSE "it has become almost impossible for ordinary men and women to know the true issues in world affairs," eight points to be practiced by the United Nations for a just peace were outlined last week by Catholic archbishops and bishops of England, Wales and Scotland.

In a summary the eight points were enumerated as:

Human rights are derived not from membership in any state or party but from membership in the human family.

The brotherhood of man is meaningless unless founded on the fatherhood of God.

Sound international relations must be informed by charity.

Men of one tradition must not attempt to force their customs on the members of another race.

The well-being and prosperity of each nation must be the concern of all.

The peace conference must be a family council.

Press and radio should combine to foster true internationalism founded on love and brotherhood.

Full liberty must be granted all men to worship God as conscience dictates.

"Leaders of the victorious nations," they said, "will soon be

obliged to draw up in minute detail treaties intended to govern future international relations.

"Certain frontiers may need to be redrawn. Potential aggressors will not only be disarmed but permanently deprived of the means of waging war.

"We are moved to make this joint statement because it is becoming increasingly difficult for citizens of any nation to learn in good time what governments intend to do in their name.

"Where true democracy flourishes, citizens should be clearly told the nature of their obligations, international no less than national.

"The peace conference should not make any final or irrevocable decisions until the fever of war has abated. Economically no less than morally a vindictive peace would harm victor nations. Punishment of war criminals is both desirable and necessary. But questions of punishment should be decided long before the conference sits to discuss the treaty of peace."

Failure of Versailles

One of the reasons for the failure of the Treaty of Versailles was "its lack of sympathy toward small nations within the German orbit," the statement says. The next peace conference must establish demarcation of frontiers satisfactory to a majority of people, "however long the process takes," or this war will be succeeded not by peace but by "an uneasy space of preparation for another yet more terrible war," the bishops stated.

Going Our Way?



By
Very
Rev.
R.
Pelow,
S.F.M.

“NOW, now, tell me, Father tell me—what ever made you become a priest?” Most of us saw the Academy Award winning movie, *Going My Way*, and heard the loveable old pastor of St. Dominic’s ask his assistant what made him become a priest. However, the telephone rang, a visitor came in, or some other interruption occurred, and we never did hear the answer to that question. At this time of the year many a young man is wondering what does “make one become a priest”, or what one has to have by way of qualifications before he may apply for entrance into a Seminary. Simply stated, a man becomes a priest because God gives him a vocation. Its just as simple as that. If God wants you to become a priest He gives you a vocation, a call—but remember it is a vocation, a call, not a miracle.

Too many Catholic young men

have every qualification for the priesthood but have a very faulty notion of what a vocation is. Usually when God calls a boy to the priesthood He doesn’t appear to him in a vision, nor send an angel to tap him on the shoulder, nor knock him to the ground, as He did in the case of St. Paul. He uses signs to point out to a young man that he has a vocation. To be sure of these the young man goes to a priest for advice or writes for information. Once upon a time most priests were ordinary Catholic lads wondering whether or not they had a vocation. They found in themselves the signs of a vocation, followed them, and became priests. Nothing so extraordinary about that.

Many of you will be interested in the signs of a vocation to the priesthood because many of you will be finishing your High School educa-

tion within a few weeks. God may want you to become a priest, and a missionary priest at that. What, then, are the requirements for the missionary priesthood? They are: (1) physical health; (2) mental ability; (3) an inclination towards such work; (4) the right intention.

Obviously, good health is necessary because of conditions in pagan lands especially, but one need not be Superman in the flesh. All you need is normal health which will enable you to perform priestly work. Naturally a certain intellectual ability is required to handle the studies for the priesthood, but one doesn't have to be a genius. Any boy who does pretty well in his High School work will probably satisfy this condition. If you have your matriculation you may apply for entrance into the Seminary, and after a year at the Novitiate you will commence the study of Philosophy which lasts for two years. After that, there is a course of four years of Theology. If you have the degree of Bachelor of Arts from a Catholic university you will begin the study of Theology immediately after the year at the Novitiate. As far as age is concerned with our work as foreign missionaries, no student is admitted who cannot be ordained a priest before reaching his thirty-fifth year. This condition is necessary because of the need of learning a new language after ordination and of adapting oneself to a foreign way of life.

Evidently, too, one must have a desire, an inclination to become a missionary. This is true of any vocation. One doesn't become a paper-hanger if he is inclined towards medicine. Perhaps this desire originated through listening to one of our returned missionaries speaking about the missions, or reading a mission magazine such as "CHINA". Maybe the desire was faint at first, but has persisted, all indicating that you should consider this question very

carefully. Most important is that you have the right motive without which any man would be making a fatal blunder regardless of health, ability, or desire. A right intention or motive consists simply in aspiring to the priesthood for the one purpose of increasing God's honour by devoting oneself to the work of saving souls, others' as well as one's own.

We must not forget that God does not force a boy to become a priest. Remember the story in the Gospel? Christ met a young man who had all the qualifications for the priesthood. He gave him a call, a vocation, telling him to come and follow Him. But that young man "turned away sad for he had great possessions". Christ did not stop him. He leaves us all free in the matter of our vocation, even to the accepting or refusing of a call to the priesthood. Christ needed priests badly when that young man refused to follow Him, and He needs priests to-day more than ever. To some of you He may be saying: "I want you to become a priest". To others He may be saying: "I want you to become a missionary. I have given you great possessions — physical health, mental ability, and desire to be a missionary. I want you to help Me save souls, souls for whom I gave every drop of My Blood on Calvary. Think it over well—fields whitened unto harvest, and My calling you to the reaping of that soul-harvest".

A young man with the qualifications mentioned above, which are the signs of a vocation, may apply for entrance into our Seminary without any misgivings. Those whose responsibility it is to decide upon the fitness of a candidate for foreign mission work, will have ample time to determine whether or not a young man gives promise of becoming a good missionary. If any boy, then, has these qualifications and the desire to devote himself to the work of

(Continued on page 29)



IT may be "an old Spanish custom" but I would like to tell you about it. Here in Santo Domingo we see many Spanish traditions and customs. Perhaps there is no ceremony more strikingly simple and yet sublimely beautiful than that of godparents presenting the little child to its mother after baptism.

Listen, the Dominican mother is speaking—"Co-mother here is your child. Receive it in both arms. You entrusted it to me as pagan and I return it to you as Christian. The duty of my co-mother and co-father is to instruct it in Christian doctrine. And if they cannot do so, then for this are its godparents."

And the mother replies—"Thank you my co-mother and co-father. May God give you life and health to make many pagans, Christians."

See how simple and yet how beautiful is this ceremony? The simplicity in the fact that all godparents return the baptized child to its parents or guardians. The beauty lies in the deep spiritual relationship expressed between the child, its parents and its godparents.



Rev. R. Hymus, S.F.M.

This child all through life should beg the blessing of the god-parents—"benediccion padrino." The parents and godparents are now co-mother and co-father, and as such will name each other in greetings and salutations. One of the circumstances adding more guilt to any crime or injury is if the person were a co-madre or co-padre. One of the greatest signs of trust and confidence is because such a one is co-mother or co-father.

Is not this a beautiful ceremony? Read the words again—say them next time you are chosen as god-parent.

THE SONG OF TANG MENG

Yu



REV. I
CURTI
S.F.M

ANY missionaries who have been in the Lishui Prefecture during the past twelve years will remember the subject of this article, Tang Meng Yu, later known as "Sunshine", who died July, 1942.

I became acquainted with this boy in the winter of 1936 shortly after I arrived in the Mission where he spent most of his twenty years. A pupil of the Sacred Heart School, he had been a member of Father Venadam's famous Boys' Choir. On graduation from school Father Venadam put him to work in the kitchen and he soon became Priests' Cook. He was a rugged young fellow, but one day in March, 1936, he was stricken with paralysis and lost the power of both legs and one arm. The Sisters attended him, and it was then that he was given the name "SUNSHINE". Though he was apparently hopelessly paralyzed and suffering keen pain he never lost his golden smile. His outlook on life must have been discouraging but he was cheerful through it all. After a few week's treatment the Sisters advised his being sent to the hospital of the Sisters of Charity at Wenchow. One of the priests was

going there and SUNSHINE accompanied him. He remained there all summer and showed some improvement so that he was able to return to Lishui the following winter.

No longer the sturdy boy that he was he could not take up his work in the kitchen. He could walk with difficulty and his right arm was almost powerless. His home was not a proper place for such a boy, with a pagan father and a mother who had lost her faith, so he was brought to the Mission. I was in China about a year by then and was still far from efficient in the Chinese language, so SUNSHINE was appointed my teacher. Like most newly-arrived missionaries I was anxious to learn enough to administer the Sacrament of Penance in the shortest possible time. SUNSHINE seemed just the one to help me to accomplish this for he was well instructed in Christian Doctrine himself and the local dialect was his mother tongue. He was a faithful tutor. Twice a day, as regular as clockwork he was at my door with his golden smile, to remain as long as I wished him to remain. Later that summer when more onerous

duties were imposed upon me and desk work increased, I often wished he were miles away, but there he was, come hail or high water or 50 below. It was a proud day for teacher and pupil when I was able to hear my first Confession in Chinese. The classes continued and he helped me prepare sermons to be given later in the Sacred Heart Church, but I am afraid he was the only member of the congregation who understood my first Chinese sermon.

In the summer of 1937, immediately following the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese war, which the Japanese were pleased to call THE INCIDENT we were faced with a temporary financial crisis at Lishui, the first, but not the worst we were to face. We found it necessary to curtail expenses. Employees were asked to accept only half their salaries or wages, servants who had homes were asked to live at home for the present and the priests were compelled to look after their own rooms. SUNSHINE took his meals at his own home in Lishui but spent the nights at the Mission. He would serve two or three Masses, go home to breakfast and return to the Mission for my class in Chinese. When he saw me tidying up and sweeping my room he insisted on doing this for me, and though his right arm was limp by his side he succeeded very well. He was a faithful and conscientious worker.

The following year I was asked to attend a Mission five miles from Lishui, where we had a group of Christians, a small chapel and living quarters for a priest. I went once a month on Saturday night and, of course, took SUNSHINE along. He was in his glory. For some days previous to our trip he would drill me on my sermon and at the Saturday evening devotions he would give an explanation of some point of doctrine, or on preparation for Confes-

sion. He was well liked by the people there for he was the perfect gentleman. For over a year that was our program. On Saturday afternoon we went out to the Mission. Following night prayers he gave his instruction, then the people went to Confession and afterwards gathered in the living room downstairs for a chat and a smoke till bed time. In the morning bright and early, they came for morning prayers, Confessions, sermon and Mass. In the afternoon they returned and we had Stations of the Cross before leaving for Lishui.

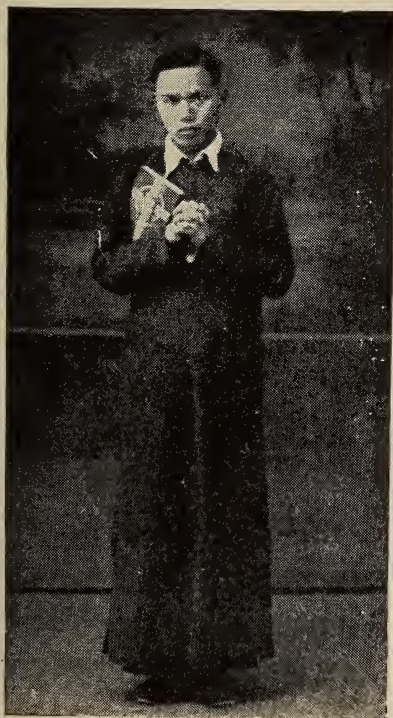
As time went on SUNSHINE showed signs of a disease so common in China: T.B. On the advice of the Sisters he went to Wenchow again but returned after a few weeks not much improved. He became worse, and eventually was forced to remain in bed. It was a bitter pill for the devout boy who was a daily attendant at several Masses.

In April, 1941, our Mission was bombed, and it was decided to move our personnel to the country. For the next three months five of the Sisters and their staff lived out at Chu Shieh Tzuen, the Mission we had attended monthly. SUNSHINE managed to walk out there where he would have the medical attention he needed, but remained in bed all the time he was there. Later that summer when all moved back to the city he again became a patient in St. Joseph's hospital, and there he remained until his death.

In May, 1942, invasion seemed inevitable and it was decided to evacuate to Lungchuan. We were puzzled about the case of Meng Yu, SUNSHINE. To move him would be fatal, for he was very weak. To leave him there was unthinkable. Divine Providence solved the problem as It solved so many others. Four days before the invasion, he died. One of the last things Father Harold Murphy did before he left

on his motorcycle was to say Meng Yu's funeral Mass and read the prayers at his grave.

Tang Meng Yu (SUNSHINE) seemed to be one who was made for another world. Like so many Chinese boys he was espoused while he was still a child, but in his early manhood he made it known in no uncertain terms, that he had no intention of entering married life. The Priesthood was beyond him, but he expressed the wish to become a lay Brother in some Religious Order. Application was made to several different Orders, but always the same reply came back. He was rejected because of his physical condition. He was not for the world, even in religious life. His short life was one of suffering heroically borne but he must have accomplished much by his good example, his devotion to



Tang Meng Yu

the Blessed Sacrament, to the Blessed Virgin Mary and to the Saints.

We feel certain that he who spent hours every day before the Blessed Sacrament, who never failed to recite his daily Rosary, who was quite familiar with the lives of the Saints, is to-day happy with these Saints, before the Throne of God in Heaven.

A Prayer

TO THE MOTHER OF CHRIST
FOR THE MOTHERS OF TO-DAY

By FATHER LYNK, S.V.D.

O Mary, you saw Him go away,
Away from your home in Galilee,
Away to the Garden Gethsemane,
Away to the summit of Calvary. . . .
O tender Mother of Christ, we pray,
Please, comfort the mothers of today!

You stood by Him 'neath His gaunt,
hard cross,
You heard Him utter His last faint
plea,
You saw his heart break in agony
Amid the jeers of the enemy. . . .
O valiant Mother of Christ, we pray,
Please, strengthen the mothers of
today!

You held His body, so ghastly pale,
Upon your lap, and you kissed His
eyes,
Plucked out His thorns with pitying
sighs
And said the fondest of all
goodbyes . . .

O sorrowful Mother of Christ, we
pray,
Please, solace the mothers of today!

You wept as only a mother weeps,
Who buries in grief her only son,
But bravely you said: Thy will be
done!

You knew He would rise, your Holy
One. . . .

O loving Mother of Christ, we pray,
Please, mother the mothers of today!



Ave



In the ages of Faith, before the day
When men were too proud to weep or pray,
There stood in a red-roofed Breton town
Snugly nestled 'twixt sea and down,
A chapel for simple souls to meet,
Nightly, and sing with voices sweet,

Ave Maria !



There was an idiot, palsied, bleared,
With unkempt locks and matted beard,
Hunched from the cradle, vacant-eyed,
And whose head kept rolling from side to side;
Yet who, when the sunset-low grew dim,
Joined with the rest in the twilight hymn,

Ave Maria !



But when they up-got and wended home,
Those up the hillside, these to the foam,
He hobbled along in the narrowing dusk,
Like a thing that is only hull and husk;
On as he hobbled, chanting still,
Now to himself, now loud and shrill,

Ave Maria !



When morning smiled on the smiling deep,
And the fisherman woke from dreamless sleep,
And ran up his sail, and trimmed his craft,
While his little ones leaped on the sand and
laughed,

The senseless cripple would stand and stare,
Then suddenly holloa his wonted prayer,

Ave Maria !



Others might plough, and reap, and sow,
Delve in the sunshine, spin in snow,
Make sweet love in a shelter sweet,
Or trundle their dead in a winding-sheet;
But he, through rapture, and pain, and wrong,
Kept singing his one monotonous song,

Ave Maria !



When thunder growled from the ravelled wrack,
And ocean to welkin bellowed back,
And the lightning sprang from its cloudy sheath,
And tore through the forest with jagged teeth,
Then leaped and laughed o'er the havoc
wreaked,

The idiot clapped with his hands, and shrieked,

Ave Maria !



Children mocked, and mimicked his feet,
As he slouched or sidled along the street;
Maidens shrank as he passed them by,
And mothers with child eschewed his eye;
And half in pity, half scorn, the folk
Christened him, from the words he spoke,

Ave Maria !

Maria

ALFRED
AUSTIN

One year when the harvest feasts were done,
And the mending of tattered nets begun,
And the kittiwake's scream took a weirder key
From the wailing wind and the moaning sea,
He was found, at morn, on the fresh-strewn
snow,

Frozen, and faint, and crooning low,

Ave Maria!

They stirred up the ashes between the dogs,
And warmed his limbs by the blazing logs,
Chafed his puckered and bloodless skin,
And strove to quiet his chattering chin;
But, ebbing with unreturning tide,
He kept on murmuring till he died,

Ave Maria!

Idiot, soulless, brute from birth,
He could not be buried in sacred earth;
So they laid him afar, apart, alone,
Without or a cross, or turf, or stone,
Senseless clay unto senseless clay,
To which none ever came nigh to say,

Ave Maria!

When the meads grew saffron, the hawthorn
white,
And the lark bore his music out of sight,
And the swallow outraced the racing wave,
Up from the lonely, outcast grave
Sprouted a lily, straight and high,
Such as She bears to whom men cry,

Ave Maria!

None had planted it, no one knew
How it had come there, why it grew;
Grew up strong, till its stately stem
Was crowned with a snow-white diadem,—
One pure lily, round which, behold!
Was written by God in veins of gold,

"Ave Maria!"

Over the lily they built a shrine,
Where are mingled the mystic bread and wine;
Shrine you may see in the little town
That is snugly nestled 'twixt deep and down.
Through the Breton land it hath wondrous
fame,

And it bears the unshriven idiot's name,

Ave Maria!

Hunchbacked, gibbering, blear-eyed, halt,
From forehead to footstep one foul fault,
Crazy, contorted, mindless-born,
The gentle's pity, the cruel's scorn,
Who shall bar you the gates of Day,
So you have simple faith to say,

Ave Maria?



Shadow on the Good Earth

(Continued from page 6)

cattle could be heard and the cry of a young mountain goat on some nearby craggy cliff reminded me of the story of the "Good Shepherd" seeking those who even now seem lost on the crags of paganism and unbelief.

On we went until nightfall and finally we saw in the distance a cross which marked the spot where for the next week, men, women and children would come to adore the True God, and pay homage to her whom all nations shall call Blessed.

In this village a large number had gathered to greet the missionary and after words of welcome we sat down to a very nice Chinese supper. We even had a little meat and some good neighbour had brought in a few fish freshly caught from the mountain stream. During the supper many pagans gathered around and watched for the first time a foreigner eating with chopsticks. Children crowded around pulling at my soutane, looking at my shoes, and curiously observing many things about the funny foreign man with a long skirt. "Yes, he even has leather shoes on", they said.

After supper, although tired, I managed to join the Christians in night prayer and exhorted them to make the Mission with great fervour.

Next morning a goodly crowd attended Mass and two Chinese altar boys served with great pride for the first time. Later on came visitations, and so along with the catechist and a crowd of inquisitive children, I wended my way around winding paths and through narrow alleys. During these journeys I visited the sick, enquired about marriages and baptized some infant children unable to be brought to the chapel. To all were given important words of encouragement and consolation.

Around noon we stopped for a

bite to eat at a Christian's home and during the meal spoke a great deal about prevailing conditions and the chances for Christianity in Nan Dong. Chicken and pigs snooped around our feet waiting for the odd crumb to fall from the table, and in the corner of the little room an old Chinese dog glued his eye on the dirt floor for a remnant or two that perchance the snuffing pigs or cackling chickens might overlook. After dinner and a drink of tea I continued my visitations and arrived back at the Mission in time for supper.

It was a gala evening. I can still see it. After Rosary and Benediction we all gathered around and again chatted. Many questions were asked about God, Our Blessed Mother, The Catholic Church and customs in America. "Why do people in Europe kill one another?" they asked. "When is the war going to stop?" "Why can't we live peacefully with one another," "What do you think of the Japanese?" "Do the girls work on the farm and hoe the beans in your country?" "Have you many buffaloes, and what kind of tobacco do you smoke?" "What kind of songs do the American children sing, and do they eat very much? Where do you get your money? Why haven't you a wife?" Many other questions too numerous to mention were asked, and during the whole affair some peanuts were given to the children and oranges to the grown ups. Time passed quickly and soon many were lighting their lanterns for the return trip home.

The Mission door was closed very late that night and needless to say I slept soundly on my little Chinese mattress.

All through the week the Mission was well attended and I emphasized devotion to Our Lady. Time passed rapidly and one Monday

(Continued on page 20)

Salvation Through Our Lady of Altagracia

by Rev. P. Moore, S. F. M.

THE town of San José de Ocoa is as peaceful a place as one could come upon during many days of travel. The important parish of this town of San José de Ocoa is looked after by Fathers Hymus and Gault. Under their care are some twenty-five thousand souls. About 6,000 are in the town and the other 19,000 are scattered about forty country missions or as they are called here "campos."

It was my privilege to spend Christmas in this parish and also to remain to witness the celebration of the beautiful feast of Our Lady of Altagracia on January 21st. This is perhaps, in the eyes of the people, the greatest occasion of the whole year. A nine-day novena preceded the feast and a nine-day celebration followed it. Father Hymus in an article featured in last April's issue of CHINA, related the origin of this feast which is observed throughout the whole of the Republic on the twenty-first of January of each year.

On the evening of January 11th the novena began and it continued until the eve of the great feast. Each evening the church was crowded. All day and night of the day before the feast, the people begin to flock into the town. Some of them walk a distance of from twenty-five to thirty miles. Others come from as far and even farther by horseback and mule. Even little children with

their parents endured such a long trip. By the early morning the town is alive with the crowd. The first Mass begins at 5 a.m. All day from then on, the priests are busy receiving the offerings of candles, wax and money from those who have it to give. This is their gift to Our Lady. Many of them have prepared and saved for months ahead for this yearly event in their otherwise ordinary and quiet lives. Two priests were busy this particular time from 12 o'clock noon until 10 o'clock at night baptizing. The ages of those baptized ran from one year to eighteen years. Throughout the following days of celebration many more were baptized.

The procession at four o'clock in the afternoon was something to see and remember. The picture of Our Lady of Altagracia was carried by four men. Hundreds of people joined in the procession which wended its way through the main streets of the town.

To witness the sacrifices these people make in honour of Mary sets us to feeling very ashamed of the coldness of our love for her, the only one of our kind so favored by the Trinity that God took her and wrapped her in His divinity in such a way that His virtues shine through her. Mary is so beautiful, both humanly and spiritually speaking,

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Shadow on the Good Earth

(Continued from page 18)

morning saw us leaving. On all sides could be heard. "Tsai lai, san shen fu. Tien Chu chiang fu; i lu ping an." (Come again mountain Father. God bless you, may your road be smooth and peaceful.") Looking back after a half an hour we saw the faint outline of the cross at the Mission and soon it totally disappeared. We were on our way back to the head Mission now, thanking God for the grace and strength He had given us to carry on.

Thursday morning found us back at the head Mission and we found that things were much disturbed. The enemy was bombing and advancing and this soon necessitated moving to another Mission. This was done and once more we tried to settle down on a far-away Mission until things blew over. A month or two passed but times grew worse. Air-raids, disease, bubonic plague, all came in their turn so at last it became necessary for the Sisters and most of the priests to evacuate. Money wasn't coming in either and things were very expensive. Before departing we erected a shrine in honour of Our Lady of Perpetual Help and asked her what to do. It wasn't long after that something very definite happened causing us to decide to move to Southern China. Time and space do not permit me to describe that unforgettable journey into China's hinterland by many of our priests and sisters. Enough to say that their bravery, courage and self-sacrifice will never be surpassed. Canada's Legion of the Cross marching on in spite of fire, suffering and want. After about three or four months in Southern China, I returned to my Mission. The journey back took just over a month and was accompanied by not a little hardship. One October afternoon saw me walking through the ashes

of a burned town. Two thousand people had been killed and some buried alive. All around was sickness, hunger, sunken faces and death. I got to work and along with some Christians we tried to establish ourselves as best we could. There was plenty of work; distributing relief, caring for the sick and anointing the dying.

One of the first things I did was to enquire as to how many Christians had been killed. After some time I found out that only one Christian, an old man about seventy years, had lost his life, his crime being his inability to carry a heavy load for the enemy when the temperature hovered around ninety degrees.

Reports came in from other villages of the Christians good fortune and so on the Sunday following my return I placed the little picture of Our Lady of Ten Thousand Helps upon the altar and said Mass to her who had proven to be truly "Perpetual Help". Needless to say many Christians came to the Mass of thanksgiving. Yes, to give thanks for Mary's universal and perpetual solicitude for her children so aptly expressed in the sublime words which Dante placed on the lips of St. Bernard.

"Lady, thou art so great and so prevailing, that he who wishes grace or runs to thee, his aspirations without wings would fly. Not only thy benignity gives succor to him who asketh it, but oftentimes forerunneth of its own accord the asking."

The prayers of the Christians were not in vain. How many more wonderful things have happened will perhaps never be known, but this we do know: "If we go to Mary with a childlike simplicity, she will prove to be a true mother, as she did to the Chinese. Yes, in this hour of the world's crucifixion she will be your mother, my mother, the world's, "Mother of Ten Thousand Helps."

Salvation Through Our Lady

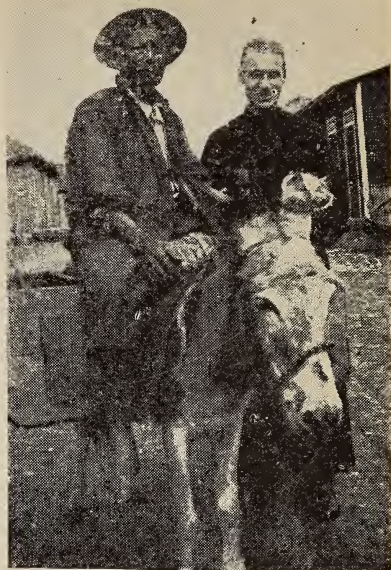
(Continued from page 19)

through God's special favour, that we cannot see her without at the same time seeing her Son. The devotion found in this country to Our Lady, if not miraculous, is the next thing to it. Thousands of the twenty-five thousand in Father Hymus' parish have not even been baptized. Thousands more have not yet made their First Communion. Yet the devotion to Our Lady of Altagracia is strong in the hearts of all these people.

To give you an example of conditions here. On Christmas Day I had the happiness of accompanying Father Basil Kirby to the campo, to prepare an eighty-year old lady for death. During our visit, Father Kirby instructed her enough to help her make her first confession, and then he anointed her. When I witnessed the joy of that poor old soul, it made me feel that our presence here in Santo Domingo is well worth while. This is only one instance of the daily work of our priests. These Dominican people have the faith, but have been without the ministrations of the priests for many years.

For many long years these Catholic people of this island have had but one priest to every 20,000. You can well imagine what chance one priest would have to even contact each person in order to baptize them, let alone instruct them properly. When one considers that some of these missions or campos can only be reached after six or seven hours on horseback, over high mountains and through valleys, one can easily understand why so many are neither baptized or know what is meant by the Real Presence in the Blessed Sacrament.

At present the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society has eleven priests labouring in this Republic. Under their care are five main cities. Each town parish has attached to it from



Father Moore chats with the Chinese peddler of San Jose.

thirty to forty campos. Well over 100,000 souls are numbered in these five parishes. Every last one of them knows Mary by the title "Our Lady of Altagracia". Their devotion to Mary has been handed down from generation to generation. All through the years Our Lady of Altagracia has watched over these her children, smiled upon them and loved them, and will most assuredly lead them back to her Son. They all of course believe in God. They love so very much in comparison to the little they know that I believe God has given His Mother to especially protect them and preserve in them the faith until that day dawns when this Catholic country will be restored to its former place in the church. That day is beginning to dawn. The priests of our Society, together with the faithful priests already labouring here, will be destined to play an important part in bringing this day to its fullness.

(Continued on page 29)

The LITTLE ROSE FLOWER'S GARDEN



The News Column

From the Mail Bag

IT SEEMS to me that our members in Newfoundland are really on the job when it comes to writing. Here is a quotation from **SISTER MARY ANTHONY'S LETTER**. Sister is teaching at the Presentation Convent at **RENEW'S, NEWFOUNDLAND**. "Billy is only 1½ years but he makes all the visitors at his home contribute a cent, at least, to his little box. This is his second little donation." Billy's name is **BILLY HYNES**. . . . Gee! thanks a whole lot, Billy!

* * *

DUNCAN WILLIAMS tells us: "I have been travelling quite a bit during the past year and am once again settled to attend school. I am in Grade II at our school here (**BOURLAMAQUE, QUE.**) and the other day Mom gave me the **CHINA** to let our teacher read it. Who knows, maybe a new subscriber will 'bud' from this!" . . . Nice work there, Duncan, and if I may be allowed to read between the lines we have a very zealous "member" in the person of Mom. . . . **SHEILA FREEMAN**, from Harbour Grace (Newfoundland) sends along 1,100 used stamps of her native land, and as you all must know they are very much appreciated by stamp collectors all over the world. Thank you, Sheila. . . . **BERNARD BRAZIL**, a native son of Spaniard's Bay, again in Newfoundland, sends along some more of those precious stamps and adds: "I shall say a prayer for the Mission and also ask Almighty God to send you more young men." That's mighty fine

of you, Bernard, and I know God will answer your good prayer. . . . **MARION PENNEY** (yes, Marion is from Newfoundland also) says she still goes to Holy Communion every month as I told her to do when she joined the "Garden". She also tells us that she is learning to ski and that pretty soon she will be able to "ski to the ski-cabin." Stamps have also been received from **DOLORES GRIFFIN**, Grand Falls, and the **FITZPATRICK FAMILY**, Carbonear; both places situated in a very famous "island land" not far from Canada.

From the **ISLAND OF PRINCE EDWARD** comes a very nicely written letter signed by **MARGARET B. GAL-LANT**. She tells us that she has five girl friends and that each Sunday they come to her home for a meeting. They work and pray for the Missions and for the Red Cross too! And, believe it or not, they read the stories printed in **CHINA** at their Sunday meetings! That will please our Editor very, very much. Before these zealous young missionaries really get down to business they say a prayer and sing a hymn—they do the same thing before closing their weekly Mission meeting. Now, doesn't that do your heart good to realize that there are young people in this country who realize that there are souls to save in other places besides Canada. Gosh, I know the Little Flower is mighty proud of you, Margaret and all! . . . From a very nice place where Father Jim has many friends comes a new enlistment of members for "The Garden" and letters from two of the

recruits. **CARMEL MARCORETTA** and **HUMBERT SAVOIA**. They both live in **THOROLD, Ont.** Thank you, one all, and your certificates will be along one of these days. (They sent along a very, very generous donation to help our work for souls). . . .

LORENZO VITALE on behalf of his young missionaries at **ST. GENEVIEVE'S SCHOOL, WINDSOR, ONTARIO**, ends his letter with a word of **HOPE**: "The Chinese Missions need our money and we hope all schools are doing their share." Gee, Lorenzo, how about joining our Campaign Department! **THANKS**, again, for your donation! From the Fair Border City of Windsor again: "We are six girls of **ST. JOSEPH'S SCHOOL** and we would like to help the Missions. Would you please send us a Mite Box. And I did!

IRENE BOUDREAU, also of Windsor, Ontario, writes to inform us that she and eleven of her young friends have formed a new club and they are helping the Missions. I think **FATHER McKERNAN'S** visit to the schools of Windsor is bearing much fruit. The **ROSE GARDEN** thanks you, **Father GERARD**, for the good work you are doing on behalf of the Missions.

* * *

THERESA SEARS, of St. John's (Nfld.) has a lot of very interesting things to say: "I am enclosing a small donation. . . . I sent one hundred stamps. . . . I read Father Chafe's story in the March issue of **CHINA**. I think it was very interesting especially as Father Chafe is one of our own priests from Newfoundland. We would all like to see more of his stories in future issues of **CHINA**. . . . Would you please publish a line of thanksgiving to Saints Jude and Anthony for a very special favour received (J.M.S., St. John's, Nfld.)" . . . Thank you, Theresa, and I know Father Chafe will appreciate your remarks. I also hope he will continue to write for the **Rose Garden**.

* * *

A very nice donation comes to us from **College Street School, Halifax**. . . . The teachers and pupils of this school are "old" friends of ours and we thank the pupils of Grades IV, V, and VII, for this grand Easter present. . . . "Each class eagerly waits for the monthly appearance of **CHINA**, and we want you to know

how much we like reading it. The new 'QUIZZ' page is a great favourite with the higher grades."

It's nice of you to say these things . . . thanks a million!

NEW MEMBERS

Darien Timberley, 114 Allard Avenue, Verdun, Que.

Clara Tulk, 27 Rankin Street, St. John's, Newfoundland.

Evangeline Le Page, 878 Ellrose, Windsor, Ontario.

Therese Taylor, 270 Rideau Street, Kingston, Ont.

Francis G. Joyce, No. 7 Eleventh Street, Kingston Heights, Kingston, Ont.

Audrey Strub, 48 Ellen Street, Kitchener, Ont.

* * *

HOLY ROSARY SCHOOL, Thorold, Ont.

Teacher, Rev. Sister Mary Seraphine

Leo Barry, Ronald Barry, Joan Bowman, Louis Boniferra, Anna Cecchini, Donald Ciancio, Danny D'Amelio, Dorothy Demo, John Foley, Archie Ghiendoni, Doreen Holder, George Kenny, Francis Kenny, James Lott, Leonard Lott, Arthur Russell, Carlo Lorenzo, Carmel Marcoretta, Marion Madsen, Florence Mailhoit, Joseph Micklik, Paul Nestor, Rita Petti, Leo Perrault, Ralph Pisano, Gerald Roach, Terrance Roach, Mary Rusnack, Humbert Savoia, Joseph Savoia, Eleanor Vendromin, Billy Zovosky.

* * *

ST. GREGORY'S SCHOOL (Grade III)

Ottawa, Ontario

Joyce Attfield, Harvey Hiscoe, June Attfield, Donald Larkin, Brian Bailey, Lomond Lavigne, Zita Bortolotti, Michael Lavery, Brenda Bryant, Brian Leafloor, John Carriere, Shirley Leafloor, Edmund Champagne, Agatha Collins, David McCormick, Mervyn Clost, Brian McNally, Maureen Connolly, John Mulvey, D'Arcy Caulson, Gordon Perry, Lois Cowick, Doreen Villeneuve, Dale Crampton, John Wilkinson, Lynus Dalton, Vivian Wilkinson, Colleen Desjardins, Diana Dolan, Louise Villeneuve, Ainna Fitzgerald, Billy McIntyre, Gusteva Friberg, Claudette Foisy, Barry Heggerty.

After 14 Years



REV. A. CHAFE S.F.M.

IF that parcel had not fallen on the floor you wouldn't be reading this true story, nor looking at the picture on this page. This picture was taken fourteen years ago, before some of you ROSE GARDEN members were born.

One day, down here in the Dominican Republic, I got an Easter card from a little girl in Nova Scotia, Canada. Inside the card, signed Bertha Haines, were a few lines saying "I am the little girl you baptized in Little Dover, N.S." Later, as I was writing a note to Bertha I accidentally knocked on the floor a big parcel of old snapshots I had saved over many years. One snapshot landed away from all the others and I picked it up first. It was the picture you see on this page. Believe it or not, that picture was taken on the road coming back from Little Dover, N.S., on Easter Sunday, 1931, the day I baptized Bertha Haines and another child named Victor James Barry. They were the very first baptisms I had ever performed as this was my first Mission trip, assisting Dr. J. J. Tompkins in his Parish of Canso, N.S., shortly after my ordination. Isn't it strange that this snap showed up on the very day I was writing to the child I baptized? I had forgotten I ever had the picture. What's all that got to do with the ROSE GARDEN? Keep on reading and you'll find out.

Naturally, in my letter to Bertha I then added the story of finding the baptismal-day snapshot. And here's

where the ROSE GARDEN comes in. I want you to read the letter I got in answer to my letter. I was quite thrilled by it, and honoured. It was the first time I knew anything to be named after me, apart from a sizeable number of infants who have to go through life bearing the same name as myself, Alphonsus, because their parents thought it would be a grand idea to name them after dear Father Chafe. But here's the letter:

Little Dover, N.S.

"The pupils of Little Dover School have organized a Mission Club. We have named it 'Father Fons' Mission Club', the name given by our curate, Fr. Peter Nearing of Dominion, C.B.

"We will hold a meeting each Sunday after catechism. Each member brings a cent a week to the Mission. He also pledges to say one Our Father, one Hail Mary, and once daily 'God Bless Father Fons and his Mission'.

"Our club has 80 members, supervised by Fr. Nearing and the officers are: Marion Keefe, President; Alfreda Gurney, Secretary-Treasurer; Pauline Casey, Vice-President. Other officers may be elected later. We will be very pleased to hear from you, Father. We realize how busy you are but we hope you will remember us and the club in your prayers so it will be a success. We, too, will remember you and the missionary priests of Scarboro working with you.

"Bertha Haines received your letter. The teachers read it in school and our

priest read it from the altar. The people were very interested and will certainly not fail to pray for you. The things you told us about the children in your Mission were fascinating for us. It seems strange to hear about the Dominican children being able to carry everything on their heads. It certainly seems hard to do."



Coming back from Little Dover, N.S.

Then the Secretary-Treasurer who wrote the letter told me lots of news about Little Dover which I was glad to hear, because Little Dover and its church will always be in my memory as the place where I first gave the Holy Sacrament of baptism. Later, I'll tell all the ROSE GARDEN members some stories of the children in the Dominican Republic, including their ability to carry all sorts of parcels on their heads without using their hands to balance the parcels. Then, when you've heard more about it, you, too, can prove that it not only *seems* hard, but is hard to do. Warning: don't start right in to try it now using your mother's best glass bowl for the first try. Mother might not like the idea as well as the Dominican mothers do!

And before I say "Adios" again, let me ask all of you to join the members of "Father Fons' Mission Club" in their daily prayers for our Scarboro missionaries in the Dominican Republic. The missionaries, and the little children in this country, need all the spiritual help you can give them.—Adios.

Padre Alfonso, S.F.M.

Pen-Pal Corner

Joan Schario,
11 Ahrens Street West,
Kitchener, Ontario.

In Grade VII at St. Mary's School and is now thirteen years old. Her hobbies are: painting, bicycling and swimming.

* * *

Theresa and Billie Sears,
23 Aldershot Street,
St. John's, Newfoundland.

Theresa is twelve and in Grade VI; Billie, eleven and in Grade V. They would like to hear from boys and girls between the ages of ten and fourteen.

* * *

Eileen Freeland,
Bartonville, P.O.,
Bartonville, Ontario.

Eileen is thirteen years of age and attends Cathedral High School in Hamilton—First Form. Would like to hear from pen pals 10-15 years old, boys and girls from all over Canada.

* * *

Lois Anne Coutre,
Lake Street (Gen. Del.),
Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario.

"Would like to hear from pen pals from all over Canada, ages thirteen to fifteen. I am thirteen and in Grade VIII. . . . My favourite sports are, skating, skiing, tobogganning, swimming, tennis and basketball. . . . I also like to write poems."

* * *

Mary Callahan,
Spaniard's Bay, Newfoundland.

Ten years old and would like a pen pal of own age.

* * *

Gerard Collins,
37 East Valley Road,
Corner Brook, Newfoundland.

Would like to hear from Richard Leach, Sydney Mines, N.S. Gerard is twelve and in Grade VII.

* * *

Catherine Fisher,
25½ Falkland Street,
Halifax, N.S.

Catherine is thirteen and likes reading and skating.

* * *

Georgina McNeil,
Reserve Mines, N.S.

Here we have a member who is sixteen and would like to hear from boys and girls of her own age.

Loretta Howlett,
Goulds, St. John's West,
Newfoundland.

Loretta is fourteen years old and wishes to correspond with members.

Betty May Randall,
Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Hobby: Drawing. Twelve years of age and in Grade VIII. incidentally she writes: "CHINA is the best missionary book I've ever read and the stories are grand."

Ann Marie Greenwood
136 Upton Road,
Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario.

I am in Grade VII. I enjoy all sports and especially swimming and skating. I would like to correspond with some girls of my own age. I am 12, and take piano and dancing lessons.

Dorothy Anne Jenkins,
119 Kohler Street,
Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario.

Age 14, in Grade VIII at Sacred Heart School and would like pen pals of her own age.

Kingsley Jang,
627 Union Street,
Vancouver, B.C.

Kingsley says: "I am twelve years of age. I am in Grade VII, and would like to have pen pals of my own age. I promise to write back."

Elsie Laing,
306 Bathurst Street,
Amherstburg, Ontario.

Age fourteen years and asks for pen pals.

Margaret Parker,
201 Park Street,
Amherstburg, Ontario.

Age fourteen and will answer all letters "pronto."

Marjorie Warren,
2 Tessier Place,
St. John's, Newfoundland.

Twelve, reads, sews, likes sports and would like to hear from girls of own age.

Margaret Aylward,
138 Queen's Road,
St. John's, Newfoundland.

Margaret is now sixteen years of age—she attends Mercy College and is in Grade IX. Likes music and all kinds of sports. Wants "pals" of own age.

Patricia Hatchett,
Fairville, N.B.

Fourteen and in Grade VIII.

Emily Anne Hunt,
1 Balaclava Street (Box 174),
Amherstburg, Ontario.

Wants to hear from pen pals between the ages of fifteen and sixteen.

Muriel Sturrock,
80 Lock Street North,
Hamilton, Ontario.

Age twelve, in Grade VI, lives in the parish of Christ the King. Likes roller and ice-skating and enjoys fishing very much.

Mary Hoskins,
47 Charlton Street,
St. John's, Newfoundland.

Mary would like to hear from boys and girls all over the world. She is fifteen and her hobbies are: skiing, skating and swimming.

Joan Hutchings,
258 Queen Street,
Kingston, Ontario.

Joan sends a subscription for her very own copy of CHINA. . . . She is now twelve years of age and her hobbies are: swimming, skating and asks for letters.

Clara Tulk,
27 Rankin Street,
St. John's, Newfoundland.

Clara is twelve and now in Grade VI. She would like to hear from girls between the ages of ten and fourteen.

HOW TO JOIN THE ROSE GARDEN

Write to:

FATHER JIM,
Scarboro Foreign Mission Society,
Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

Give your age and full name asking to be admitted to the Little Flower's Rose Garden.

CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

- 1—To receive Holy Communion once each month for an increase in missionary vocations.
- 2—To recite the official prayer, daily, for the conversion of infidels.
- 3—To aid the Fathers of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society by saving pennies for the missions.

OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY

Part
V

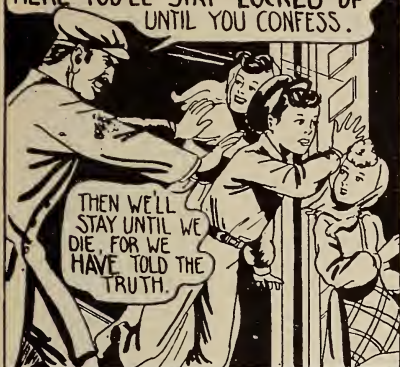
A picture story taken from

Heroes All-
CATHOLIC ACTION ILLUSTRATED

National Catholic Comic Magazine, Minneapolis, Minn.

Some of the people are convinced that Lucy Santos and her cousins have really seen an apparition of a beautiful lady. On the day appointed for the next appearance, they are to be driven by automobile, but the driver does not go the right way

HERE YOU'LL STAY-LOCKED UP UNTIL YOU CONFESS.



THEN WE'LL STAY UNTIL WE DIE, FOR WE HAVE TOLD THE TRUTH.

AT COVA DA IRIA 15,000 PEOPLE WAITED. LEARNING OF THE KIDNAPPING THEY STORMED THE HOUSE WHERE LUCY AND HER COUSINS WERE IMPRISONED. THE ADMINISTRATOR WAS FORCED TO RELEASE THEM.

TWO DAYS LATER--- AT VALINHO'S NEAR FATIMA.



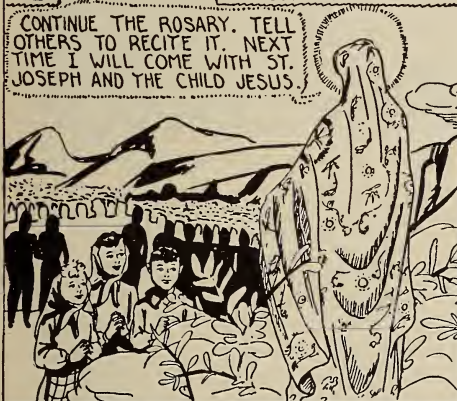
WHAT SHALL I DO WITH THE MONEY PEOPLE LEAVE IN THE COVA?

AND PLEASE, DEAR LADY, WILL MY BROTHER MANUEL COME BACK FROM WAR?

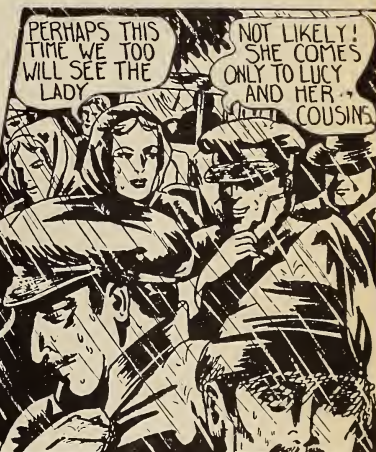
BUILD A CHURCH IN MY HONOR, LUCY. AND YES JACINTA, I SHALL BRING MANUEL AND ALL THE TROOPS HOME SOON.

SEPTEMBER 13TH -- 25,000 PEOPLE CAME TO THE COVA DA IRIA....

CONTINUE THE ROSARY. TELL OTHERS TO RECITE IT. NEXT TIME I WILL COME WITH ST. JOSEPH AND THE CHILD JESUS.



THE NIGHT BEFORE OCTOBER 13TH ALL ROADS TO FATIMA WERE OVERCROWDED



PERHAPS THIS TIME WE TOO WILL SEE THE LADY.

NOT LIKELY! SHE COMES ONLY TO LUCY AND HER COUSINS.

OCTOBER 13TH

WILL YOU TELL US WHO YOU ARE AS YOU PROMISED?

AND WHY HAVE YOU COME TO US?



I AM THE LADY OF THE ROSARY. I'VE COME TO WARN THE FAITHFUL THAT THEY MUST ASK PARDON FOR THEIR SINS. AND AGAIN I SAY- RECITE THE ROSARY.

To be continued

School Campaigners Report

MONTREAL:

The Editor of CHINA, Father Hugh F. X. Sharkey, has been campaigning in the schools in the city of Montreal during the past few months. Like all other priests engaged in this work he has met nothing but kindness and zealous co-operation. It is his hope that many young men and women will give their lives to God for the work of the Foreign Missions, where the harvest is great and the labourers so few.

* * *

OTTAWA:

Father McGoeey informs us that his labours in Ottawa have been most successful. The priests, teachers and pupils have shown the greatest interest in the work of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society. Father tells us that he is really pleased with the way the boys and girls have gone to work for Johnny Mite-box.

* * *

NEWFOUNDLAND:

Father Thomas Morrissey, who recently returned from China is now visiting schools in his native Newfoundland. He reports: "I recently visited the school in Spaniard's Bay where there are some of your Rose Buds. They and their teacher, Miss Paula Hayden, are enthusiastic for the Missions. I can assure you . . . this enthusiasm is also found in the Harbour Grace school—Mother Austin is the Principal here.

* * *

WINDSOR, ONT.:

Father Gerard McKernan has just returned from a visit to the Catholic schools of Windsor and reports a most successful campaign. He found everybody most interested in our work and wishes to thank priests, teachers and pupils—publicly—for their zeal and co-operation.

* * *

TORONTO:

In Toronto's schools both Father Beal and Father Reeves have been kept busy. The latter, who has been concentrating on the grade schools, reports that interest is high in the Chinese language. In fact, the missionary concerned is better known by his Chinese name than by that given him at baptism. Father "MOUNTAIN" is ready for further invitations to Queen City schools.



OFFICIAL PRAYER

Prayer of St. Francis Xavier for the Conversion of Infidels.

"O Eternal God, Creator of all things, be mindful of the souls of unbelievers created by Thee and fashioned to Thine image and likeness. Remember that Jesus, Thy Son, suffered a most cruel death for their salvation. Permit not, I beseech Thee, O Lord, that Thy Son be any longer despised by unbelievers; but appeased by the prayers of holy men and of the Church, the Spouse of Thy most Holy Son, remember Thy mercy, and, forgetting their idolatry and their unbelief, bring them at length to acknowledge Him Whom Thou hast sent, Our Lord Jesus Christ, Who is our salvation, life and resurrection, through Whom we are saved and set free; to Whom be glory throughout infinite ages.

Amen."

500 days' Indulgence each recital
Plenary, once a month.
(With ecclesiastical approbation)

Going Our Way

(Continued from page 11)

the foreign missions he should offer himself for it and leave the rest to God. How should you go about this? Simply write to us and ask for more detailed information concerning our work. Even if you are still some time away from obtaining your matriculation, or are awaiting examination results, do not hesitate to write. There is no obligation of any kind involved in seeking this information. It is the only prudent thing for a young man to do who is wondering about such an important matter. If you were thinking of becoming a doctor or a lawyer you would naturally find out as much as possible about those professions—the kind of life, the requirements, the work etc. Why not do the same about the priesthood?

If God, in His goodness, has given you the priceless gift of a missionary vocation He has called you to throw in your lot with those who carry on the work He started. In this glorious work of the Foreign Missions you may be called to play a part. The Scarboro Foreign Mission Society will offer you the opportunity and welcome you among the ranks of young men who have left all things to follow Christ. In tribute to this work, the Reverend Dr. Casey, present editor of *The Canadian Register*, wrote the following on the occasion of a Departure Ceremony for some of our Missionaries in 1938:

“On the shores of Lake Ontario at Scarboro Bluffs, Toronto, there is a Military Academy. As years are reckoned, it is a young institution. But it is venerable in the continuity of purpose, reaching back through the centuries to the Upper Room where the first commissions were countersigned by the Commander-in-Chief and issued to the advance guard in a conflict which extends in time from the Cross of Calvary to

the final coming of the Son of man in the clouds of heaven to judge the living and the dead.

“To this training school comes every year an increasing number of cadets to learn the science of war. Unlike other military colleges, the heights of Scarboro never echo to the rattle of rifles or the rat-a-tat of drums; the sun of Scarboro is not reflected from the glistening bayonets. They drill silently, these cadets of Christ, in quiet study hall and in silent communion before the flickering Lamp which marks the tent of the High Command.

“Strange school of war, this Scarboro, where without show or parade youth is prepared to man the trenches, and to push forward the line of battle whose prize is the liberty of the children of God”.

* * *

If you are thinking of Going Our Way write for further information as soon as possible. Address: Father Rector, Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.



Salvation Through Our Lady

(Continued from page 21)

Here, one is forced to realize how important and necessary are prayer and sacrifice, before spiritual success may be gained among souls. Our efforts will be blessed only in as much as we pray for God's grace for these souls and in as much as you pray with us.

Don't imagine that from what I have said of this special protection of Mary so evident here in Santo Domingo, that existing conditions here are perfect. The evils that naturally follow in the wake of the lack of Christian education, are everywhere to be found. The marvel of Mary's protection is, that in spite of these conditions, these Dominican people have persevered in their soul-stirring devotion to her.



It's Time to Laugh



Mr. Kay: "My dear, see that tug drawing all those barges? It's a perfect picture of life. The tug is like the man, working and toiling, while the barges, like women, are—"

Mrs. Kay (with a smile): "Yes, and the tug does all the blowing, while the barges bear all the burden."

2 A.M. and a lady phoned the president of a large department store. After long ringing, a sleepy, gruff voice answered.

"This is Miss Gruntled," said the lady in sugary tones. "I just had to call you personally to tell you that the hat I bought at your store last week is simply stunning."

"I'm surely delighted to hear it," yawned the president. "But madam, why call me in the middle of the night about a hat you bought last week?"

"Because," she replied sweetly, "your truck just delivered it."

Abee: "How has your brother been since he got married?"

Cedie: "Oh, well enough, but his wife treats him like one of those Grecian gods."

Abee: "Meaning what?"

Cedie: "She places burnt offerings before him at every meal."

Father: "When I was a little boy, I always ate the crusts."

Sonny Boy: "Did you like them, Dad?"

Father: "Of course I liked them."

Sonny Boy: "Then you can have mine."

"I had a great many more patients this time last year. I wonder where they have gone?"

"We can only hope for the best."

Query: "If you put a mama duck and five little ducks in a box and shake them, what would you have?"

Answer—"A box of quackers."

Mr. Biff often could not get home from work until after midnight. Mrs. Biff usually slept peacefully but recent burglaries in the neighborhood had disturbed her calm.

One night Mr. Biff, stealing carefully up the stairs, heard his wife's voice, high and shaky:

"I don't know if you are my husband or a burglar," she called; "but to be on the safe side I'm going to shoot. So if you are my husband you'd better get out of the way."

Blakken: "What's your idea of an optimist?"

Blew: "A fellow who's broke, going to a restaurant and ordering oysters, in the hope he'll be able to pay for his dinner with the pearl."

Professor: "Have you been through Calculus?"

Freshman: "Not unless I passed through at night. I came all the way from Iowa, you know."

Lulu: "If you were half a man you'd take me to the circus tomorrow."

Buddy: "Honey, if I were half a man I'd be in the circus."

Mrs. Clancy was returning from shopping and, with the crush and the higher prices, she was in no pleasant humour. As she approached the door she saw Mrs. Murphy, who occupied the street floor, sitting at her window. "I say, Mrs. Murphy," she called out in deep sarcasm, "why don't ye take your ugly mug out of the windy an' put your pet monkey in its place? That's give the neighbours a change they'd like." Mrs. Murphy was ready for her. "Well, now, Mrs. Clancy," she retorted, "It was only this mornin' that I did that very thing, an' the policeman came along an' when he saw the monkey he bowed and smiled an' said: 'Why, Mrs. Clancy, when did ye move downstairs?'"

Having extended her visit longer than she meant to, the old lady was going home after dark—and it was dark.

Presently, in spite of all her care, she bumped into a dimly-seen man and they both crashed on the pavement. At once the man was all apologies.

"So sorry," he murmured. "Careless of me. Let me help you up. So sorry."

"Never mind all that," returned the old lady, curtly. "Will you please tell me which way I was facing before I was knocked down."

"Did you hear about that delicate hint Mr. Hangon got last night?"

"No."

"Well, Edith found that looking at the clock and other familiar devices were of no avail, so she asked for some refreshments, and her mother sent in a dish of breakfast food."

"Tact," said the lecturer, "is essential to good entertaining. I once dined at a house where the hostess had no tact. Opposite me was a modest, quiet man.

"Suddenly he turned as red as a lobster on hearing his hostess say to her husband. 'How inattentive you are, Charlie! You must look after Mr. Brown better. He's helping himself to everything.'"

Sign outside a laundry—Bring your laundry here. No machinery used to tear your clothes. We do it by hand.

He was an author, and self-opinionated. He entered a bookseller's and approached the assistant at the fiction counter.

"Oh—ah" he said proudly, "I'm Harold Van Scribe—author of 'Live for Love' and 'Desert Heroes.'"

"Oh—yes sir."

"Can you tell me how my books are going?"

"Well, sir," the assistant replied confidentially, "two copies have gone, and I don't mind telling you it's got us puzzled up to now. In my opinion, though, it's shoplifters!"

Jim—"Do you work long hours?"

Joe—"No. Only the regulation length—sixty minutes each."

A certain famous motor-car manufacturer advertised that he had put a car together in seven minutes. The next evening he was called on the phone at dinner time and asked if it were so.

"Yes," was the reply. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing. But I believe I've got the car."

A man pinned under his car was being questioned by a policeman.

"Married?"

"No. This is the worst fix I've ever been in."

Two drunks were staggering home at an early hour of the morning, when they got in an argument about the sun and the moon.

"I'll betcha \$25," said the first, "thash the moon."

"I'll jush cover it," reported the other. "Thash the sun."

Stopping a man who chanced to come that way, they asked him to settle the argument for them.

"Shorry fellash," he apologized "but I'm a shtranger in theshes partsh."

The old colonel let it be pretty generally known that his orders must be obeyed without question or explanation; and once he stopped two soldiers who were carrying a soup kettle out of the kitchen.

"Here you," he growled, "give me a taste of that." One of the soldiers gave him a ladle. He tasted it and yelled, "Gad! You call that soup?"

"No, sir," replied one soldier, "it's dish water we was emptying, sir."

Oswald was in his most sentimental and extravagant mood. He was writing a letter to his sweetheart.

"Dearest Annabella," he wrote, "I would swim the mighty ocean for one glance from your eyes, I would walk through a wall of flame for one touch of your tiny hands, I would leap the widest river for a word from your lovely lips.—Your own Oswald.

"P.S.—I'll be over on Saturday night if it doesn't rain."

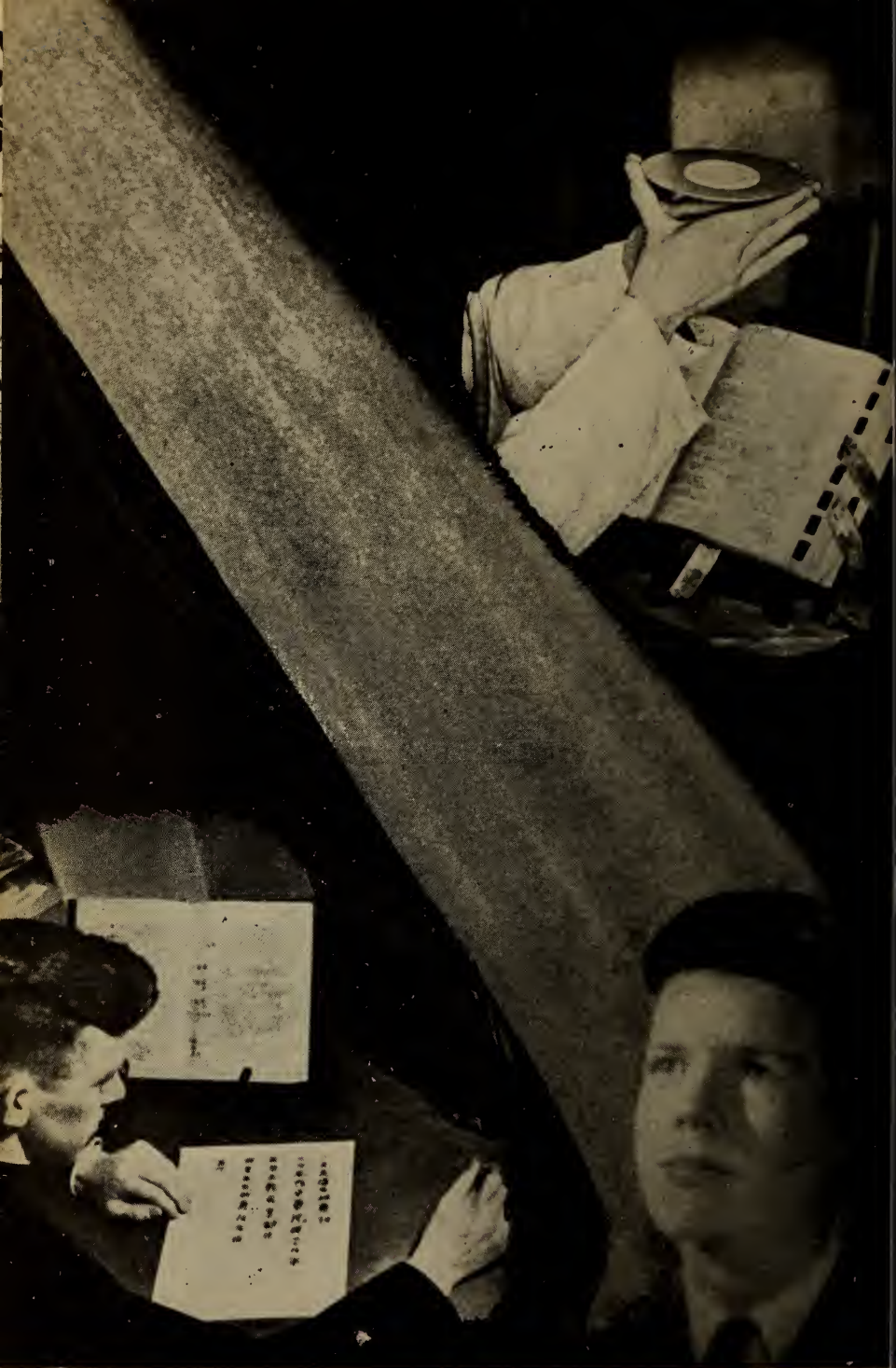
A man walked into a restaurant and left the door open. A big, fat man called out: "Shut that door! Were you brought up in a barn?"

The man closed the door, went to a table, sat down, and began to cry. At this the fat man looked uncomfortable and went over to the sorrowful one.

Said he: "I'm sorry. I didn't intend to hurt your feelings. I just wanted you to close the door!"

"I'm not crying because you hurt my feelings," was the reply, "but the fact is, I was brought up in a barn, and every time I hear an ass bray, it makes me feel homesick."

Sign outside farmhouse to keep away tramps: "We are vegetarians, but our dog isn't."



Did You Ever Dream of Becoming a Missionary Priest
MAKE THAT DREAM A GLORIOUS REALITY
Write to Rev. Father Rector, Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, O

CHINA





The Laymen's Committee of the Religious Theatre of the Air, Toronto. Associated with the Scarborough Foreign Mission Society.

News Briefs



Sincere Felicitations

News of major interest to the Church in Canada and Newfoundland came in the announcement of the transfer of one Canadian Bishop and two appointments, one to an Ontario See and the other to a See in the neighboring island.

Most Rev. John Roderick MacDonald, D.D., Bishop of Peterborough since 1943, has been named Titular Bishop of Ancusa and Co-adjutor Bishop, with the right of succession, to His Excellency, Most Rev. James Morrison, D.D., Bishop of Antigonish.

Bishop-elect Gerard Berry, Director of Charities for the Archdiocese of Montreal, has been named to succeed Bishop MacDonald in the See of Peterborough.

The Holy See has also announced the appointment of Bishop-elect Thomas John Flynn, former pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Riverhead, as Titular Bishop of Silio and Co-adjutor, with the right of succession, to Most Rev. Edward Patrick Roche, D.D., Archbishop of St. John's, Newfoundland.

Bishop MacDonald returns to his native diocese. He was born in Port Hood, N.S., and is a graduate of St. Francis Xavier University. He made his course for the priesthood

in Laval Seminary, Quebec, and St. Augustine's, Toronto. Prior to his appointment to Peterborough, he was rector of St. Ninian's Cathedral, Antigonish, and Chancellor of the Diocese. He was extensively interested in the development of the co-operative movement and other activities of social benefit. One of his latest achievements in Peterborough was the successful promotion of a fund of \$175,000 for the building of a High School.

CHINA offers to their Excellencies sincerest congratulations and best wishes.

Chinese Convert is Adviser to San Francisco Delegates

Dr. John C. Wu, Chinese scholar and jurist and convert to Catholicism, has been appointed adviser to the Chinese Delegation to the United Nations Conference in San Francisco, it has been announced here.

CHINA: Very Rev. Hugh F. X. Sharkey, Editor. Vol. XXVI, No. 6, June, 1945. Issued monthly, September to June; bi-monthly July-August. Rates \$1.00 a year. Official Publication of the *Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario*. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AND ADMITTED TO PRIVILEGED POSTAGE RATES AT THE POST OFFICE, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, JULY 10, 1924. Published by Ecclesiastical authority. Printed by The Industrial & Educational Publishing Co., Limited, Toronto 1.



12

Circulation: 49,000

Dr. Wu, now professor at Harvard University, has held a number of important posts in the present Chinese Government.

Canada Sent 192 to Home and Foreign Missions in 1944

During 1944 a total of 192 Canadian priests and Religious went to the mission fields of northwest and northern Canada or to foreign lands, it is reported by the Missionary Union of the Clergy.

This total included one secular priest, 50 priests in 10 religious communities, 24 Brothers of three communities, and 117 nuns of 17 different communities. One hundred and seventeen of the missionaries came from the Province of Quebec. There were 66 who went to the missions of Canada and Alaska; 41 who went to Africa; eight to Australia, and 54 to Latin-American countries.

Five Canadian religious communities have been establishing new houses in the Latin-Americas. They include the Foreign Mission Society of Scarboro, near Toronto; the Fathers of the Holy Cross, the Sisters of Ste. Anne and the Franciscans.

After reaching a war-time low of 119 in 1942, the number of Canadians leaving for the mission fields again is showing a rising tendency. In 1943 there were 188.

Our Want Ad Column

BOOKS

Mercier: Manual of Modern Scholastic Philosophy.

Sheehan's: Apologetics.

Wickham: The Misbehaviourists.

Phillips: Modern Thomistic Philosophy.

If any of our readers have some of these books and are not using

them, they could help very much by donating them to our students library.

TORONTO NEWS

St. Francis Xavier Women's Auxiliary

The Executive wish to announce that Mrs. Anne Hymus, former President, has been elected Honorary President of the Auxiliary. Monsignor McRae, Superior General of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, is Chancellor of the Auxiliary.

Laymen's Committee of the Religious Theatre of the Air

The annual meeting of the above organization was held in Toronto on April twenty-sixth. At the election of officers for the coming year the following were chosen:

President: Mr. Ambrose A. Kirby.

Vice-President: Mr. Austin Moran.

Treasurer: Mr. Wm. Sanham.

Secretary: Miss Irene Miller.

Assistant-Secretary: Miss Margaret Mulrooney.

Ticket Convener: Miss Eva Doyle.

Publicity Convener: Miss Olga Griffin.

Convener of Reservations: Miss Mary Zimmerman.

MONTREAL NEWS

The Montreal Unit of the Mission League of the Little Flower held its First Annual Social Evening for the friends of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society on Monday, April 16th, in St. Malachy's Parish Hall.

Nearly eight hundred friends enjoyed an unusually fine Card Party. To all who attended we extend our sincere thanks. A very special expression of appreciation and gratitude is due the Rev. Father John Britt, P.P., who so generously gave

us the use of the parish hall. To the members of our Montreal Unit we say: May God bless you one and all and rest assured you will be remembered in our Masses and prayers.

A first job well done with promise of even greater things next year!

PHILADELPHIA NEWS

We regret to announce the death of Pfc. James White and Pfc. John J. Enright in the Far Eastern Battlefront. These two brave young men are the sons of members of our Philadelphia Unit of the Mission League of the Little Flower. To their dear parents we offer our sincere sympathy and a promise of a share in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the immortal souls of their brave sons.

BOSTON NEWS

To Mr. Edward Lafferty and family we also extend sincere sympathy on the occasion of the death, in action, of his dear son, William Lafferty. May his brave soul rest in peace. Mr. Edward Lafferty is the treasurer of our Boston Unit of the Mission League of the Little Flower.

"Greater love than this no man has . . ."

Please remember them in your prayers.

Letters of Thanks

Thanks to Blessed Virgin for favor received.

M. McE., London, Ont.

* * *

In thanks to Our Lady of Fatima.

MRS. J. D., Toronto.



During a recent street car strike in Vancouver our Father Charlie Murphy solved his own transportation problem.

Stop the Press News

We are glad to announce the safe arrival home of Right Rev. J. M. Fraser, our founder. Thanks be to God.

Remember Our Dead

Mr. Angus Farrell, Stirling, Ont.

Miss Josephine Leamey of Nanaimo, Ont.

R. I. P.

All members of the Scarborough Foreign Missionary Society, through the columns of CHINA, wish to express their heartfelt sympathy to Rev. Laurence Beale, S.F.M., and to the other members of his family in the loss of their dear mother recently at La Sallette, Ontario. We would request the prayers of all our readers for the repose of her soul.

Chinatown, My Chinatown

REV. J. MCCARTHY S.F.M.

The colorful story of Vancouver's Chinese Catholic Parish

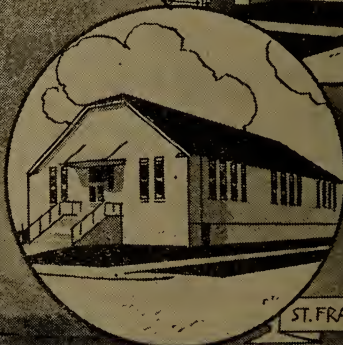


CANADA

CHINESE CHVRCH



VANCOUVER



ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SCHOOL



A FOREWORD BY THE EDITOR

WE dedicate this issue of CHINA in a very special manner to our Chinese Catholic Mission in Vancouver, B.C.

This is a well deserved tribute to the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception of Pembroke, Ontario, and the Fathers of the Scarborough Foreign Mission Society, who have labored so zealously in Vancouver's Chinatown since the establishment of the Mission there in December, 1933.

Rev. Charles Murphy of Sydney, Nova Scotia, is the present pastor and he has as his assistant Rev. Jack McCarthy of Calgary, Alberta. Very Rev. Roland Roberts of Victoria, B.C., has been associated with the work in Vancouver almost since its inception. He is the National Director of the Holy Childhood for English-speaking Canada, and he has his office at the Mission.

Closely connected with our Vancouver Mission during the past ten years is Miss Violet Joan Wong, who assists the Grey Sisters in their work in Canada's only all Chinese lower school.

Most Rev. William Mark Duke, Archbishop of Vancouver, as soon as he had taken possession of this important western see, realized the necessity of a national parish for the thousands of Chinese people to be brought under his pastoral care. He was primarily responsible for the inauguration of this great enterprise and he petitioned our Society for a missionary priest to begin the work. Today, thanks to God and to our many friends, the Vancouver Chinese have their national parish—their very own church and their very own school.

In this issue of CHINA, Father Jack McCarthy writes of the apostolate among the Chinese on the Pacific coast. Father McCarthy has interest-

ed himself greatly in the Chinese young people, realizing full well that the hope of the Church and the country, lies in the proper education of youth. He has been eminently successful in his endeavors. We know that our readers will find his article absorbingly interesting. We hope that this issue of CHINA will awaken new interest in Canada's Chinese and we trust that our many friends throughout Canada and Newfoundland will be impelled to contribute to this worthy cause by their alms and by their prayers.

Sacred Heart of Jesus, Whom we especially honor during this month of June, may Your kingdom come in the hearts and souls of the Chinese people of Vancouver, Victoria and Toronto.



Rev. Charles Murphy, S.F.M., pastor at Vancouver.

Chinatown, My Chinatown

By Rev. J. McCarthy, S.F.M.

A Letter for You

HELLO My Friend:

I'm talking to you from my hiding place in a shell ridden wilderness. Yes, it is lonely here! There are men around me, it is true—they are hiding, too—but all of us are lonely. Yes; you are right again, we don't get much time to be lonely between the explosions of enemy shell fire directed at us but just the same . . . it is lonely here!

If you were here it would be different. You are my friend. It was you who made my life worth living before, I didn't know it, of course, but really it was knowing you and being with you, laughing, working, playing, taking the bumps with you, it was all of these that made up what I called my life before. The school we attended or the work we did, they were important too but after all, it was you my Friend who made life worth the living. But you cannot be here. I am lonely.

Those newspaper men at home keep telling you that I am out here to preserve "our way" of life. That is true, but this truth did not come from the newspaper men . . . they have grasped only a small part of the IDEAL that inspires the sacrifice of millions of men who are struggling, fighting, working, suffering, dying!

I want to give everything I've got for you. I want, if necessary, to give my life that you may go on living the kind of life we loved together! It was the love of God that brought us both into existence. If I do not love you, my friend, and if I am not ready to make great sacrifices for you then I am worthy of neither God's love nor your friendship. Our Blessed Lord spoke of His own sacri-



Gordon Wong of the Chinese Catholic community in Vancouver who is now on active service.

fice for you and me as: "Greater love than this no man hath, than that a man lay down his life for his friends." I hope that my friendship can be even a dim reflection of His.

Riots and civil wars in "liberated" Europe and rumors from home tell me that these ideals for which I fight are in grave danger. Should the monied propagandists of State Control take over . . . should they "socialize" your little business . . . should they destroy our schools by "carrying on anti-religious propaganda with ALL THE MEANS AT ITS COMMAND" . . . should they muzzle you so that the only expression of our national thought would be through state propaganda organs like Pravda . . . should they dare to close your churches, condemning you for teaching the doctrines of Christ and maintaining that "Atheism is an integral part of Marxism" . . . should they ever by



*Very Rev. Roland Roberts,
National Director of the Holy
Childhood for English-speaking
Canada.*

organization . . . then, so help me God . . . I hope that I shall live to come back . . . I hope that I shall live to fight for you again . . . I hope that I shall be able at the cost of even my life itself to rid you from a slavery worse than any suffering or death on the field of battle.

Quotations: "carrying on anti-religious . . . etc., from Program Communist International, 1926, p. 6.

"Atheism is an integral part of M . . . from "Religion", by Lenin.



The Fun of Doing Things

VANCOUVER introduced a 9 o'clock curfew last month. The curfew is a good thing but it is only meant to correct an evil.

These kids don't need any curfew because they are doing something

brute force condemn you to work on "collective" slave farms or factories . . . should they "sovietize" you and forbid your lawful right to economic protection through union



The Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception of Pembroke, Ontario, who are stationed at our Vancouver Chinese Mission.

good and useful and helpful both for themselves and for others also.

The best fun in the world comes from DOING things and even more from MAKING things. That is just exactly why these boys are having fun . . . they are producing something that is their very own, something of which they can be proud and which they can show to others. There really isn't much fun after all in hanging around back alleys or in telling dirty jokes or in doing things that a fellow is ashamed of when others find him out. When a boy can get away from the "gang" and be a little man he has gone a long way towards building up his own character. Don't ever think that we are not proud also of producing such boys. We're so proud of them that we want to point them out to everyone we meet and tell them all about it.

Bernard Desaulniers is an expert machinist and, more than that, he is proving a great friend of the boys . . . he is the man who teaches them the tricks of the trade. To Bernard goes our heartiest thanks and to him also the parents of these boys owe a similar debt.

Workshop quarters are a bit crowded since they consist of part



The workshop is a bit crowded.

of the furnace room beneath the school—we have no basement yet. Should some of our good Chinese friends see their way clear to help so worthy a work I know Bernard will be glad to hear from them. Why sure! Any gift of machine tools would be wonderful!

Rev. Father McCarthy and some of his boys.



Sports Build Character

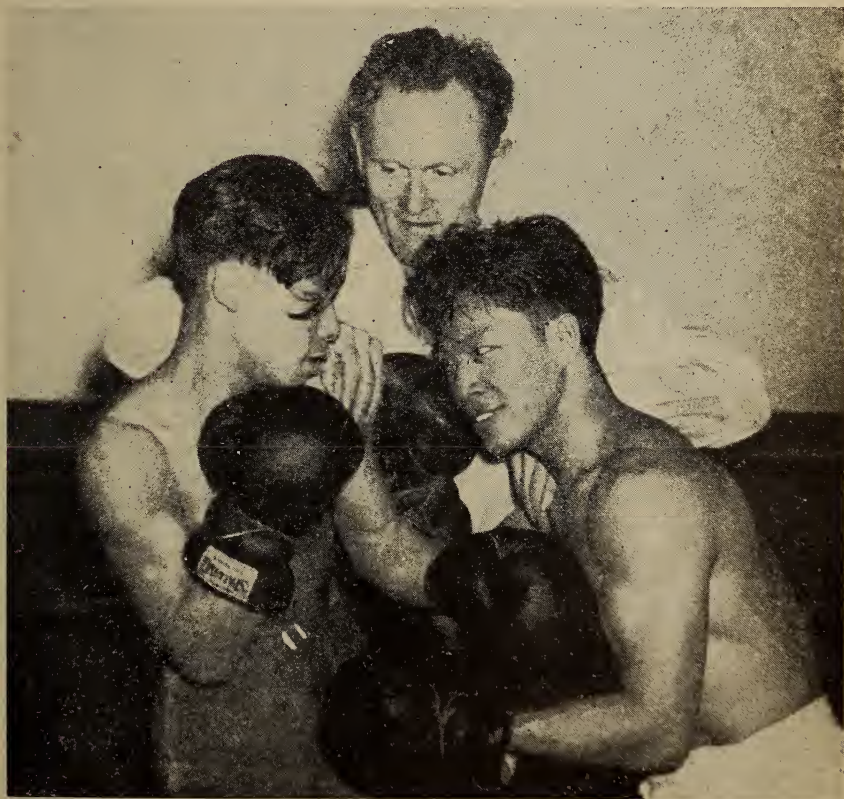
BOXING is fun, its healthful, its educational, its character-forming. That is why the Chinese Catholic Mission in Vancouver has sponsored and is encouraging boxing among our boys.

It's fun because there is something about it which lets a boy give vent to the cave-man instincts within him and at the same time directs those tendencies so that he trains his hands and body and eyes and, most of all, his mind to direct that body.

It's healthful, because a boy must either live according to strict rule . . . or else! Late hours, eating too much, smoking, drinking . . . all of these things are IMPOSSIBLE for

the boy who will take a lively interest in his boxing. He finds out that he must be clean in everything he does whether in his thoughts, his words or his actions or else he gets it "on the button".

It's educational, because the surroundings of a well-run gymnasium—the influence of an interested Priest who has devoted his life to the well-being of his boys; the scientific care and coaching of a good Catholic man training the boys—all of these things combine to produce a gentleman. The old stupid notion that boxing produced a "pug-ugly" bruiser with fat ears, a semi-concussion, a broken nose and long hairy arms has gone into the proverbial ash can. Boxing is a science and even an art. Used by the CYO



The gentle art of self-defence.

in training of youngsters, it becomes a truly marvelous instrument for their greater good.

Probably more than any other force boxing can reach out and touch the boy who is hanging around the "fringes" of society. There is the young lad who wants to be tough because he feels that people do not recognize him sufficiently, he feels that he is considered to be inferior, he knows that he has been born in bad circumstances, he has been abused and led to think in terms of "the world owes me a living" and I'm going to take it, not make it. Maybe he is the type who hangs around pool halls. Maybe he is tough if he is with his gang or if he can "get" his man in a dark alley. He is a boy who has not attended Catholic schools even though his parents were supposed to be Catholic, he has no conception of what it means to be a gentleman, least of all, a Catholic gentleman, or why.

The first time Spike comes to the gym he is probably with a couple of his pals. They look things over, don't talk to any of the sissy guys who hang out in such a place, probably sneer a bit if Father speaks to them and decide that he is trying to drag them into the Church.

One night the gang didn't show up so Spike was at a loose end. Of course, if he had had anything at all else to do he wouldn't have wasted his time going around to such a place, but just because he didn't have anything at all to do and probably because he was just a bit sick of himself, he decided to give them another chance, so he dropped into the gym.

The same bunch of dopes were there again working like crazy men, sweating and grunting and carrying on. Spike decided more than ever that they were just plain dopes who couldn't do anything more useful.

Tonight the Father was there again but he seemed pretty busy, so Spike wasn't the butt of any "dragging" designs this time. Then that big palooka who was with the two kids in the ring suddenly called out to Spike, "Ever do any boxing"? "Nope". Spike hadn't and he wasn't talking to that mug. "Get your stuff off, anyway, and grab a skipping rope if you like, maybe we can talk about it".

That was all. Some shuffling and shifting of feet . . . well . . . why didn't the stoop come and do his talking and get it over with, Spike couldn't stand there all night! The dumb kids who spoke to him weren't worth while bothering with. He couldn't just walk out though, he would lose face, he wouldn't look important, he couldn't very well swagger out either to show how important he really was! Why didn't the guy shoot off his mouth and let him get out? He certainly wasn't going to wait much longer, he didn't want to come to the joint anyway, he only did it because he had nothing else to do. He had known it was no good from the beginning, so he was "gettin' out".

Now that priest was opening the piano over in the corner—what a place! This would likely be the pay-off . . . what did he ever come into the joint for in the first place. Huh! What was that . . . sounded like "Don't Fence Me In", maybe the guy—well, OK then, the Father—was human after all. He would wander over that way and pretend not to be interested in the boxing. Edging toward the piano was easy and nobody seemed to resent the fact that he was leaving the vicinity of the ring. Two or three of the kids sort of gathered around and it wasn't hard to hum along with them when they started a tune he knew. It wasn't so hard, either, to talk to another "Spike" about how to hit the heavy bag.

From then on it wasn't hard at all. Sure, there were lots of times when Spike started out with the old gang. Some of the nights he stayed with them, others he broke away before any of their "fun" started and dropped into the gym instead. Sometimes "fun" might mean the odd small stick-up when a sucker walked down a dark alley, it might mean wee hours shuffling cards and borrowing money which a guy couldn't pay back unless he got it the "easy" way, it might mean any of the hundred dirty, dark things that young boys who are fast becoming thugs take delight in.



Outdoor sport is what boys need and enjoy.

Those boys are the "delinquents" of whom we hear so much. Every one of them is just as good as you ever thought of being, maybe better, if they had had your chance. Give them a chance . . . put them into circumstances where they can learn that they are the equal of other boys physically and courageously and mentally and that the world is NOT against them and that Society is not against them and that the "bulls" are not against them.

If the only thing that Society (and you) does for a delinquent is to dole out "six months at hard labour (in what amounts to a crime school)" then how, in God's world, will they ever improve?

We all have not the ability required to train boys, nor the rare genius of being able to attract them, nor the finances required to equip gyms. What we have got is the Grace of God behind us, we have the desire to do good for our boys—not just the well-fed, comfortable ones who are trained in Catholic schools and good homes but also for every little urchin or potential tough guy who haunts the shady sections of the east end. We want to reclaim our Catholic boys who, because of their environment, have "fallen away", and boxing holds for them a certain something that tames

the "savage breast", it lets them burn off that excess energy in learning an art beneficial to them.

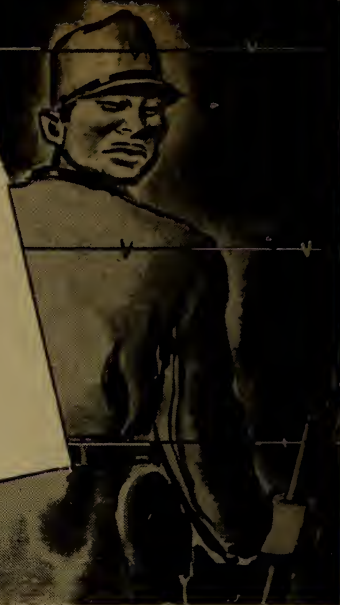
Teach a boy to take care of his own body—teach him to respect others as equals with the same rights as he himself, and you have an ideal citizen. Teach a boy that when he enters the fight ring he is only man against another man—that he can turn to no one else for assistance or help—that he is entirely and absolutely on his own. Let him experience that loneliness that comes before the big moment of entering the ring—let him fight it out with the demon of doubt and haunting fear of losing. Leave him by himself to his own thoughts, let him realize that he needs something more than just muscle and training . . . the other fellow has that and maybe more of it than he . . . he will begin to realize that he has need of something more. Is it what they call "heart" or "courage"? Maybe he will find a better name for it! Maybe he will discover what it means to PRAY!

God speaks to the lonely and the solitary and the beseeching heart—let him understand that. help him to understand that! Now you have more than just an ideal citizen—you have a Catholic gentleman!

Letter FROM INTERNMENT

REV. M. CAREY S.F.M.

ARTHUR
KEELOR,



FROM their internment in Peking, North China, word has reached us of our three missionaries still imprisoned by the Japanese. It comes in a letter from Father Michael Carey of Fortune Harbour, Newfoundland, who, together with Father Joseph Murphy of Toronto and Father Tom McQuaid of Seaforth, Ontario, has been in the detention camp ever since the start of the Allied war on Japan.

Father Carey is the superior at Peking and his letter was originally sent to our Pro-Prefect at Lishui, the Very Rev. Arthur Venadam of Pomquet, Nova Scotia. We know that this word from our interned missionaries will be gratefully received by their many friends. The three priests, thank God, are all well, but their hardships and privations are many, as one can easily gather from the account of conditions in the camp, as described by Father Carey. His letter follows.

"These few items may be of interest and give you some idea of our life here.

Our Day

We rise fairly early, that is, at five-thirty fast time. The reason for this is that there are three of us and we have but one altar on which to say Mass. By the time we serve each other and pack away everything it is eight o'clock and time for breakfast.

Shortly after eight I go to work in the bakery, where we turn out about one hundred and fifty pounds of bread every day. It is fairly good bread, one part shao-mi (millet) to eight parts of flour and six parts of water and wet yeast. This potato yeast we make ourselves. We have six men working in two shifts of three hours each and one Chinese boy, so this work only takes about three hours every other day.

Cleaning the rooms and bringing coal to keep the fires going keeps a fellow busy until eleven-thirty and then the Chinese teacher comes in for an hour's lesson. I am translating some Apologetic books from Chinese into English. There are about twenty men working at this translation. I do not know just how practical a project it is yet, but it

certainly keeps a fellow busy if nothing else, and keeps one in touch with the language, which we have no other opportunity of using.

Dinner and a game of volley-ball take up an hour and a half and then comes the recitation of the breviary and our devotions. We rarely sleep during the daytime because we get plenty of it at night. The reason for our long evening rest is that almost every night we have no electricity and it is impossible to buy candles. Thus, snores ascend as an odour of incense long before ten o'clock every evening.

We have a tennis court and some racquets and we play tennis if the weather allows. The tennis balls are all pretty well worn out, and when they are finished no more will be available. All during the warm months we played softball on the small soccer field here.

Since there are only three of us Scarborough Foreign Missioners here and all the rest are Scheut Fathers, we follow their spiritual rule and can these old missionaries ever pray. It is a good chance for us to make our novitiate and we should profit greatly by it. Spiritual reading, the rosary, Benediction followed by supper and night prayers, bring us to eight o'clock and darkness.

Housing

We three have each a room, a very small one, twelve by nine to be exact, and to store bed, desk, trunk, books, etc. together with a chair and stove in that small space, needs ability in condensation and does not allow of much variety. About thirty of the other Fathers are living two by two in the larger rooms. The dining room is spacious enough, and the chapel also is plenty large enough. The big recreation room boasts a billiard table, several packs of cards, a monopoly set, a Mahjong set and Chinese checkers. Since however the official language of the

house is Flemish, which we have no desire to learn, we do not frequent this room very often, unless there is a musicale or some other show being put on.

We have a little brick stove built in Father Tom's room and there we can fry an egg, make a slice of toast, or perk a pot of coffee on special occasions. For example, on our foundation day November 9th, we had tomato soup, roast chicken, a pot of jam, good coffee with milk and American cigarettes. That was the biggest spread we have had so far and the coffee and cigarettes were presents from good friends below the border, who had just received a comfort package from home.

Food

The food here is enough to keep one alive and that is the best I can say. We are all a little underweight in spite of all the bread we eat—a little over a pound a day, per man. The daily menu is somewhat as follows.

Breakfast is always the same, consisting of black malt water (ersatz coffee) and dry bread, with a little lard butter on feast-days and Chinese dried apple jam without sugar on Sundays. There is no sugar, no milk, no porridge.

Dinner is the main meal and is usually horrible. We get horse meat or camel meat once a week and fairly good pork also once a week. We have to feed up on "toufu" or beancurd about once a week, and everyone knows how bad that is. All the vegetables are Chinese tripe without a vitamin in a carload—pai-tsai, piao-tsai, yu-tsai, po-tsai, and all the varieties of native turnips, carrots and potatoes. In short, the food is very bad, worse than it was in the concentration camp at Weih-sien, and it is cooked in the worst possible manner. The soup is usually burnt, the rice or black

(Continued on page 29)



Above—China's wartime capital of Chungking.

Below—Chinese version of "this little pig went to market".





TOP—Montreal Unit of the Mission League of the Little Flower.

BOTTOM LEFT—Executive.

BOTTOM RIGHT—The Rev. John Britt, Pastor of St. Malachy's,
and Rev. James D. Leonard, S.M.



The Cavalry of Christ

by Rev. H. Sharkey, S. F. M.

*(Excerpts from letters of our priests
in Santo Domingo)*

“LET cowards and laggards fall
back! but alert to the saddle,
Weatherworn and abreast, go men
of our galloping legion,
The trail is through dolour and
dread, over crags and morasses;
What odds? We are Knights of the
Grail, we are vowed to the
riding.
A dipping of plumes, a tear, a shake
of the bridle,
A passing salute to the world and
her pitiful beauty:
Thou leadest, O God! All's well with
Thy troopers that follow.”

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

Yes, silhouetted against the tropical moon of Santo Domingo, riding the mountain trails to the campos, they ride by day and ride by night, they are the cavalry of Christ.

In the Dominican Republic, land of beauty, land of gracious people, the Fathers of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society labor for souls striving to strengthen and re-establish the faith in this country tra-

ditionally Catholic, this land so loved by the great discoverer Christopher Columbus, this pearl of the Caribbean.

From the letters of our priests the editor has culled little cameos that are expressive of Santo Domingo, its customs, its people and its faith.

“Saludo Amigo” says our Regional Superior, Very Rev. Alphonsus Chafe, writing from headquarters at Monte Plata. The Spanish salutation used means “Hello there friend”. Father Chafe wishes to say hello to all his friends in Canada, United States and Newfoundland. Here are his own words. “After my experience as a priest in Spanish-speaking Santo Domingo, I’m completely sold on the country, its fine people, its magnificent natural beauty, and, especially, its prospects of a rich harvest of souls in return for priestly, zealous work. It’s a place where anybody could be happy going about, like Our Lord, “doing good”.

“The young folks”, says one of our Fathers, “are an especial delight. It has been fun these first few days here in Monte Plata, having

them flock around us, all eager to help us say something in Spanish. We are catching on fast. I didn't know that it could be quite so interesting. We have kids with us hours at a time, either in the street or in our house. There is only a semblance of privacy. People come in and go out as they feel like it. The whole interior is visible from the street, because all doors and shutters are open all the time, in order to take advantage of every breeze that blows.

Our floors are just plain concrete. In better homes and business places, beautiful colored tile mosaics make the floors and walls very beautiful indeed. These grand, coloured tiles are as common as carpets and paint at home, in the houses and buildings of the upper classes. The chief wood product of the country is mahogany. Our furniture (what little there is of it) is made from such wood.

All our beds are equipped with mosquito nets, which like a canopy entirely cover the beds. A little

kitchen is built in our small back yard. There, our cook, who is a cheerful colored lady prepares our food on little charcoal stoves. We pay another lady to do our laundry in her own home. We are having our white soutanes made so laundry ought to be plentiful from now on. For making the missions in the "campos", each of us has his own horse "with accessories to match", as the fashion notes would say. Active work keeps us in the saddle most of the time.

The scenery is all that one might expect in a tropical clime, and these December nights with a full moon, are just gorgeous. In the winter the temperature reaches only 120 degrees in the sun. Though the days are very hot, the nights are cool enough at this season to sleep comfortably. The food I find agreeably pleasant. Beans, rice, eggs and chicken are staple foods. Potatoes too are easily obtainable. Supplies have to be bought for each meal since there is no refrigeration pos-



A family of the Dominican Republic.

sible. Fruit is plentiful—bananas, oranges, grapefruit, etc. are very cheap and always wonderfully fresh. Oranges, for instance, are only five cents a dozen, bananas are three for one cent. Tea however is not obtainable and we miss it very much. Coffee is the national drink here.

Monte Plata is a provincial capital and the headquarters of our work here, with a population of from 1800 to 2000 people. It is built on a stretch of flat land, with the streets laid out straight and regular. Except for a rice mill, our church is the biggest structure in the town. The church itself is a low, plain, concrete building, with a tiny tower over

from the church by the width of the main street. There is no running water in our house, but it is served by electricity from 6 P.M. till midnight.

The people in this country make up for all its other deficiencies, they are so friendly, so cheerful and so respectful to the "Padres". We wear soutanes all the time, in keeping with the local custom, and are known not as Father Chafe, Father Hymus, etc., but as "Padre Alfonso", "Padre Roberto", etc. At last, I see the reason for being christened Alphonsus. It's just the name for a Spanish Padre.

The people of the Dominican Republic are traditionally Catholic. Holy pictures, shrines, etc. are visible everywhere, even in public busses and business places. There are almost two million inhabitants in Santo Domingo and it is our blessed task to restore as many as possible to a Catholic way of life, especially attendance at Sunday Mass and frequent reception of the Sacraments. Lack of sufficient priests over a long period of years has led to the neglect of the essentials in religion. Pray hard for us and for our dearly beloved people of this great Republic."

In a letter from Father John Fullerton of Toronto, who is stationed at Yamasa, we read of the celebration of the great feast of Christmas. He says—"Christmas went very well. It started three days before with Masses at 4.30 every morning. Just a local custom. Then came midnight Mass with Father Ainslie leading the choir. They sang beautifully, thanks to Father Joe. The turkey that was wandering around the yard was caught and killed and well, we imagined the snow. We had a Holy Hour to usher in the New Year and the New Year celebrations were hardly over when came the Epiphany. The night before 125 shoes were deposited in our house to await the



Rev. Basil Kirby, S.F.M., and his altar-boys.

the front door. As is the Spanish custom, churches are always built in the city or town squares, facing well-kept public parks, some big, some small. Our house is separated



Rev. R. Hymus, S.F.M., our pioneer priest in Santo Domingo.

gifts of the kings, each shoe being stuffed with grass for the camels. This is a local custom. So after everyone had gone to bed Father Joe and myself started to play Santa Claus or rather the Kings. Six coppers and a holy picture were placed in each shoe by the Kings and the shoes were called for by the delighted children in the morning."

Father John continues, "Had a meeting of the Sunday school teachers tonight. I undertook in my best Spanish to teach the teachers. We get over one hundred children for Sunday school. The children each get a loly-pop and the teachers get two.

Ramon is the little fellow who peddles ice-cream in the streets. He is twelve. You couldn't help but like him. But Ramon is not a happy boy. He told me so, himself. He has never been to school. He's an orphan. Wistfully, he confided: 'Padre, I'm not baptized, and I want to be.' The Padre will make Ramon happy, soon.

And Ramon will make the Padre happy, too."

"It is early morning", says Father John Gault, writing from Bayaguaná, "and the bright, tropical sun has already arisen. Preparations have been completed for a trip to the campos. The "boy" and myself mount the horses and are off. We make our way through swampland and bush to one of our fourteen mission stations. There we set up a make-shift altar in the small, white-washed house of the alcalde or mayor. The people gather and I celebrate Mass. After the Mass there is a banquet and get-together, with dancing and music."

"Ruins, at best", says Father Walsh of Toronto, writing from Monte Plata, "are sad things. The visitor to the Capital of the Dominican Republic can see the ruins of the most ancient buildings and churches in the New World. These are physical things. They will be forever—just ruins.

For four hundred years the Catholic Faith has been established in Santo Domingo. The passage of time and the lack of continued pastoral attention, has brought deterioration to the practice of the Faith, too. But the Faith is a spiritual thing. It weakens, loses its lustre, and may somewhat decay, but, unlike the physical ruins, it can be brought back to its pristine brilliance. In its restoration it can even surpass the glories that it has formerly known. The restoration of the Faith in this great Republic has, thank God, already begun. To carry it on to a grand fulfillment we need more priests from Canada, more help from Canada and above all more prayers from Canada".

And so dear reader, along the tropical trails of Santo Domingo in search of souls, go the priests of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, who ride in the Cavalry of Christ.

The Graduating Class of 1945

CHINA offers to these five newly ordained priests of the Scarborough Foreign Mission Society its heartfelt congratulations.



*Rev. Robt. Moore, S.F.M.
St. John's, Nfld.*



*Rev. George Courtright,
S.F.M., Ottawa, Ont.*



*Rev. Francis Moylan
Seaforth, Ont.*



*Rev. Walden Allen,
S.F.M., North Bay, Ont.*



*Rev. J. Moriarty, S.F.M.
Harbour Grace, Nfld.*

The LITTLE ★ ROSE



FLOWER'S GARDEN

THE NEWS COLUMN

FROM

The Mail Bag

BY the time you read these lines you will be almost through the school-year and looking forward to a long and happy vacation. Some of you will leave your classrooms ready to face the world; have you given serious thought to the future? Remember: **LIFE IS SHORT, DON'T WASTE IT.** May I suggest that the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society has work for some of you? The priesthood and the Sisterhood needs reinforcements for the great days ahead. Listen to the words of Our Divine Lord: "*What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul.*"

* * *

Now to dig down in the Mailbag—**Thomas Magusin** who lives a long distance from Scarboro Bluffs, at a place called Farmington, B.C., asks if we would receive one cent used stamps (yes, Thomas) and then he goes on to say: "I got very many letters in answer to my request for Pen-Pals and I couldn't possibly answer them. I am sorry, but I hope those whose letters I didn't answer won't be too disappointed, and no more Pen-Pals, please." . . . Well, I guess we get results, anyway. . . . Sister Saint Angela, who has recently returned from our Missions in China, is now teaching in Ottawa, at St. Margaret Mary's School and, please God, her presence in St. Margaret Mary's will do much to foster vocations for the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate

Conception and their work in China. Thank you, Sister St. Angela. . . . The boys and girls of Grade One at St. Stanislaus' School, Fort William, Ont., have sent a donation for our work and a grand little drawing of a Chinese boy and girl. I must say it is very good, and Father Jim has it on the wall of his office. . . . **Clare Brazil**, of Spaniard's Bay, Nfld., informs us that: "**Father Morrisey**, the Chinese Mission Priest, visited our school. We were all so glad to see him and very much interested in his stories about China. I hope some of us, boys and girls, will some day go to China and help in the work of converting the Chinese. We can, at least, say many prayers for them now." Very good, Clare, and what better month to begin praying than this very **Month of June**, the month of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Remember, He poured out the very last drop of His Most Precious Blood for all mankind, and that means that He desires that every soul be saved eternally. So, pray, pray and pray for the salvation of immortal souls, everywhere. . . . I had a nice little letter from **Florence Mailhid**, of Thorold. . . . Many thanks, Florence. . . . From **Mary and Billy Zahn**, of Fort Erie, Ont., a big donation of their Lenten savings for the Missions and a box of Used Stamps. Thanks a million, Mary and Billy. . . . And here, in the Mailbag, I find two letters from Notre

Dame Convent, Sydney Mines, N.S. One is from Sister St. Reginald and her Grade III pupils and the other comes from Sister St. John of Sion on behalf of the Grade VII students. In both letters came along very generous offerings for our work, all a result of their Lenten offerings and sacrifices. We all thank you sincerely, Sisters and our zealous young Missionaries. . . .

The pupils of Grade IV in Holy Rosary School, Thorold, Ont., have been most generous to us also. In a little Drive for the Chinese Missions in that class Hubert Savoia tells me: "Our teacher gave a prize to those who brought the most. **Joan Bowman** and **John Foley** won the prizes. We were all very happy to join the Little Flower's Rose Garden." Nice work, Sister and all in Grade IV. **Dorothy Demo,** of the same school, also wrote to me and says: "I have said my prayers for you and rest of the Priests, Sisters and Apostles of China." That is what really counts most of all, Prayers! . . . **Joan Earle** has had an accident, but I hope it has not been too serious: "I had a broken ankle when I was tobogganing down a hill. Father, I would like very much to have a Mite Box to save money in." . . . You shall have one, Joan. . . .

From **Bernard Brazil** comes a little bundle of 145 Used Stamps with a question: "Are all stamps valuable to you?" Yes, Bernard, All. . . . **Patricia Fardella** has become a campaigning missionary. In the month of April she sent me the names of five new members. Nice work, Patricia. . . . **Marie Anne Beneteau,** of Amherstburg, writes: "Every night, when we say the Rosary (all the family) we do not forget to pray for the Missions." Thank you, Marie Anne and family, and I hope your good example will be followed by many, many more families throughout Canada, Newfoundland and the United States. Our Blessed Mother, at Fatima, told us to pray the Rosary. **Doreen Hooley,** of Fairville, New Brunswick, has written a long and interesting letter. Among other things she writes: "I will start saving stamps and pennies for the little Chinese children. . . . My girl friend and sister belong to the club. . . . My sister's name is **Rita** and she had her name in for Pen-Pals and got sixteen of them. . . . I hope I make out as well as Rita. . . . At **Ardock, Ont.,** lives a young lady by the name of **Mary Fraser**—whose nickname is **Stubby** and she tells me: "I am never called Mary!" Mary (you see, I insist on calling you Mary), asks for Father P. J. Burke's address. He

is a Chaplain. I think it would be better to write him at this address. Mary, and we will forward the letter. You know how things are going in Europe these days and most likely by the time you read this the war with Germany will be all over, and Father Burke might be back in Canada. . . . From **Mount Carmel Convent, New Waterford, Nova Scotia,** comes a long and very interesting letter from Sister M. Evarista on behalf of her pupils. They send along a most generous gift for the Missions, too. Among many other interesting comments on the Mission interest of Mount Carmel, Sister writes: "We sponsored a Mission Rally for our High School just before Mission Sunday, and hope to have another one before school closes. . . . The children enjoy CHINA tremendously. The boys were captivated by the poem on "Don't Let Your Mite Box Be a Zombie"; and still more by that superb poem, 'The Song of the Khaki Christ.' We hope to send you, in June, another little proof that our Mission Motto is: **Father Jim McGillivray's work must go on!**" . . . Sister M. Evarista and pupils, all I can say to that is: **Thank you all, Father Jim McGillivray's work will go on** as long as we have friends like you! . . . Good-bye now, and until the next edition of the News Column, keep working, sacrificing and above all **Praying** for the Missions, all over the world.

FATHER JIM.

FATIMA

Hope of the World

The story of the revelation of the Blessed Virgin to the child shepherds of Fatima.

Single copy 25c
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BOOK DEPARTMENT

THE SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION
SOCIETY
SCARBORO BLUFFS ONT.

OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY

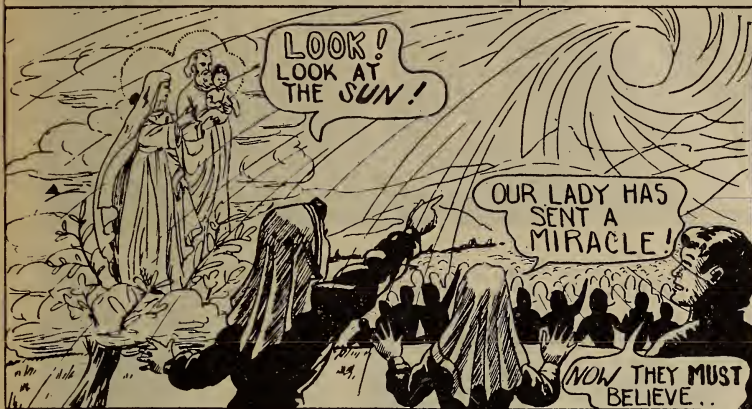
Part VI

On October 13, with 25 thousand people watching, the beautiful lady with St. Joseph and the Child Jesus appears to the children. The lady says "I am the lady of the rosary"

A picture story taken from

Heroes All-
CATHOLIC ACTION ILLUSTRATED

National Catholic Comic Magazine, Minneapolis, Minn.

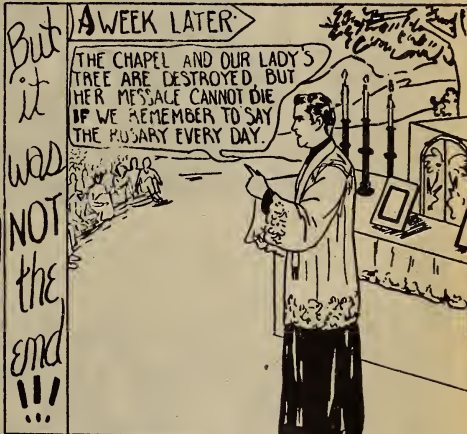


THOUSANDS
SAW THE
MIRACLE

THOUSANDS
BELIEVED
AT LAST

BY 1919, A TINY
CHAPEL WAS
BUILT OVER THE
HALLOWED SPOT.
PILGRIMS
CAME IN INCREAS-
-ING NUMBERS.

ON MARCH 6TH 1922, THE GOVERNMENT
DECIDED TO END *ONCE AND FOR ALL*,
THE SO-CALLED "NONSENSE".



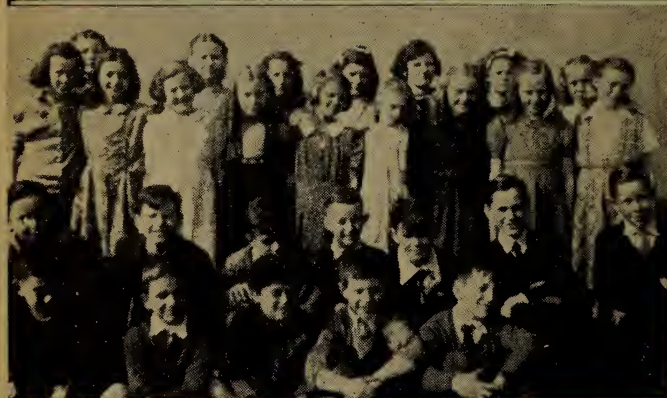
1944

and WHAT OF THE CHILDREN?



THE ROSARY IS A POWERFUL WEAPON OF
WAR. SAY IT EVERYDAY THAT WE MAY
SOON HAVE PEACE





Pen Pal Corner

Dorothy Grant,
32 Ellice Street,
Kingston, Ont.

* * *

Mary Barrett,
7722 Wiseman Avenue,
Montreal 15, Que.

Age twelve years and in Grade 7.
Likes skating, reading, playing the
piano and sewing. Would like to hear
from Pals 12-14.

* * *

Elsie Mahon,
375 St. Clement Street,
Montreal, Que.

Twelve years of age and would like
to hear from Pals of her own age.
Hobbies, singing, sewing, knitting, cor-
respondence.

* * *

Theresa McLaughlin,
Dublin, Ont.

Fourteen and in Grade Eight. Likes
skating and reading.

* * *

Joan Marie Doiron,
North Rustico, P.E.I.

Joan is fond of skating and swimming
and is in Grade Five at the age of ten.
Would like to hear from members of
her own age.

* * *

Dianne Venoss,
215 Earl Street,
Kingston, Ont.

Age 12, her hobbies are dancing and
bicycling. In Grade 7.

Doris Bourgeois,
410 Queen Street,
Port Arthur, Ont.

In Grade 8 at fourteen years of age.
Hobbies, skating, skiing and swimming.
Wants letters from members of own
age.

* * *

Catherine Cross,
91 York Street,
Kingston, Ont.

Dances, sings and likes to read.
Grade 7, and is now 12.

* * *

Doreen Hooley,
Box 73-17 Ready Street,
Fairville, N.S.

Would like to hear from members
12-13 years old.

* * *

Geraldine Fitzgerald,
10952—125th Street,
Edmonton, Alta.

Age 15 and in Grade X at St. Mary's
High School. Hobbies, swimming,
dancing and bicycling.

* * *

Laura Kaminski,
2645 Norwalk,
Detroit, Mich., U.S.A.

Age fourteen and likes to dance and
sing.

* * *

Helen McGrath,
39 East Wally Road,
Cornerbrook, Nfld.

Helen is in Grade Seven.

BELOW—Corpus Christi School,
Ottawa.

OPPOSITE PAGE—Lowest Picture: St.
Mary's, Ottawa. OTHERS: St. Margaret
Mary's Ottawa.



Gloria Danagh,
218 Ramsay Street,
Amherstburg, Ont.

Now fourteen and a half. Would like to hear from members of the Little Flower's Rose Garden.

* * *

Mary McCloskey,
641 Emerson Avenue,
Detroit 15, Mich., U.S.A.

Hobbies, dancing, skating, baseball and music. Age, 14.

* * *

Agatha Hunt,
1 Balaclava Stret, Box 174,
Amherstburg, Ont.

Thirteen years of age. Likes to play the piano.

* * *

Mary Rose Grondin,
4 George Street,
Amherstburg, Ont.

Twelve years of age. Would like Pen-Pals "from all over Canada." Plays the piano and likes skating.

* * *

Vera Campbell,
86 Cavell Street,
Mimico, Ont.

Age, 13, and in Grade 7. Hobby: tap-dancing and singing.

* * *

Barbara Shaw,
107 Bathurst Street,
Amherstburg, Ont.

Barbara is 14½ years of age. Likes dancing, skating and swimming.

* * *

Mary Kennedy,
R.R. 4
Seaforth, Ont.

Would like Pen-Pals between ages of fourteen and sixteen. Mary is fifteen and in Grade IX.

* * *

Cecilia McGarry,
49 Cherry Street,
Kingston, Ont.

Age 12, in Grade 7. Hobbies, dancing, singing and reading.

* * *

Marguerite Connors,
89 Barrack Street,
Kingston, Ont.

Twelve years of age and likes to read.

* * *

Mary Fraser,
Ardock, Ont.

Fourteen years of age and in Grade Nine.

* * *

Helen Schuett,
Cargill, Ont.

In Grade 6, eleven years of age. Would like Pen-Pals 11-13.

Patricia Wickham,
626 Victoria Avenue,
St. Lambert, Montreal 23, Que.

Age 20, and would like to hear from Pen-Pals.

* * *

Joan Agatha Lyons,
Marysville, N.B.

Mary is now thirteen and likes to read Catholic books, ice-skating and skiing.

* * *

Marie Benetcau,
R.R. 3,
Amherstburg, Ont.

Age 14, and in Grade X. Collects stamps for the Missions.

* * *

Eleanore Racicot,
158 Morin Street,
North Bay, Ont.

Nineteen years of age and asks for Pen-Pals "from all over the world."

* * *

Norma Cassidy,
Cargill, Ont.

Wants to hear from members between the ages of twelve and fourteen. Norma is thirteen years old.

NEW MEMBERS

Anna Hry Cink, Box 483, Fernie, B.C.; Marguerite Connors, 89 Barrack Street, Kingston, Ont.; Dawn and Kaye St. John, Box 35, Kemptville, Ont.; Helen, Dermot and Desmond McGrath, 39 East Wally Road, Cornerbrook, Nfld.; Vera Campbell, 86 Cavell Avenue, Mimico, Ont.; Mary Fraser, Ardock, Ont.; Dianne Venos, 215 Earl Street, Kingston, Ont.; Joan Agatha Lyons, Marysville, Ont.; Joan Hutchings, 258 Queen Street, Kingston, Ont.; Catherine Cross, 91 York Street, Kingston, Ont.; Clare Tulk, 27 Rankin Street, St. John's, Nfld.; Doris Bourgeois, 410 Queen Street, Port Arthur, Ont.; Patricia Broderick, 24 Vine Street, Thorold, Ont.; Madlyn Rivers, Madoc, Ont.; Cecilia McGarry, 49 Cherry Steet, Kingston, Ont.

Mount Carmel College, New Waterford, Nova Scotia.

Sister M. Evarista, Teacher. Leona Bates, Lucy Butler, Eva Basso, Rita Buchanan, Cecilia Desveaux, Mary McAskill, Anna MacDonald, Catherine MacKinnon, Marie Kavanaugh, Helen Larade, Catherine Nolan, Eileen Petrie, Anita Fleming, Angela Loro, Wilfrid Cormier, Bernard Corbett, Denis Murphy, Karl Drinovz, Alexander Mcachern, William Rostek, Elie Odo, Anthony Campbell, Joseph Larade, John Rostek.

Letter from Internment

(Continued from page 15)

beans we get are always boiled and glue-like, with peanut oil spread over the mess in the European manner. Eggs are the only mainstay, when we can get them.

Supper is the worst meal of all, with a plate of burnt soup that is really a corn or rice gruel or "chou". It has no meat or fat in it. Then comes the "piece de resistance", a plate of wet potatoes or wet oily rice. Absolutely nothing else. I usually take a cup of Chinese tea and what might remain of the former day's bread.

Now, this fare comes to about fifty cents gold a day. Included of course in this sum are the boys' salaries. There are three boys and a Brother in the kitchen and one boy in the bakery. Also inclusive in the fifty cents a day per person outlay is the cost of the coal and other small items.

Of course, everyone has something in his room, if he can get it, such as a pear, an apple, a lao-ping or a man-tou. When we first came here from Weihsien, we could get a crock of jam or a pound of sugar or such like, but it is practically impossible to obtain such things, even if we had the money—which we have not.

Costs

Money is a thing nobody wants during these uncertain days in China, for it is continually losing value and might become entirely useless any day. So nobody wants to sell the things he has and therefore nobody can buy what he wants. The official rate on the gold dollar is about ten to one. On a note of hand, in an underground manner, one can get about a hundred to one. That means that it really must be about two hundred to one and is still going up. One egg costs two dollars and fifty cents at present. One

must pay three hundred dollars for a pair of cloth shoes, and all other things are proportionately high. A mere cigarette is worth one dollar. Rationed articles are a bit cheaper, and we are allowed rations of flour, rice, cigarettes (Chinese) and a few other necessities. The flour, one half bag per person per month, is very good and only about one-fifth of the price asked on the open market. The rice too is good, but the cigarettes are terrible. They will not stay lit and since matches are seven cents a piece, we dare not smoke these type cigarettes. However, one Father here had some tobacco seed and we grew quite good tobacco leaves. This tobacco makes a fair smoke, after it has been prepared, soaked in tea, cut and dried. We cannot obtain the flavours and the materials for the full process.

Our money, as I said before, is obtained by selling a note of hand to anyone willing to buy. Since coming from Weihsien I have found it absolutely necessary to endorse almost two thousand dollars in gold notes. Only about five hundred dollars of this is on our private accounts, so I only hope the Mother-house has a gold reserve after the war.

Clothing is becoming a big question and as time goes on it will become still worse. Nobody has any more leather shoes and all are forced to wear some brand of cloth slipper or sneaker. I just had a couple of old sweaters that somebody left behind unravelled and the thread knit into socks. My old flannel bathrobe and one of my long, light garments went to the tailor's the other day and came back as a pair of Chinese lined pants. This was necessary, as all my underwear is worn to bits.

In summer the clothes question becomes less urgent, because we wear only short trousers and light shirts.

(Continued on page 31)



It's Time to Laugh



The finger-tinted, red-lipped blondes stood on the curb looking for excitement. It came along in the form of a car of very ancient vintage. The driver sat erect, proud of any sort of conveyance in these days.

The girls giggled and waved their hands frantically. "Hi there guy. Where did you get the Pierce Arrow?"

The driver stopped short and looked the girls over. Then he flicked the ashes from his cigarette disdainfully. "How would you look if the paint were rubbed off? Rather fierce, I guess."

* * *

The speaker was asked to make his after-dinner remarks as brief as possible.

"I have been asked to propose the toast of our guest, and I have been told that the less said, the better."

* * *

Old lady (reading newspaper): "Well, I never knew that firemen were so childish."

Husband: "What do you mean?"

Old lady: "It says here that after the flames were extinguished, the firemen played on the ruins for two hours."

* * *

"Could I see General Blank?"

"I'm sorry, but the General is ill."

"What made him ill?"

"Oh, things in general."

* * *

"There was a terrible crime in the hotel to-day."

"What happened?"

"A paper-hanger hung a border."

"It must have been a put-up job."

* * *

Suitor: "May I marry your daughter?"

Father: "What's your profession?"

Suitor: "I'm an actor."

Father: "Then get out before the foot lights."

* * *

Young lady in store: "Will you show me some gloves?"

Clerk: "What kind—kid?"

Young lady: "Young man, don't get fresh."

An American was touring Ireland. As he entered a hotel in one town, he noticed the words "Tam Iltab" written on the mat.

"I suppose that's Gaelic for Welcome," he said.

"No, sir," replied the doorman. "That's the bath mat turned upside down."

* * *

Tramp: "Have you got a dime, mister?"

Man: "What you need is brains, not money."

Tramp: "Perhaps you're right, but I asked for what you have the most of."

* * *

Employee: "Did you hear,—the boss's mind is gone completely?"

Other employee: "I'm not surprised—he's been giving me a piece of it every day for ten years."

* * *

Arriving home from a New Year's Eve party, a man was trying to find the key hole. A policeman strolling by asked the man if he should hold the key for him. The man replied: "No, I'll hold the key. You just hold the house."

* * *

"Come on, Liz! There's the air raid siren."

"Wait a second! I got to go back and get my false teeth."

"What do you think they're dropping—sandwiches?"

* * *

The young lady boarded a bus filled with rush-hour passengers.

Immediately a young man got up, but before he could open his mouth, the girl said: "Thank you so much, but I'd rather stand."

He raised his hat politely and said: "I—"

"I assure you," she interrupted, "I prefer to stand."

"All right, lady," said the young man desperately, "you stand; I'm just trying to get off here."

"I want some arsenic for my mother-in-law."

"Have you a doctor's prescription?"

"No—but here's a photograph of her."

* * *

There's a cranky old lady who was insulted when a junk man asked her if she had any beer bottles."

Old Lady: "Do I look as if I drank beer?"

Junk Man: "Well, have you any vinegar bottles?"

* * *

Magistrate: "What induced you to strike your wife?"

Husband: "Well, your honour, she had her back to me, the broom was handy and the back door was open; so I thought I'd take a chance."

* * *

A hard-boiled Sergeant was having trouble putting his recruits through their parade paces. Thoroughly exasperated he at last said sweetly:

"When I was a little boy my mother told me not to cry when I lost my wooden soldiers. 'Some day,' she said, 'You'll get these wooden soldiers back.'"

Then with a full parade-ground roar he bellowed, "And believe me, you wooden-headed scarecrows, that day has come!"

* * *

In that trying period preceding the programme, the visiting lecturer was being entertained by a local social leader of the fluttery type. Hard-pressed for conversational topics, she at length inquired, "And do you believe in clubs for women?"

"Oh, yes," said the lecturer. "Yes, indeed," and then pausing significantly, he added, "but of course only when kindness fails."

* * *

"Don't you think this is a unique town?"

"Yes, from the French 'un' for one and from the Latin 'equus' for horse."

* * *

The committee of the village women's institute were discussing their programme. One member suggested that a glove-making class would be interesting.

"Do you think that's really necessary—at our age, I mean?" asked one elderly woman, looking rather alarmed.

"What, glove-making?" she was asked.

"Oh," she said, looking greatly relieved. "I thought you said love-making!"

* * *

Mother (giving her son an arithmetic lesson): "Now there's you and I and your daddy and the baby. How many does that make?"

Bright Son: "Three and one to carry."

Letter from Internment

(Continued from page 29)

But the winter here is pretty severe and if peace does not come before next winter, things will be really desperate. I can hear some people say — "why don't you buy some clothes?" The answer to that is that the buying of clothes is prohibitive. Cloth is one thing that everyone who has money has bought up for storing, and the price as a result, apart from the rationed material, which we can no longer obtain, has gone out of all proportion. Ten gold dollars or rather the equivalent of it, would buy only a very poor pair of pants.

Believe me friends I am not exaggerating nor do I wish to complain overly much, for I know that we are in paradise compared to other people throughout the world. We have practically nothing to suffer, when most of the nations are being laid waste and their peoples dying and homeless. We have hardly any of the woes of war, and even though we cannot work for the Missions, God knows we have plenty of opportunities to pray for the active missionaries and beg of God for the increase that only He can give in any case. It is His holy will and He can draw fruits from the most barren tree. And although I am the most barren tree in the whole orchard, having been six years in China without ever preaching a sermon, hearing a confession or baptizing a convert, still, such must be His holy will. I am at peace and happy at least to be able to offer up the Most Holy Sacrifice of the Mass on Chinese soil.

May God bless you all. Rest assured of our prayers and please pray for us.

MICHAEL CAREY, S.F.M.

Death

STRIKES FROM THE SKIES



こ
し
の
あ

Arbore Bluffs,
Ontario

10¢

JULY AUGUST
1945

We Are Desperately in Need of Your Help!

AFTER twenty-five years of sacrifice, suffering and toil, in our prefecture of Lishui, Chekiang, our poor missionaries are homeless, our churches, schools, and residences bomb-blasted ruins. We must rehabilitate our brave missionaries, we must rebuild our shattered Missions. We must be prepared at the end of the Far-Eastern war to take up once again our work in China and help garner in an immense harvest of souls for God.

We make this urgent, desperate appeal to all our friends in Canada and Newfoundland. Out of your own comparative abundance, will you not give a generous mite to the Missions? As your V-E Day gift to God, let your donation to the work of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, be a tangible expression of your gratitude and thanks for victory.

You are asked only to *lend*, for God has promised to return all such charity a hundredfold. You are asked only to *lease*, for it will be given back overwhelmingly to you in a very short time, in that eternity that draws daily ever closer and closer to all of us.

Use the form below and send in your donation today to the Monsignor Fraser China Reconstruction Fund.

LEND LEASE FOR CHRIST—INVEST IN ETERNAL HAPPINESS.

To the SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY,
Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

Enclosed is my donation to the *Monsignor Fraser China Reconstruction Fund*.

Name

Address Amount \$.....

News Briefs



For Lessons in Chinese

SAN FRANCISCO—St. Mary's Catholic Chinese Mission, Stockton and Clay Streets, in San Francisco's world-famous Chinatown, is to add another impressive feature to its already extensive curriculum of educational and cultural advantages. The Rev. Charles Donovan, C.S.P., director, has announced the early opening of classes for American men and women in the Chinese languages, both Mandarin and Cantonese dialects. Expert teachers are being engaged to conduct these new classes, to be held evenings—two to four nights weekly. During the coming week the course details will be completed, and announcement is to be made next week of all phases of the classes. Already both firms and individuals throughout the Bay district have indicated interest in the proposed courses, and a record enrollment is anticipated.

It is expected that during the United Nations' World Conference in San Francisco in late April the Chinese language classes at St. Mary's Paulists' Chinese Mission centre will be fully launched.

Co-Missionary Writes

*"More things are wrought by
prayer
Than this world dreams of . . ."*
What Is the C.C.C.?

In this day of mystery, codes and societies of abbreviated names, you may not have stopped to inquire about the full details of the C.C.C. Don't be alarmed. It's no military secret. It's the "Canadian Co-Missionary Crusade" sponsored by the Mission Society of St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto.

Its Purpose

To promote an "all-out" effort to help the Canadian Missionaries. The Crusade requires no fees — only a simple promise to offer up the daily round of doings and duties, sacri-

CHINA: Very Rev. Hugh F. X. Sharkey, Editor. Vol. XXVI, No. 7, July-August, 1945. Issued monthly, September to June; bi-monthly July-August. Rates \$1.00 a year. *Official Publication of the Scarborough Foreign Mission Society, Scarborough Bluffs, Ontario.* ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AND ADMITTED TO PRIVILEGED POSTAGE RATES AT THE POST OFFICE, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, JULY, 10, 1924. *Published by Ecclesiastical authority.* Printed by The Industrial & Educational Publishing Co., Limited, Toronto 1.

fices and prayers of one or more specific days of each week for a particular Canadian Missionary.

How to Join

Nothing to it. Write to the Canadian Co-Missionary Crusade Headquarters, St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto, asking to have a missionary assigned to you. Send your name, address and the days you wish to offer each week for him. Then you will be sent a membership card bearing the name of your adopted missionary and where he is working. Thus will you become a missionary too, the missionary of a missionary, helping and sharing in his labours and rewards.

Sanctification of Every Second

How many times a day do you hurry along the street. It would not slow your pace a whit to breathe a "Hail Mary" or two, which would obtain perhaps the inspiration needed by your adopted missionary to

convert one special soul. Or, while sighing over your problems of the day, a quick ejaculation sent heavenwards might cause him one less sigh over his beloved but wandering flock. There is no end of ways to help God's labourers. And the strange part about all this is that "God accomplishes His aims with the aid of human weakness" for the success of the missions and the missionaries.

Where's My Pen?

I am going to write and begin my missionary career at once. Just think, on Judgment Day I can look forward to meeting my missionary and the souls I helped him save.—
Ruth Grimes, Immaculata High School, Ottawa.

Please Pray for Our Deceased Friends

Charles Gerardin of Cornwall, Ont.
Mrs. Lenore O'Byrne of Toronto, Ont.

Mrs. Susan Beal, mother of Rev. Laurence Beal, S.F.M., of La Sallette, Ont.

Joseph Hennebery of Morell, P.E.I., killed in action overseas.

Mrs. Patk. McGee of Kitchener, Ont.

THE SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OFFERS SINCERE SYMPATHY TO THE FATHERS OF THE FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF ST. COLUMBANUS, ON THE OCCASION OF THE DEATHS OF THEIR EIGHT HEROIC MISSIONARIES WHO LAID DOWN THEIR LIVES IN THE FAR EAST DURING THE PAST FEW MONTHS.

MAY GOD HAVE MERCY ON THE SOULS OF THESE BRAVE PRIESTS.

The deceased are: Fathers John Heneghan, Patrick Kelly, John Lawlor, Joseph Monaghan, Peter Fallon, Francis Douglas, Thomas Ellis and Thomas Murphy.

YOU
MAY
HAVE
A
VOCATION!
◆
WE
WILL
HELP
YOU
TO
DECIDE!!

Address all communications
to:

FATHER RECTOR
St. Francis Xavier Seminary
Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

We invite all young men
who desire the inestimable
gift of the Holy Priesthood
to write to us immediately:

Sonny

T. GAVAN DUFF



SONNY knew his prayers better than any little boy of six in town. In fact he knew the Our Father in four languages. He said it every night in English at his mother's knee. Granny, when she happened to be "looking after" him of an afternoon and he grew tired of play would "learn it to him" in Gaelic and he repeated it with zest. Daddy had made sure, at an early date, that his own native French should not be despised by the little one. The Lord would give him in his exile. And only a few months ago Sonny had marched up to the Parish house and asked for "Father Cotter, who was in charge of Sonny's particular catechism class. . . .

"Well, Sonny, what's the good word?" said the priest.

"Father, please, Father, can I learn a prayer?"

"Don't you know the prayers, Sonny? I thought you knew them all!"

"Yes, Father. But I want to learn the Our Father in God's own language. 'Cause sometimes I have 'pecial things I want to ask for. So if I can say the Our Father like a priest, then nobody won't know what I'm praying for 'pecial; only God will know and listen proper."

Between questionable theology and unquestionable faith, Father Cotter chose the latter, the more so as he had a peculiar faculty for taking trouble. So, in a few lessons Sonny had the Our Father off in Latin.

But tonight he had "fallen down" on the Our Father. He had got safely to "Thy Kingdom Come," and no amount of prompting from his mother could bring the remainder back. Finally he had repeated it after her, word for word, and had been tucked into bed to wait for Christmas dawn.

Sonny was excited (as who is not on Christmas eve)—and lay awake. His ears were full as of tinkling bells and the humming of wires in the wind; and if he stopped his ears, all these restless things grew louder. And furthermore, he was worried about his prayer. He tried it over, and stuck, each time, on "Thy Kingdom Come." Then he tried the French and the Gaelic and the Spanish, but his head grew full of stones at the middle of each prayer, and he could go no further. He made one more desperate attempt in English, speaking out loud in his anxiety, but came to "Thy Kingdom Come" and halted, repeating his wish and unable to say more.

"It is coming, Sonny. Would you like to see it? And then perhaps you can help me to make it come a little quicker," said a voice.

Sonny opened his eyes; he was not frightened, for the voice was a child's voice, and full of soothing smiles.

There was the Infant Jesus on the coverlet beside him. When they asked him afterwards how he knew it was the Infant Jesus, he just replied: "It was." Self-evident principles are not subject to proof. Besides, events moved too quickly for analysis.

"I couldn't say the Our Father," declared Sonny, instinctively desirous of removing promptly whatever cause of disagreement there might be between himself and the Little Boy.

"That was my fault," came the reassuring answer. "I wouldn't let you; because I wanted some way of




keeping you awake till everybody had gone away and I could have you to myself. And I stopped you at "Thy Kingdom Come" because I thought it would be nice to take you up to see My Kingdom. Will you come? We can get back before your getting-up time."

Sonny did not have time to say "all right." The wavy bedclothes had already turned to clouds, and the two were walking hand in hand under the stars, in an atmosphere which was, to the body, warmth and, to the spirit, joy.


Around the Child Jesus, as they walked, there was a growing intensity of Life, quiet yet quick, silent yet intimately communicative. Sonny knew that myriads of angels and saints were there, each one enjoying the company of Jesus and making Him in turn the happier for the joy He gave. And he too was so brimful of happiness that, though he heard and saw (or thought he did), he never was able to describe a single thing that he had heard or seen, but only Jesus, his companion.

In Heaven, Jesus did not seem a child, nor indeed was Sonny short
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COUNTER-REVOLUTION

REV. D. E. STRINGER, S.F.M.

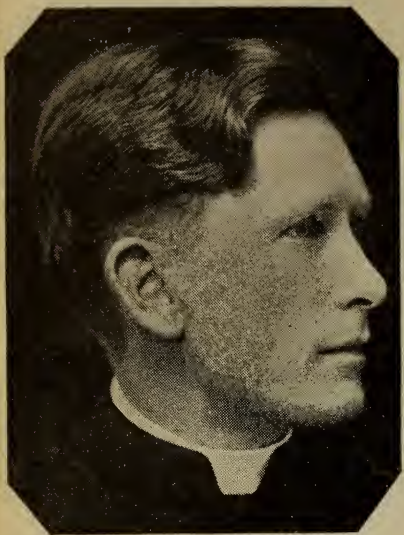


THERE is a heresy in the world today which for sheer intensity of action and universality of application has no equal in history. It is more than a challenge to Catholics especially; it is a declaration of war, relentless and merciless war, against everything Christian. In 1918 its name was changed from Democratic Socialism to Communism. Our clear thinking about the matter would be aided if we called it Bolshevism or Leninism.

What is it? It is a system, and it can really be called a religion which deifies man and makes him and his economic welfare the supreme end of all human endeavour. In other words social and economic activity determines man's entire being; is the measure of every virtue and the entire intellectual life, and, therefore, the Bolshevik knows no sentiments higher than those of social membership in the human race. He believes that the right organization of social and economic life solves all the problems of humanity, provides for every human need, and fulfills the moral demands of freedom, equality and justice.

It begins to be apparent from its constant re-iteration of the words "economic" and "social" that Bolshevism doesn't introduce anything new. It is rather reformatory. All of us will admit that the bourgeois society of Capitalism—and that includes us in varying degrees—has long accepted economic and social success as the dominant forces in life. Bolshevism doesn't decry these goals, but strives to obtain such benefits for everybody. It accepts the development of modern society but will so transform it that it shall operate in the interest of everybody,—not just a select few. Even at the risk of tiring you, let me repeat that Bolshevism only voices our secret and unavowed philosophy of life which regards social and economic success as the greatest of human achievements.

So much for what it is. Now let us look at its greatest exponent, Lenin. What sort of man was he? We are told on reliable authority that he was happily married, affectionate and human in his relations with his friends, very modest and opposed to revolutionary affectations of dress or behaviour. He was an



Rev. D. Stringer, S.F.M.

educator and a strategist, but only within the limits of an extremely definite doctrine. He urged those around him to learn. "Learn and keep on learning" was his motto. Learn to govern; learn to select the right men and learn to handle them; never be satisfied with fine phrases and meaningless slogans. He had an intense love for the masses and was completely selfless. All that happened under his direction, the butcheries, the murders, the deportations, his whole inhumanness can be explained by his fanatical love for the Cause. Anything and everything that opposed the Cause he rooted out and destroyed without the slightest pity. His fixed purpose and unswerving pursuit of it leaves one breathless. He is one of the greatest examples of single-mindedness ever to come before human vision.

This was the man who looked at our western civilization and found it wanting. We, too, who are anyway conversant with human history these past hundred years and more, cannot have escaped noticing the pro-

gressive deterioration of Christian thought and principles outside the Catholic Church; perhaps also to a too great extent in the Catholic body. Yet, we say we believe human life is determined by and directed towards a transcendental goal, that is, towards something above and beyond man,—in a word, towards God. We say we believe all men are created by God, and in the realm of Grace are actual or potential children of God. We say we believe that Charity is the essence of Christian living, and that Justice as well as Charity demands of us that we know through and through the tenets of our Faith; and that our actions must be in accord with our beliefs. This we say we believe.

What was the picture Lenin saw as he looked around this world of ours? He saw the greater part of human society in slavery of one form or another. He saw great Christian nations fattening themselves off the oppressed. He saw the mad and conscienceless pursuit of wealth and power. He saw all the marvellous inventions of this and the last centuries seized and controlled by the astute and monied few, not for the betterment of mankind as a whole but for a very select class. He saw the dog-eat-dog ethics of business. The tragedy of it all was that religion seemed to go hand in hand with the new oppressors. Lenin couldn't see that it wasn't Christianity but the lack of it that was responsible for the agonies of men. But can we blame him overmuch? He looked at the actions of Christians. He saw that the lives of many were Godless though they mouthed spiritual platitudes. Whether the "wolves in sheep's clothing" were Catholic or Protestant, to him it was the principles of Christianity at work. By their fruits he judged them and he called religion "alco-

hol". To him it was as opium which helped mankind to bear the shocks and enigmas of social life by pointing to a future world, and explaining these phenomena as effects of God's Providence or as punishment for sin. To him the values of Christianity were opiates used by the few to keep the many in a pliable stupor. And he vowed undying enmity towards religion and all it stood for.

Without a doubt it is the irreligious members and sections of western society that are most to blame for the progressive deterioration of religion and the nullifying of its power for keeping charity alive amongst men. But are we Catholics thereby excused? True it is Leo XIII and the Popes who followed him explained and warned against the subtle errors then budding. But did we and those who preceded us give ear? Didn't we fail in our social duty? Weren't we much too much individualists, concerned only with our individual welfare, both material and spiritual? Isn't it true that we judged the fitness of things—generally—by how such things affected our individual selves, or individual organizations? It was this spirit of individualism that mostly nullified our strength and capacity to influence the world for the better.

Now what is the essential defect of individualism? It is selfishness. Selfishness in turn is self-love and self-love is the destruction of Charity, which is essentially a social virtue. There, in a nut-shell is the reason for the existence of the Bolshevik heresy. And until Charity returns to the world we can hope for no lasting peace. Communism is a worldwide revolution against what it supposes to be God and the things of God. Only a world-wide counter-revolution in the sense of a return to God and the things of God will effectively combat it. And the only

certain criterion that we are on our way back to God will be the depth and extent of our understanding and practice of the principle of Christian Charity one towards the other. For it has been written, if you do not love man whom you can see, how can you love God whom you cannot see . . . What you do to this least one you do to Me.

There is only one logical centre from which to begin this counter-revolution, ourselves. It is reformation the world needs, not destruction. Chesterton in his invigorating and instructive work, *The Everlasting Man*, demonstrates that Christ had to come at the precise moment in history which He did. The apex of pagan civilization was reached in the Roman Empire. It was the best, he wrote, and the best was beginning to decay. In some ways our times approximate those days. Much, far too much of western civilization has decayed. Since the time of the Lutheran "Reformation" Protestantism has lived off its Christian capital and now their spiritual bank is empty. Only now can the everyday man-of-the-street see what Leo XIII warned our grandfathers about, that unless society regulated itself by principles of Christ it was doomed to destruction.

In this world-wide counter-revolution we Catholics have the leading part to play, a part the consequences of which will reach out into eternity. If we fail, the un-born as yet, when they will appear upon this stage of life, will raise their voices in execration of us and ours. Our leagues, our clubs, our confraternities, our societies; our words and our actions, while they may produce some isolated and individual good, will fail dismally in a social sense, unless every, and I repeat, every Catholic learns what Lenin dinned into those

(Continued on page 29)



ABOVE—Every road in China is thronged with refugees.

BELOW—The Chinese shoemaker displays his wares.





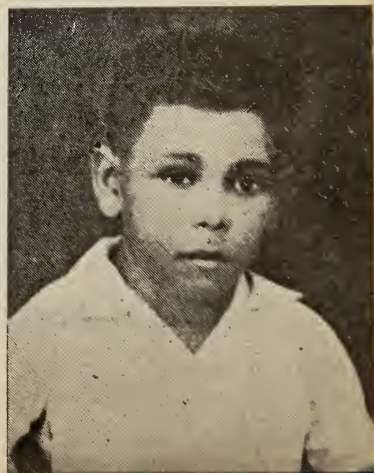
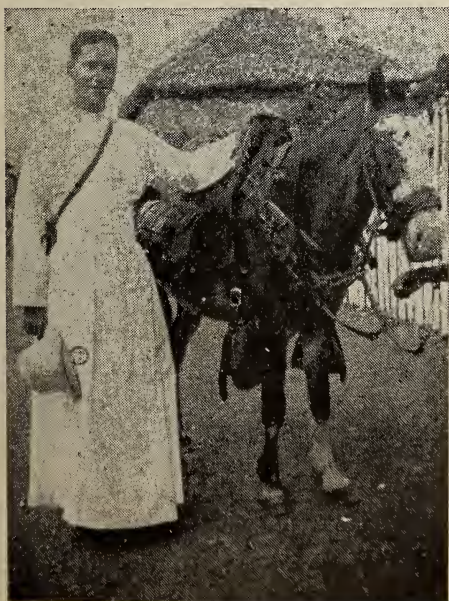
Snapshots from the South



ABOVE—Father Basil Kirby and some members of his church choir.

BOTTOM LEFT—Father Kirby all set for the campo.

RIGHT—Father Pat Moore amuses the school children.



My Visit to Maple Creek

by Rev. J. McCarthy, S.F.M.

(Father Jack visits his Chinese boys in training at Maple Creek.)

WHEN asked about his visit to Maple Creek Basic Training Camp Father McCarthy said:

"Nobody could or would tell me anything about Maple Creek Camp nor who was there. All I knew was that a lot of the "kids" were doing their basic at such a place.

"On the train I was delighted to meet with Danny Cheng who was enroute from the training centre at Wetaskiwin to see his sister at Medicine Hat. Dan told me of the Chinese boys at Wetaskiwin also, and I decided right then to visit them if the opportunity presented

itself. It did not, but I did get to Maple Creek.

"How did I find the boys? By going to the Chinese Cafes! Where did I find them? In the Chinese Cafes! What did they do in their spare time? Go to the Chinese Cafes! Where did they like best to go when off duty? The Chinese Cafes! The local proprietors had a real field day and treated the boys royally.

"How did they look? Like a "bunch" of kids in clothes that were too big for them. How was the

(Continued on page 29)



Rev. Jack McCarthy of our Vancouver Mission (eighth from left, second row), visits the Chinese boys at Maple Creek Basic Training Camp.

THIS IS CHINA



Soviet money published in China's Communist section. It bears Lenin's picture.



A pastime as common in China as in Canada — a game of quoits.

The Dominican Republic

by Danilo Brugol Alfau

Dominican Consul at Toronto

●

THE Dominican Republic is an independent State of Spanish origin. It occupies the Eastern part of the West Indian Island, which the native Indians called Haiti, and which the discoverer of America, Christopher Columbus, called La Espanola, and which later Spain officially named Santo Domingo.

The Island was discovered by Christopher Columbus on the 6th of December, 1492, on his first voyage, and he gave it the name of La Espanola because he found the vegetation there very similar to certain regions of Andalusia in Spain. He was so much impressed with the Eastern part of the Island that he established himself permanently there. The Indians called this part of the Island "Quisqueya," the meaning of which is "Mother of the Earth."

The site of Columbus' permanent settlement is in the region occupied by the Dominican Republic; it is, therefore, the most interesting place in America from an historical standpoint, because it was there that the oldest Christian city in the New

World was founded, this being the present capital of the Republic. It was founded by the Governor, Bartholomew Columbus, brother of the discoverer, by express order of the latter on the 4th of August, 1496. In the old City of Santo Domingo will be found the first monuments of stone, erected by Europeans in America. Some of these are in ruins, but others still stand intact.

It was from Santo Domingo that Hernan Cortes left for his conquest of Mexico; Diego Velazquez for the conquest of Cuba; Juan Ponce de Leon for the conquest of Puerto Rico; Juan Esquivel for the conquest of Jamaica; Alonso de Ojeda for his conquest of the mainland; Francisco Pizarro for the conquest of Peru; Rodrigo de Bastidas for the conquest of Santa Marta, and Vasco de Balboa on his voyage of discovery of the Pacific Ocean.

It is also worthy of note that it was on the soil of the Dominican Republic that the first Mass in America was celebrated. It was here also where the first Municipal Government was set up, and where the first European Government in the New World was installed.

Tourists and artists can find in the Dominican Republic pleasant means of spiritual uplift, and business men can find magnificent opportunities for capital investment.

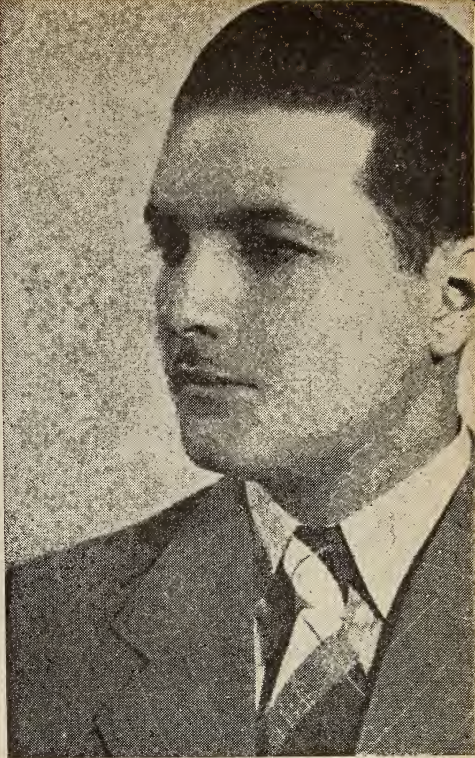
The Dominican Republic has a fertile soil, possesses numerous rivers and waterfalls capable of developing a force of 16,000 horse power, beautiful tropical views without number, magnificent roads, good telephone and radiograph service, several steamship lines, internal airway services, as well as passenger and freight train between many cities. The service of the Pan American Airways maintains direct contact by means of boats and aeroplanes with the principal ports of the United States.

The Island possesses many hunting grounds as well as good fishing, such as in Samana Bay, where the vacationist who likes these pastimes will find plenty of good sport.

There are also large sea beaches and modern bathing places.

The Dominican Republic measures 60,000 square kilometers, which is equal in extent to the following four European countries: Belgium, Holland, Denmark and Switzerland. It has a population of 2,000,000, and it is bounded on the north by the Atlantic Ocean, on the south by the Caribbean Sea, on the east by Puerto Rico, and on the west by the Windward Passage, which separates it from Cuba. It is 48 miles between the coast of Haiti and Cuba, 64 miles between the coast of the Dominican Republic and Puerto Rico, 100 miles from Jamaica, 480 miles from Venezuela, 650 miles from the Panama Canal, and 1,225 miles from New York.

The coast of the Dominican Republic has numerous natural ports of great beauty, which offer very safe anchorage, as, for instance, The Cauldron, which has a semi-circular formation, and those of Samana, Monte Christi and Manzanillo Bay, etc.



*Danilo Brugal Alfau
Dominican Consul at Toronto.*

In the forefront of these ports is that of the capital city, Ciudad Trujillo, a recent work which has received much commendation.

The climate of the Island is very pleasant; the mean temperature, according to calculations covering the last ten years, is 70 degrees F.; in the coastal regions it is slightly over 77 degrees F., and in Puerto Plata, a city on the north shore, the mean annual temperature is 74 degrees F.

There are beautiful valleys, such as that of Constanza, situated in the centre of the Island, in which, during the months of winter, white frost covers the ground.

It is certain that no country offers better living conditions than those which are found in the Dominican Republic. Several delegations and

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+

HAWAIIAN ROSARY

HUGH F. X. SHARKEY
S.F.M.



The perfume of your blossoms still is with me
 The waving palms against your tropic sky,
 The sun upon your deep-blue Island waters
 Can thrill me still and bring a lonesome sigh.
 You won my heart in those enchanted hours
 That sped so quickly—O too quickly by.
 The lingering echo of that last Aloha
 Will haunt me to the very day I die.



O land of loveliness my thoughts go with you
 As Memory gently takes me by the hand.
 Up Punch Bowl Hill I climb a path to heaven,
 Again I walk Waikiki's golden strand.
 Hear quaint guitars with plaintive music sobbing,
 See surf-boards racing to the wave-swept sand,
 And Adam's bitterness at loss of Eden
 At last, I too can fully understand.

A fragrant lei—my rosary of Hawaii
 Each bead a flower that shall never fade—
 Volcanic peaks that turned the sky to crimson,
 The graceful hula of a native maid;
 Hibiscus blossoms in the long, dark tresses
 Of one who bartered tortoise-shell and jade,
 The tolling of the temple bell at evening,
 The Island's ancient gods and men who prayed.

How vividly indeed I can remember
 That bright September day we sailed away—
 Out past the graceful, tall Aloha tower
 With hearts that envied those who still could stay.
 How, one by one, we watched the streamers breaking,
 Wayed last good-byes and tried to seem so gay,
 The "all aboard"—the swiftly moving Empress
 The Island Song that floated 'cross the Bay.



These are my fragrant memories of Hawaii
 A rosary lei whose perfume never dies,
 The magic splendor of your tropic moonlight,
 'Bove Diamond Head your cloudless summer skies.
 Surely indeed, you are that long-lost garden,
 Where God with Adam walked in strange disguise;
 Pity an exile from your earthly Eden,
 Who feels the curse of losing Paradise.



ARTHUR REEHLOR

The Dominican Republic

(Continued from page 15)

well-known doctors who have made educational visits to the country have expressed the opinion that the climate is one of the best in the world.

The Dominican Republic has large industries and all kinds of minerals, but its principal wealth lies in its forests, which as yet have not been exploited. Magnificent forests full of costly woods, such as cedar, mahogany, walnut, oak, red cedar, *lignum vitae* and many others, are abundant.

The Government of the Dominican Republic is essentially as democratic and representative as that of all the other countries in America. It is divided into three authorities—the legislative authority, the judicial authority and the executive authority—each one independent in its function. Its democratic and representative government is similar to that of the United States of America.

The religion of the State is Apostolic Roman Catholic, which is the religion of practically all the Dominican people, but there exists complete liberty for other religions and cults, which, even though they have few adherents, are practised without interference.

Through the various Secretaries of State, the public administration is conducted in a proper and orderly manner, having in mind the necessity for an ever-increasing development in education, sanitation, agriculture and public works.

The country has many historic monuments: The Fortress of Diego Columbus, which was built by him in 1510, when he was Second Admiral of the Indies and Governor of Santo Domingo. It was here that five of his seven sons were born.

The Cathedral of Santo Domingo, whose construction, according to historians, commenced in the year 1514,

was finally completed in the year 1546, and was the first cathedral in the New World.

The Tower of Homage was constructed around 1503 by Commander Ovando. This large edifice was built on the eastern edge of the patio of the military fort of Ozama. In the wall of the tower there are many prisons.

The Imperial Convent of Santo Domingo and the Church of Our Lady of the Rosary, seat of the Royal and Papal University of St. Thomas Aquino, was commenced in 1511. The friars arrived in Santo Domingo at the end of 1508.

The Church of St. Nicolas. This church was the first temple of stone erected on the American Continent, and it was built by Commander Ovando between the years 1506 and 1508.

The Monastery of San Francisco, which was commenced in 1520, was finished in 1556.

Mercedes Church, known in colonial times as the Mother of God, was the work of the outstanding stone mason, Rodrigo de Liendo. This work was finished toward the end of 1555.

The Church of Regina was erected in 1564, under the title of Queen of the Angels. For the construction of this church Maria de Arana, widow of one of the most wealthy ranchers of the Colony, donated her entire fortune.

The Bastion, "27th of February," is one of the bastions which forms a part of the eastern wall of the city. In 1665 this small fort was converted into a bastion, and its gate is today the tomb of the Fathers of the Country. It was from this point that the cry of independence was given in 1844.

The Church of Carmen was constructed in 1564, and among its treasures is a beautiful image of Jesus of Nazareth.

(Continued on page 22)

Sonny

(Continued from page 6)

of maturity himself—in fact age seemed a ridiculous idea in connection with an existence where intensity was the measure of all life, and Jesus the end thereof — and, withal, its joy exceeding great.

"I want you to see my Mother," Jesus said.

We rightly talk of Mary as a Queen; we crown her images with gold; we set her on a throne. Yet Sonny, when all was over, had no recollection of anything of the kind. It was her transparent and radiating goodness and sincerity and *simplicity* which had impressed him; these, and the mastering intensity of her relation to Jesus (her all but infinite fullness of that which, as he knew by now, was the measure of life "up there"), had made her instantly recognizable as she appeared.

His own part in the meeting left the impression that Mary had embraced Jesus and himself as a single child—and also, for all his after years, made the words "A Happy Christmas" bring a flood of tears into his eyes, so that he was left much to himself at Christmas time.

"Sonny," Jesus said, "you have had this little glimpse of Heaven so that you might understand how much it means to men to get into My Kingdom—and also how much it means to Me and My Mother to have them there. Now listen, I am going to tell you some burning truths—and then I'll take you home."

"Home" no longer seemed to matter much, and Sonny hoped the burning truths would be very numerous indeed.

"Sonny, there is no way into this place except through Me. My Father has given one only password to enter by—and that password is My Name—Jesus, the Son of God."

"You got that password at your mother's knee. Your soul was marked with it at Baptism. But what about the people who don't know it. They can't get in! And, oh, Sonny! I want them worse than ever you wanted anything in your life. And I can't have them," he concluded, looking so weak and pitiful that Sonny was all on fire.

"Why not?" he said. "Can I do anything about it?"

"Yes, I'll ask you presently," said Jesus. "But if my Catholic people, for centuries and centuries back, had not been so strangely selfish, there would be no need for you to offer it. It is the charity of My people that must teach the world My Name, and because My people sit satisfied with their own faith and do not get up and spread My Name abroad, there are, as you live, a thousand million men on earth adoring the devils and doomed never to get the password."

Sonny all but fainted at this announcement. But he was determined to drink deeper.

"And while a few rise up and leave their home and country and live and die in savage lands to preach My Name, most of My people think them fools to do it, and let them die before their time for lack of the necessities of life, and let their work be crippled for lack of money; thus many souls are lost in paganism, and many are not saved in their too comfortable Christianity."

Not until now had Sonny noticed the wounds in Jesus' hands and feet. But they grew redder as He spoke, and the sight of them was agony.

"Sonny, they call those thousand million souls the 'Foreign Missions' and dismiss them with a shrug. They say there is 'plenty of work to do at home,' as if that gave the others any chance of entering My

(Continued on page 22)

A Letter from Father Michael McSween



Colegio de N. S. del Carmen,
Bella Vista
Santiago de los Caballeros,
Republica Dominicana.

April 10th, 1945.

Dear Father—

YOUR letter made me glad all over.

Holy week was a big week in Santo Domingo. I was very much impressed. I was on as Deacon at one of the parish churches on Friday. After Mass they placed a large Crucifix in front of the altar and a statue of St. John on one side and one of the Blessed Virgin on the other. The Blessed Mother was veiled in a heavy black veil. The church was packed and can those people pray. Meditations on the Passion were read until three and the Stations. The figure of Christ was then detached from the Cross and placed in a beautiful glass Casket. The procession started and was joined immediately by the school children, the army, the police force and the firemen, each group had their respective bands. We were then joined by those attending the Stations at the other churches in the city. The Casket was elevated on a frame-work and carried on the shoulders of twelve men a short distance from the front of the procession. The statue of St. John was carried about the center of the procession and that of the Blessed Mother at the end. By the time the procession got under way the streets were blocked. They

estimate that there were some ten thousand people. It was very impressive when they were detaching the figure of Christ from the cross; wrenches, screw-drivers and hammers were used and to see the figure and the cross trembling in mid-air and to hear the clank-clank sounds of the instruments made one realize a little what that terrible First Good Friday was like. The procession continued through the streets for about two hours and then returned to the same church. The following morning as the Prophecies were being sung, everything was replaced and when the Gloria was intoned the curtain erected in front of the altar was dropped and there was the altar beautifully decorated and the priest in white vestments. The people just gasped with joy and one could sense the love and sincere faith and devotion that they possess. The church bells rang out, whistles blew and cannons roared. Following the Mass another procession was formed and again the people marched through the streets but this was a procession of joy, bands blasting forth sprightly tunes; children singing as only children can and there in front of the procession was a dummy dressed in rags—representing Judas, no less. It was mounted on a donkey and believe me it took quite a beating.

Easter Sunday found the streets full of people on their way to the different Masses from five o'clock until eleven o'clock. I sang a High Mass here at seven. There was a

procession of the Blessed Sacrament in the afternoon.

Do you know that two years ago today we were just after completing our first week in the concentration camp—will I ever forget it. I said Mass at the Orphanage last week so had an early hike each morning. Father Rene, one of the French Canadian Fathers stationed here, called me up a few days ago asking me to go to a Mission in the country with him to hear confessions. He called for me at two-thirty with the car. The first lap of the journey was along the main highway which is paved; then we had to branch off on a by-road where he had a sick-call. I have no idea how many miles we drove along this path. The car was taking such a beating that we got out and walked the rest of the way. In spite of the fact that there were no roads there were many houses. I became very thirsty on the way, so we stopped at a house and what do you know, they did not have any ice-water; instead they brought in a cocoanut, opened one end and poured me out a glass of cocoanut water, it is a much better thirst quencher than ice-water. We arrived at the Mission in due time and heard confessions for an hour and a half before supper and then for another hour and a half after. I enjoyed



Rev. M. McSween, S.F.M.

my supper; the rice and beans were cooked just as they were back home, and potatoes were cold and the coffee was just right. While hearing confessions I saw the most beautiful sight I have ever seen in my life. I wish I had a picture of it to send to you. It was about half-past seven and it was dark—there was only candle light in the church and there kneeling on the earthen floor was a mother and her five little children, in a circle around a candle, either preparing for confession or making their thanksgiving after. The mother was reading the prayers.

Your Will . . .

In making, or revising, your Last Will, please remember the Missions by inserting the following:

"I BEQUEATH TO THE
SCARBORO FOREIGN
MISSION SOCIETY
SCARBORO BLUFFS,
ONT., THE SUM OF
\$"

THE NEED IS URGENT



Please see page 2.

Sonny

(Continued from page 19)

Kingdom. And as if the spirit that produces missionaries would not produce a flowering of home vocations, multiplying and purifying them with the warmth of its own charity. But men are blind and selfish, Sonny, even with the Gospel in their hands."

"And meanwhile you have to suffer, Jesus, dear," said Sonny, bursting out at last. "And the thousand millions have to suffer too—all because we want to enjoy ourselves in this world and the next—all because we are not really friends of Yours. Let me be a missionary," he concluded.

"Sonny," answered Jesus, "there are three vocations that I give to My specially beloved—the mother, the missionary and the mystic. And all three can people heaven, and all three can win the thousand millions for Me. I have chosen you to be a mystic, Sonny. 'Thy kingdom come' will be your motto. I shall come back for you. Good-bye."

Sonny's mother was awake sometimes, and lay in the room near his, expecting every minute that he would wake and begin a rapturous examination of his Christmas presents. But soon she heard him praying and repeating, "Thy Kingdom come," "Thy Kingdom come." "Poor darling, he is still worrying about that prayer," she thought, and ran to soothe him.

She bent over him to kiss him; and though he greeted her with a happy voice, his arms did not clasp her neck, nor did he move at all. Sonny was paralyzed.

Not until he had told his mother all he could of the night's visit, not until he had explained how she could be the mother of his victories, not until he had made her realize that his three brothers would be

taken from her to distant shores, not until he had fired her with his own enthusiasm and that of Jesus Himself, she the while listening in wonder to the wisdom pouring forth from the mouth of her infant boy—not, in a word, till the sun was high and their hearts still higher—did the mother send for the doctors, whose art gained but another mystery from the case.

For five and twenty years did Sonny lie upon his back and suffer and repeat "Thy Kingdom Come." His brothers went, one to the Chinese and one to Africa and one to India, where the devil is. And Sonny was the banker of innumerable prayers and efforts and endurances, which he caused to be credited to the Kingdom. And he had Missionary Bands, and Circles and Associations. And the little children loved him and he fired them with zeal. And young men came to him, and he sent them to the Missions. And religious, men and women, priests and lay, would come to see him and depart with bigger hearts and more Catholic eyes.

And when his work was in full swing and he was needed most, he died. And God gave the work into our fragile hands. But as for him, he had peopled the Kingdom and he was a ruler therein.

The Dominic Republic

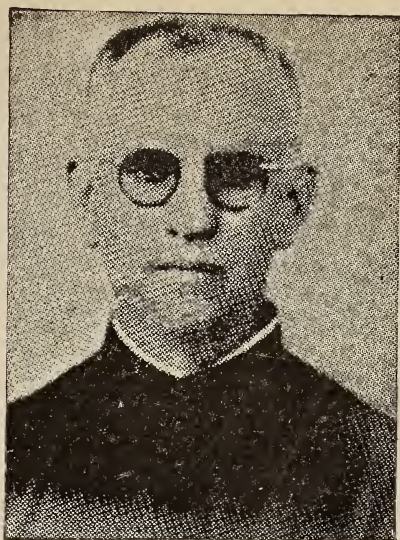
(Continued from page 18)

The Dominican Republic also possesses the best and most modern children's playground in all Latin America, and a large hotel, which has all the modern comforts to be found in the best American hotels, gives the tourist every accommodation. There is also a large race course, which is the latest attraction in this progressive city. These are some of the many works which the Government of President Trujillo has completed in the Dominican Republic.

Congratulations



Most Rev. Octavio Antonio Peras.



Most Rev. Felipe Gallego, S.J.

FROM the Dominican Republic comes news of two episcopal appointments that are of the highest significance, as indicating the strides made by the Church in the land in which was planted the Catholic faith by Christopher Columbus in the year 1492-3 and where still stands in use the first cathedral of the western hemisphere, which was consecrated sometime between 1540 and 1545, and in which lie the remains of the great Discoverer.

CHINA and all the members of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society offer sincere congratulations to Most Rev. Octavio Antonio Peras, who has been named Coadjutor Bishop of Santo Domingo and to Most Rev. Felipe Gallego, S.J., named Auxiliary Bishop.

In the words of Father Chafe, our own Regional Superior in the Republic, "Canon Beras is only 39 years old, native born, has had much experience in parish and institutional work here before his appointment as Chancellor, Secretary and Honorary Canon and is Rector of the Cathedral. A busy and very capable man, he was of the greatest assistance to Archbishop Pittini and in the latter's absence has been Administrator of the Archdiocese." "The Auxiliary Bishop elect, a Spanish Jesuit, has held various high posts in his Order in Spain, Cuba and here. After serving as parish priest in various places, he was called to direct the newly established Junior Seminary of "Padre Fantino".

These appointments are not only a great honor to the appointees, but serve as well to indicate the success obtained by the present beloved Archbishop, whose untiring energy and apostolic labors have so stirred up the Faith and piety of the country as to necessitate others to share the ever increasing responsibilities of his high office.

We regret indeed that His Excellency's health, far from robust at any time, has been failing, but notwithstanding, he has been an apostle, a father and friend to all. He has been and still is "all things to all men" and the record of his administration will always be outstanding in the history of the Dominican Republic. Zealous and energetic, he has seen a remarkable increase in and improvement of Catholic life and practice among his people and, if his labors have shaken his physical strength, he will have the satisfaction of seeing his work continued by those whose capabilities he has known for a long time.

It was on Archbishop Pittini's invitation that our Society entered the Dominican Republic, where we have now eleven priests under the direction of Father Chafe, who, as Rector of China Mission Seminary and editor of "China" for several years,

(Continued on page 27)

The LITTLE ★ ROSE FLOWER'S GARDEN



THE NEWS COLUMN

FROM

The Mail Bag

I MUST express my heartiest congratulations to all those who are writing. For a while the mail was pretty far down in the Mailbag, but soon we will have a full bag coming from the Scarboro Bluffs Post Office. Keep up the good work. . . . FATHER THOMAS MORRISSEY again makes the news: he is working very hard down in Newfoundland and besides talking on the Missions he has procured new members for the Rose Garden. Thank you, FATHER TOM. . . . Now we present the schools recommended by Father Morrissey for HONOURABLE MENTION, they are: ACADEMY SCHOOL, GIRLS' CONVENT, COLLIERS' HIGH SCHOOL, CONCEPTION HARBOUR. These pupils are under the direction of the Mercy Nuns and Mr. Whelan and Miss McGrath teach at Colliers'. Father Morrissey sends further recommendations: "Recently I visited the school at Carbonear and their enthusiasm for the Missions was marvellous. Teachers are the Presentation Nuns." Patricia Ann O'Brien tells me "the first thing I knew, I was busy writing to eleven girls." That just shows what The Rose Garden is doing to build up the famous Good Neighbour Policy. . . . MISS MARIE GROVES, of St. John, New Brunswick, sends along a poem written by Sgt. Jack W. Carter, who is overseas. I am happy to include it in this column. The poem is entitled:

AN INVITATION

The Church is open every day,
But the crowds pass on their way
Heedless of the unlocked door—
God's invitation they ignore.

All have cause to enter in,
None are free from stain of sin,
Each one has some secret care
All have need to kneel in prayer.

Foolish people, deaf and blind,
Sick in body and in mind.
Pause, seek pardon, peace and grace,
Pass not by this Holy Place.

HOLY ROSARY SCHOOL, THOROLD, ONTARIO, again sends assistance to the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society and in this issue we are happy to publish a picture of the pupils of GRADE FOUR. Many, many thanks, Sisters and pupils! . . . Recently I have discontinued writing a Monthly Letter in the Rose Garden because I thought perhaps there was not much interest shown in this particular section, but now, I have a letter from RITA FALLEN, BLIND RIVER, ONTARIO, in which she says: "For the last few months I found out that something was missing . . . that is the page I always turned to the moment I received CHINA. Guess which? Well, Father, it is the page which usually contained your letter. Father, I do hope that I

will find them in the following issues of CHINA." Well, thank you very much, Rita, and if there are others who write and tell me that they would like to have the letter again each month I think it can be arranged. From PRESENTATION CONVENT, RENEWS, NEWFOUNDLAND, letters from Sister M. Justina and THE CRUSADERS. Enclosed was a generous donation for the Missions, with this message: "We the Crusaders of the Blessed Sacrament, Renew's, send you this little gift for the poor Missions. We only wish we had much more to send you; we pray for you and your Missions. We have a grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes near our parish church, so you will be remembered in our visits. We like CHINA very much and enjoy reading it." . . . SISTER ST. OSMOND of Sydney Mines, N.S., writes: "I am enclosing a Money Order. This is Mite Box money donated by the pupils of Notre Dame School, Sydney Mines." . . . To all our friends we extend our sincerest thanks and an assurance of continued remembrance in our prayers as we pray for our benefactors. BERNICE LASSALINE, writing from London, Ontario, has this to say: "Please give my best regards to Father Reeves for being so kind when he visited ST. MARTIN'S SCHOOL. . . . I know that you and all the other missionary priests are doing wonderful work for God; may He bless each and all of you. I pray very hard for one special intention, it is that some day I will become a missionary nun." Grand, Bernice, we hope you will come with our Sisters to assist us in the great tasks ahead.

One of our campaigning missionaries has just recently returned from the Diocese of Nelson. He is Father Desmond Stringer. All the members of the Rose Garden, I am sure, join with me in thanking him for all he did to increase interest in our Missionary Club. Here is a letter from FRANCIS GODDERIS, FERNIE, B.C., (in the Diocese of Nelson): "Father Stringer came into our room to-day and told us about China. He is going to speak to the people at Church on Sunday. Father gave us our first issue of CHINA. I think there will be more children from our room joining The Rose Garden. I enjoyed the CHINA magazine very much. I think I have a Pen Pal to write to already. I am closing your letter now and going to bed." Good night, Francis. . . . THERESE TAYLOR asks me to help her obtain a Pen Pal from SANTO DOMINGO. Therese lives at 270 Rideau Street, Kingston,

Ont., and knows Father Joseph Ainslie, who is now stationed in Santo Domingo. Now here is a call from The Rose Garden for a young lady of twelve years of age down in the Dominican Republic to write to Therese. PADRE JOSE AINSLIE PLEASE TRANSLATE.

Father Jim

* * *

Pen Pal Corner

- Kathryn Casey
15 years old, 317 Cassels St., North Bay, Ont.
- Mary English
12 years old, 14 Charlton St., St. John's, Nfld.
- Betty Murphy
11 years old, Spaniard's Bay, Nfld.
- Colleen Barry
11 years old, Box 346, Arthur, Ont.
- Helen Toivonen
13 years old, 25 River Avenue, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.
- Frances Sturrock
10 years old, 80 Locke St. N., Hamilton, Ont.
- Therese Taylor
12 years old, 270 Rideau St., Kingston, Ont.
- Anna Meaney
11 years old, Carbonear, Nfld.
- Alice Pumphrey
11 years old, Carbonear, Nfld.
- Rosalie Reynolds
11 years old, Carbonear, Nfld.
- Mary Carpenter
13 years old, Carbonear, Nfld.
- Cornelia Carpenter
15 years old, Carbonear, Nfld.
- Mary Sweeney
Carbonear, Nfld.
- Anne Keating
10 years old, 47 Matilda St., Sydney, N.S.
- Patricia Mary Horton
13 years old, 23 Roy St., Kitchener, Ont.
- Constance Horgan
15 years old, 169 City Rd., St. John, N.B.
- Margaret Beck
120 Fares St. Port Colborne, Ont.
- Rachelle Leblanc
13 years old, La Passe, Ont.
- Elsie M. Kennedy
11 years old, Bell Island, C.B., Nfld.
- Rita Fallen,
14 years of age, Blind River, Ont.
- Joyce Jandreau,
361 Lloyd St., Sudbury, Ont.

NEW MEMBERS

Peter George
Holy Family School, Fernie, B.C.
Roy George
Holy Family School, Fernie, B.C.
Francis Godderis
Holy Family School, Fernie, B.C.
Anna Meaney
Carbonear, Nfld.
Alice Pumphrey
Carbonear, Nfld.
Rosalie Reynolds
Carbonear, Nfld.
Kathleen Hearn
Carbonear, Nfld.
Mary Carpenter
Carbonear, Nfld.
Cornelia Carpenter
Carbonear, Nfld.
Mary Sweeney
Carbonear, Nfld.
Margaret Mackey
Carbonear, Nfld.
Helen James
Carbonear, Nfld.
Mary Yvonne Gallant
Wheatley River, P.E.I.
Bernice L. Assaline
63 Duchess Ave., London, Ont.
Joan Marie Doiron
North Rustico, P.E.I.
Anne Keating
47 Matilda St., Sydney, N.S.
Patricia Mary Horton
23 Roy St., Kitchener, Ont.
Joannie Dillon
Renfrew, Ont.
Kevin Dillon
Renfrew, Ont.
Ruth McGillivray
Edwardsville, Cape Breton, N.S.
Mary Ellen Kelly
R. R. 1, Sebringville, Ont.
Dan John Joseph Kelly
R R 1, Sebringville, Ont.
Constance Horgan
169 City Road, Saint John, N.B.
Rachelle Leblanc
La Passe, Ont.
Jean Elizabeth Meraw
R. R. No. 4, Merricksville, Ont.
Elsie M. Kennedy
Bell Island, C.B., Nfld.
Priscilla Marie Corneya
R. R. 4, Tweed, Ont.
Alice Tobin
26 Adelaide St., St. John's, Nfld.

* * *

ST. CECILE'S SCHOOL, RIVERSIDE, ONTARIO

Joan Fletcher, Verne Steele, Beverley
McDonald, Gervaise Rochon, Cath-
erine MacKinnon, Sally Martin,

Catholic Mission Crusade Units in Annual Reunion in Halifax

Representatives of nine Halifax units of the Canadian Catholic Students' Mission Crusade gathered at St. Mary's College recently in annual reunion.

Reports of the year's activities were read from the following units: Saint Mary's College, Mount Saint Vincent College, Convent of the Sacred Heart, Saint Patrick's Boys' High School, Saint Patrick's Girls' High School, Mount Saint Vincent Academy, Halifax Infirmary Veterans, Saint Patrick's Veterans and Duchesne Veterans.

Rev. Dr. C. F. Curran, Diocesan Director of the Students' Mission Crusade, presided and spoke on the importance of Missions, stating that the Crusade movement was now in its 21st year and stressing that membership in the Union had resulted in many religious vocations among the boys and girls who had become interested in Mission Crusade activities in their student days.

Four playlets, designed to stimulate active interest in Mission work, were presented by students of Saint Mary's College, Mount Saint Vincent College and Academy, Convent of the Sacred Heart and St. Patrick's Boys' and Girls' High Schools.

All members renewed the Crusader's pledge: "We, the members of the Canadian Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, promise to-day life-long loyalty to the interests of Holy Mother Church, especially in all that regards her activities in the Home and Foreign Mission Fields, pledging our support to all that is embodied in the official watchword of the Canadian Catholic Students' Mission Crusade—"The Kingdom of the World for its King and Lord." Halifax Mail.

Gloria Gignac, Bridget Myrth, Marybelle Ford, Richard F. Cheswick, Norma Tousignant, Eddy Jelso, Mary Ann Mitchell, Donna Freeman, Ann Mulcaster, Leonard Frederick, R. Labbe, Jack Fontaine, Carol Jean Vesey, Mildred Le Boeuf.

Maureen McLean
10905-126th St. Edmonton, Alta.

Doria Mary Meaney
Avondale, C.B., Nfld.

Elizabeth Schneidrofer
3475 City Hall, Montreal, 18, Que.

(Continued from page 23)

is well known to all our readers. In the near future eight more of our priests will join him.

May God grant peace and happiness to the people of Santo Domingo and may He bless its government, which under the capable guidance of its esteemed and honorable President has encouraged and helped the spread of the Faith. May God grant long years of faithful service to the newly appointed guardians of the Faith.

John E. MacRae
Superior General.



Pupils of Grade IV, Holy Rosary School, Thorold, Ont.

OFFICIAL PRAYER

Prayer of St. Francis Xavier for the Conversion of Infidels.

"O Eternal God, Creator of all things, be mindful of the souls of unbelievers created by Thee and fashioned to Thine image and likeness. Remember that Jesus, Thy Son, suffered a most cruel death for their salvation. Permit not, I beseech Thee, O Lord, that Thy Son be any longer despised by unbelievers; but appeased by the prayers of holy men and of the Church, the Spouse of Thy most Holy Son, remember Thy mercy, and, forgetting their idolatry and their unbelief, bring them at length to acknowledge Him Whom Thou hast sent, Our Lord Jesus Christ, Who is our salvation, life and resurrection, through Whom we are saved and set free; to Whom be glory throughout infinite ages.

Amen."

500 days' Indulgence each recital
Plenary, once a month.

(With ecclesiastical approbation)

How to Join the Rose Garden

Write to:

FATHER JIM,

Scarboro Foreign Mission Society,
Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

Give your age and full name asking to be admitted to the Little Flower's Rose Garden.

CONDITION OF MEMBERSHIP

- 1—To receive Holy Communion once each month for an increase in missionary vocations.
- 2—To recite the official prayer, daily, for the conversion of infidels.
- 3—To aid the Fathers of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society by saving pennies for the missions.

Used Stamps from the following:

Miss Drucilla McCarthy, London Road, Carbonear, Nfld.

Therese Penny, Woodfords, Nfld.

Box 143, Sudbury, Ont.

Box 96, Carbonear, Nfld.



Priests of the Scarborough Foreign Mission Society during their Annual Retreat at "Scarboro", June, 1945, with their Founder, Monsignor Fraser, P.A.; Superior General Rt. Rev. John E. McKee, D.P., J.C.D., and Retreat Master Father Victor Mills, O.F.M.

My Visit to Maple Creek

(Continued from page 12)

camp? Well, on the outside the huts were the "bunk"—on the inside they were a long line of bunks divided by crap games. Corp. Jackie Chu and Neil Chan took me on an inspection tour Sunday afternoon. Said they, "Now, Father, you musn't really think our sweet little shack is like this all the time. . . . Some of the boys were leaving on embarkation last night and they didn't 'leave' much when they left." Somebody else said that Captain X—— was very good though, he had come around and tidied up everything before the Sergeant Major got there. . . . I thought he must be very good indeed.

The beds were very comfortable, too—I lay down in one for ten minutes and then couldn't sleep for a week! It's alright, though, the boys assured me that when it came time to lie down they didn't sleep anyway, they just passed out after their little daily routine beginning at 6 a.m.

"Perhaps compliments are sometimes out of place among fellows, but I don't think this one is: When speaking with Capt. X——, who was in charge of the Company to which the Vancouver Chinese boys were attached, he told me that our good friend, Maurice Jang, was the most popular man and soldier in the entire Company of some five to seven hundred men. Congratulations and more power to you, Maurice!"

Counter Revolution

(Continued from page 9)

around him. "Learn and keep on learning; learn to govern; learn to select the best among you to lead you and never be satisfied with fine

phrases and meaningless slogans." But must our Catholics go to Lenin to be taught such lessons? Go to Lenin when they have Christ and His Church?

Lenin saw that simple as was his message it would produce nothing unless it was acted upon constantly. This explains his unhesitating and brutal use of force to indoctrinate his followers and to kill off all opposition. In the revolution we Catholics are to stage we too must use, *on ourselves*, force, brutal unrelenting force. At least it will seem to many to be brutal. But all I am doing is repeating Christ's own counsels and injunctions. To the lover of ease and the easy way it will be sheer nonsense. But unless we take the courageous stand that nothing, absolutely nothing, will be allowed to impede this spiritual renovation, then we are beaten before we start. Our leagues and assemblies will be just as strong a power for social good as the lives of our individual members are sanctified in themselves, in their persons, in their passions, in their work and in their wealth.

We must so sanctify ourselves because of the fact that whatever we do, the effects and consequences of our every act influences, and will go on to the end of time influencing every single man, woman and child now living and yet to live. Therefore, that influence *must be for good*. Hence we must study to find virtue in everyone. Study to know what task each one is best fitted for, because God has a mission for each one to perform. This is thinking socially and acting socially, and when both functions are impregnated with Charity, they will effect our counter-revolution and we will have reached the understanding of the brotherhood of man under the Fatherhood of God as Christ so positively taught.



It's Time to Laugh



Stationmaster: "Another farmer is suing us because of his cows."

Clerk: "Did one of our trains kill some of his cows?"

Stationmaster: "No, this one says our trains go past so slowly that the passengers lean out of the windows and milk his cows."

* * *

City Visitor: "Why are you running that steam roller over your field?"

Smart Farmer: "I'm going to raise mashed potatoes this year."

* * *

She had just been introduced to a crystal-gazer.

"How does he strike you?" asked a friend.

"I don't know," she replied. "But I'd like to strike him; I've always wanted to strike a happy medium."

* * *

"John do you remember—it was in a storm like this that you declared your love for me."

"Yes, it was a terrible night."

* * *

Manager: "You should have been here at nine o'clock."

Office boy (coming in late): "Why, what happened?"

* * *

From the Netherlands comes the story of a German who, while waiting for a train, left the platform to wash his hands and returned to find that his suitcase was gone. He complained angrily to a Dutch workman standing nearby about a country where "such things" could happen.

"It's nothing to what happened to me," returned the Dutchman laconically. "While I was waiting for a train at Cologne, I went to wash my hands. When I returned, my suitcase was gone, the platform was gone—in fact, the whole station was gone!"

* * *

"What became of your secretary?"

"I married her and now she's my treasurer."

He was very angry with his tailor. "Why, the first time I buttoned this coat it split down the back," he stormed.

"That shows how well we sew the buttons on, sir," was the calm reply.

* * *

Little Girl: "Why do people have candles on their birthday cakes for?"

Older Boy: "Oh, just to make light of their age."

* * *

A late traveller got on a crowded two-decker bus. The conductor advised him to go up on the top deck where there were seats. A few minutes later, he came back down again.

"What's the matter?" asked the conductor. "Aren't there any seats up there?"

"Sure, there are lots of seats," said the slightly tipsy man, "but it's too dangerous. There's no driver up there."

* * *

Reporter: "Could I speak to Mr. Jones, the boxer?"

Boxer's Wife (acidly): "He's not up yet. Since he became a professional pugilist, he hasn't ever got up before the stroke of ten."

* * *

"A moth leads an awful life."

"How come?"

"He spends the summer in a fur coat and the winter in a bathing suit."

* * *

"Dad, what's a counter-irritant?"

"A counter-irritant, Johnny," said Dad, who worked in a departmental store, "is a woman who shops all day and doesn't buy anything."

* * *

Boy: "There's a man in this carriage gone barmy. He says he's Napoleon."

Porter: "Never mind—the next stop's Waterloo, anyhow."

* * *

Fortune-Teller: "I see a vision—it is your deceased wife. She craves permission to send a message to you."

Client: "Then that's not her, guv'nor. My wife never asked for no permission when she giv her messages to me!"

In the early days of the railroads a small road was famous for having a notoriously rough stretch of track. One day a new brakeman, making his first run, was standing in the centre of the car, grimly clutching the seats to keep from being knocked over.

Suddenly the train struck a smooth piece of track and glided along with the greatest of ease, scarcely making a sound.

Seizing the lantern, the wild-eyed brakeman ran for the exit. "Jump for yer lives!" he shouted. "She's off the track!"

A girl met an old flame who had turned her down, and decided to high-tail him.

"Sorry," she murmured when the hostess introduced him to her, "I didn't get your name."

"I know you didn't," replied the ex-boy friend, "but you certainly tried hard enough."

After a long discussion she had won her point—that she was going to take a vacation trip to visit her mother.

Wife: "But I'll dream of you every night, dear."

Husband (still grumpy): "It'd be a lot cheaper if you stayed at home and dreamed about making that trip."

It was a preliminary event at the camp's monthly boxing contests, and the boxer asked his second: "How'm I doing? Have I done him any damage?"

Second (disgusted): "Naw, not yet. But if you keep on swinging at him the draft may give him a bad cold."

Colored Brother: "De Scriptural rule fo' givin' was one-tenth of what yo' had. If yo' feel yo' can't afford that much, jes' give 'er sixth, 'er fo'th accordin' to yo' meanness."

Month after month a firm sent its bill to a customer and finally received this reply:

"Dear Sir: Once a month I put all my bills on the table, pick five at random and pay these five. If I receive any more reminders from you, you won't get a place in the shuffle next month."

Husband (the ingenious type): "I've invented a new type of a woman's hand-bag, dear."

Wife (skeptically): "What's new about it?"

Husband: "The zipper's at the bottom. Isn't that where everything usually is when you want it?"

Doctor: "What have you been taking for your insomnia?"

Patient: "A glass of wine at regular intervals."

Doctor: "Does that make you sleep?"

Patient: "No, but it makes me satisfied to stay awake."

The Rev. Daniel Lord, S.J., tells the one about the holdup man who leaped out of a dark doorway and held up a passerby. When the victim threw up his hands, his coat fell open and the robber could see that he was a priest.

Apologetically, he withdrew his pistol. "Excuse me, Father," he said. "I didn't want to hold up a priest, but I need money badly."

The priest apologized also. "I'm sorry, too," he said. "I have no change on me, but here's a cigar."

"No, thanks," said the robber gruffly. "I gave up smoking for Lent."

"What did the calf say to the silo?"

"I don't know."

"Is my fodder in there?"

"Late again! Don't you know what time we start to work?"

"Nope. Everybody's always at it when I get here."

Chemistry Prof.: "Tell me all you know about nitrates."

New Student: "Well, to begin with, they're a lot cheaper than day rates."

Policeman (to gentleman staggering home at 3 a.m.): "Where are you going at this time of night?"

Man: "To a lecture."

"I saw the doctor to-day about my loss of memory."

"What did he advise?"

"That I pay him in advance."

As he strolled round the garden the retired Army officer was feeling very content with things. Presently he came across the gardener, a very old employee.

"Oh, Smith," beamed the major, "you'll be pleased to hear that my son has been called to the Bar."

Smith straightened his back carefully before making any comment.

"Well, sir," he replied, "from what I knows o' Master Jack, he wouldn't need much calling."

Traveller to Cannibal Chief—"How come you speak with an English accent, Chief?"

Chief—"Oh, I'm an Eton man."



*O God that rice should be
dear and human life so che*



CHINA



Barboro Bluffs,
Ontario

10¢

SEPTEMBER
1945



The Monsignor Fraser Reconstruction Fund

Ruins of Cathedral at Lishui.

Monsignor Fraser, but recently returned from three years internment in Manila, appeals to his many friends in Canada and Newfoundland to assist him in the reconstruction of our society's Missions in China.

We feel sure that those who have so generously assisted Monsignor since Almonte days and through his forty years of missionary work in the Far East, will not fail to heed his urgent appeal at this time. Send in your donation NOW to the Monsignor John M. Fraser Reconstruction Fund, Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario. Please use form below.

This is my donation to the Monsignor John M. Fraser Reconstruction Fund, to help rebuild the devastated Missions of your Society in China.

Name

Address

News

Briefs



Hopes "Scarboro" will Undertake "Mission" in the Philippines

MONSIGNOR FRASER recently was the guest speaker at the Annual Communion Breakfast of the St. Francis Xavier Women's Auxiliary, held at the auditorium of the St. Anne's Catholic Chinese Mission, in Toronto.

Opening his address with words of gratitude and appreciation for all the ladies of the Auxiliary have done for the Missions, Monsignor Fraser laid special emphasis on the grand reception they organized for him on the occasion of his return from internment in Manila.

During the entire time of his internment, three and a half years, in the Philippines, he had no news whatever about China or Canada. And in consequence of this he, although pre-eminently a Chinese missionary, chose to speak on conditions pertaining to the Church in the Philippine Islands.


The speaker explained that the reason for his visit to Manila, in the first place, was to obtain information on the possibility of acquiring new

territory for the Society of which he is Founder. During his forced stay there he had an opportunity to contact two bishops who are most anxious to receive assistance from the Fathers of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society. Emphasis was placed upon the diocese of one of these Ordinaries namely the diocese of Camiling.

In the diocese of Camiling we would have charge of several large parishes. The priests already there, some from Ireland, are permitted to teach Religion in the schools. Monsignor Fraser told his audience that at present in Camiling two Irish Fathers, Fathers Feeney and McDevitt, members of the Foreign Mission Society of St. Columban, are instructing TEN THOUSAND pupils in the doctrines of their Faith.

The population of the Islands is 18,000,000 and out of that number

CHINA: — Rev. Hugh F. X. Sharkey, Editor. Vol. XXVI, No. 8, September, 1945. Issued monthly, September to June; bi-monthly July-August. Rates \$1.00 a year. *Official Publication of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.* ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AND ADMITTED TO PRIVILEGED POSTAGE RATES AT THE POST OFFICE, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, JULY 10, 1924. *Published by Ecclesiastical authority.* Printed by Garden City Press Co-Operative, Toronto 1, Ont.



16,000,000 are Catholics. They are baptized and confirmed but they have not enough priests. There are only 800 priests to care for 16,000,000 souls! Monsignor Fraser pointed out that children are confirmed as soon after baptism as possible, and told of the Archbishop of Manila having confirmed as many as 4,000 souls in one day. Getting back again to statistics it was pointed out that each priest has to care for an average of 20,000 souls! This is Monsignor Fraser's great argument for the need of recruits from Canada. He hopes to lead a new band there on his way back to China.

During the course of his address the speaker reiterated the appeals of the Pope that the Philippines, the pearl of the Orient, had a special privilege and duty since it was the only Christian nation in the Orient, to bring the Good Tidings of the Gospel to China, Japan and India. As a result of this conception of missionary endeavour several Bishops in the Islands hope to see established a seminary for that very purpose. Monsignor Fraser pointed out that "this would elevate the ideal of the priesthood among the native people of the Philippine Islands."

The beautiful city of Manila, once a great mecca for world tourists, has been practically destroyed but architects are already planning for the erection of a new city. In pre-war Manilla a visitor was amazed to find a great number of the very finest institutions of learning. This writer recalls Commencement Exercises held at St. Scholastica's College, under the direction of the Sisters. It was by far the most colourful and most beautiful ceremony of this kind I have ever witnessed.

Monsignor Fraser said very little about the great suffering he must have undergone during three and a half years of forced exile. In fact,

the only specific reference was to the effect that he had not had any bread in all the time he was there.

Concluding his most informative address the well-known missionary asked the ladies to "Pray the Lord of the Harvest to send forth labourers in to His Harvest." As a specific means to attain this end he asked for attendance at Holy Mass and daily reception of Holy Communion.

Remember In Your Prayers

The souls of

The Rev. Thos. Cullen, North Providence, R.I.

Frank J. Casey, deceased, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Mrs. Nicholson, deceased, Port Credit, Ont.

Aurelia Tuffy, Toronto, Ont.

On their souls Sweet Jesus Have Mercy!

Thanksgiving

Favour received through intercession of St. Gerard Magella—Lewiston, Maine, U.S.A.

Thanksgiving to Jesus, Mary, Saints Joseph and Jude—Mrs. C. McComiskey, 547 Hilson Avenue, Ottawa, Ont.

Our Back Cover

On the bloody shore of Iwo Jimma these U.S. Marines kneel and pray their gratitude to God. Let us also celebrate victory on our knees in prayer.



ROSE OF CHINA

REV. S. CASTEL C.M.

(TRANSLATED BY REV. BASIL STEGMANN, O.S.B.)

Reprinted from *Catholic Mission Digest*.

IN Peking, on April 1, 1917, a Chinese girl was born. She was called Ta-jun, which might be translated as "all gracious." Her family name was Wang. As for the family itself, it was cultured, of excellent standing and very well-to-do; several of its members were professors in higher schools or prominent bankers; one of her uncles had even received a degree from the Faculty of Medicine of Berlin. In this intellectual atmosphere the religious convictions appeared rather indefinite, having been replaced by axioms of some of the most advanced philosophical schools of the West. The principle of liberty of conscience seemed to prevail. Of ancient Chinese wisdom, however, the doctrine of family traditions, that doctrine treasured by élite and peasant alike, remained in high honor.

Ta-jun's mother died early, and her father invited his elder sister to take her place in the rearing of Ta-jun, her elder brother and two smaller sisters. She was a kind aunt, admirably tactful, and devoted to the children.

The early years of Ta-jun were without history. We know of but a single incident of that period. One day a little imp—the Pekinese children are very much the same as the children of other countries — stole some toy from Ta-jun. The victim of this theft shed not a single tear. But, afterwards, while being carried by her nurse, she saw the guilty one and, not yet able to speak, she pointed an accusing index finger at the delinquent, which she did not lower until the stolen object was returned to her. Ta-jun showed by this act a calmness and energy extraordinary in so young a child. It was this iron will which, directed by Providence, was to throw her, in spite of all obstacles, into the arms of the Church, and cause it to be said that indeed she was not a child like others.

When Ta-jun reached the usual age, she was sent to the public school. Day after day, the little scholar went off to class, carrying on her arm a small linen bag in which were her books and pencils. On the holidays she would play in the park with her sisters. At eleven she was

graduated from this elementary school, and as a reward the family had her picture taken. Smiling a little, in her white dress, a rose colored scarf about her neck, a book in her hand, Ta-jun gave the impression of a child for whom life held nothing but happiness. But already at this time her health was causing serious apprehensions, since an examination seemed to indicate an affection of the lungs.

Her relatives immediately confided Ta-jun to the Sisters of St. Michael's Hospital, situated in the Legation Quarters. She was brought there on February 20, 1929, and assigned to Room 22. In this room all was white—from bed, cushions, doors, windows, to the very armchairs and the small one-legged table. In these surroundings Ta-jun felt quite at home since she had always been fond of white. Without making her presence felt, the nurse, in her white cornette, went about bringing remedies and medicine with so much kindness that, at first sight of her, Ta-jun thought she was feeling better.

By nature a very close observer, Ta-jun analyzed all that passed before her in these new European surroundings. On certain days mysterious music came from the little chapel on the floor above. Ta-jun listened intently: "Why, they also sing Chinese hymns!" she said. Then she asked, "What are the Sisters doing up so early?"

"They pray," replied Catherine, an "old" Christian with a strong faith but without much learning. Catherine acted as a companion to Ta-jun, who had been ordered to take a complete rest. The Chinese call such a servant an *amah*.

"You know, Catherine," confided the little girl, "They say that in 1900 the Sisters plucked out the eyes of children; but I never believed it." And then followed a deluge of ques-



tions. "To whom do the Sisters pray? To God? Who is God? Who is the Blessed Virgin? Ah, the Sisters receive Communion! What is Communion? You say one must be baptized to go to Heaven? What is Baptism?"

With these few queries Ta-jun had completely exhausted the store of Catherine's theological knowledge; she was altogether out of breath from giving her replies, since Ta-jun hopped like a little bird from one question to another: "Is God everywhere? Why then have I never seen Him? Do you mean there are three gods?"

"Why, no, Ta-jun, there is only one God in three Persons."

Back to the attack at once: "The Trinity? Explain this to me, Catherine!"

Before such a barrage, nothing remained for the poor *amah* but to affirm her faith vigorously: "That's how it is, my dear!"

"But how do you know?" retorted Ta-jun.

Catherine fled to the last argument of simple people: "Father said so! Please, dear, do not ask me such things; I am only a poor ignorant woman. You make my head ache by your many questions. How can I solve all your difficulties? But some of the Fathers who give us instructions are very learned; they have an answer for everything."

And Ta-jun replied: "Very well! I wish to see one of the Fathers."

Just at this time a missionary came to the hospital to assist one of his Chinese *confrères* who was dying. It was during the days of this Chinese priest's agony that Ta-jun, accompanied by her *amah*, presented herself before the missionary. Perhaps his being there was indeed more than a coincidence, and perhaps the painful sufferings of the Chinese priest obtained for Ta-jun the gift of faith.

The first instruction was given forthwith: the priest explained the Our Father. Ta-jun listened attentively to the words of the missionary. This doctrine struck her as being so true, so simple, so consoling, that she found no more objections, but only asked for explanations. From that instant the Faith was fixed forever in her pure heart. God had spoken and she had answered "yes." When she returned to her room, she immediately called Catherine to her side. "Have you a rosary?" she asked.

"Yes, here it is."

"What does one recite on the large beads and what on the little ones?"

"You must first learn the Creed, the Our Father, the Hail Mary and the Glory be to the Father."

In her present role Catherine felt more at ease; to repeat a large number of prayers was her specialty, and she said them all by heart. She taught Ta-jun the formulas of the principal prayers, and by the next evening the docile pupil knew them

perfectly. A rosary had to be given her and she began reciting it.

Catherine was proud of her pupil and a little also of her own instruction. As they say in Chinese, she had recovered her face. But she was only at the beginning of her troubles. Ta-jun recited her rosary with piety and understanding. She compared the various prayers and analyzed their contents. One evening she proposed another question to Catherine: "In Chinese the Creed begins with the words *Wo hsin* which means 'I believe'. Throughout this prayer the same two words recur—*Wo hsin*—I believe this, I believe that . . . Now, tell me, Catherine, how often is this phrase found in the Creed?"

The unfortunate *amah* felt a slight perspiration gather at her forehead. Not wishing to appear ignorant in this matter, she mentally recited the prayer counting the *Wo hsins*. But she became confused and the tallies never agreed.

Ta-jun was jubilant. "What," she said, "you, an 'old' Christian, who have recited the Creed from childhood, you don't know this detail yet? Really, that's funny! Why, I noticed it at once; twelve, Catherine: one repeats 'I believe' twelve times!"

Catherine lost another of her faces; but hurrying to the laundry and putting the same question to her companions, she found their replies were not unanimous—some said ten, others eleven. She heaved a sigh of relief.

For Ta-jun the recitation of the rosary was an act of religion that must be performed as perfectly as possible. Several days in succession the Sister waiting on her noticed that at certain hours, both in the morning and in the evening, she disappeared beneath the coverlet, with which she hid her face. Since the Sister believed this to be an act of playfulness on the part of the child, she said nothing, thinking the best way to put a stop to such con-

duct was to disregard it. The child would surely cease when she discovered she did not attract attention by it. Not at all. Finally, the Sister decided to get at the bottom of the matter.

"My child," she said, "why do you draw the covering over your face? It is not healthy. Your sickness demands that you breathe fresh air."

"Sister," replied the girl, "I am reciting my rosary."

The Sister was amazed: she did not see the connection.

"I have noticed," continued Ta-jun after a moment, "that when I say the rosary with my eyes open I think of this and that" (she did not yet know the word "distractions"), "all of which keeps me from following the sense of the prayers. I tried to say it with my eyes closed, but then I fell asleep. What was there to do? When I pull the coverlet over my face, I can keep my eyes open, well covered, and I think of nothing else but my rosary."

Some one made Ta-jun a gift of an illustrated catechism which had a Chinese text opposite the pictures. Thanks to her knowledge of the characters, Ta-jun once more had the advantage over Catherine. The original roles were reversed and henceforth it was Ta-jun who explained the sacred images to her *amah*. "Disregarding the characters," declared Catherine, "the little miss made me understand very many passages of Holy Scripture, the deeds in the Lives of the Saints, of which I should never have learned without her assistance."

The religious education of Ta-jun advanced apace. To the many and vivid lessons of the missionary mentioned above, who was finally obliged to leave for his mission, succeeded every evening a half-hour of practical lessons in doctrine, given her by another invalid missionary who was to conduct the child to Baptism and to her First Communion.

Your Will . . .

In making, or revising, your Last Will, please remember the Missions, by inserting the following:

"I BEQUEATH TO THE
SCORBORO FOREIGN
MISSION SOCIETY,
SCARBORO BLUFFS,
ONT., THE SUM OF
\$"

Ta-jun had decided to become a Christian. But how was she going to realize her design?

"Do you think I can receive Baptism now?" she demanded one day.

"Certainly you are well enough instructed, my child. But there is no hurry; and, considering that you are still a minor, it is absolutely necessary, before taking a step which involves your future, not only to inform your father of it, but also to obtain his written permission. Only upon that condition will the Church, after serious examination of your religious knowledge, consent to confer Baptism upon you."

"I've had that in mind for a long time already," answered Ta-jun, "and my letter of request is ready to be sent off."

Unfortunately the correspondence between Ta-jun and her father has been mislaid—he was detained out of town at the time on business. Ta-jun however, said that her father answered that, since he believed in freedom of conscience, he was not opposed on principle to her receiving Baptism in a religion that seemed so attractive to her; but, taking her youth into account, he openly showed himself displeased with such a rapid decision. He concluded by advising her to wait till her twentieth year.

(To be continued)

The Gods **Lose Face**

REV. G. MCKERNAN S.F.M.



The Gods Lose Face

OLD Kuo Tzo Fan, though it was still some hours to supper time, decided to use an old man's privilege and knock off early. Patriarch of the village, with scraggy white beard, and elder of the Kuo family, he had retired the year before last and now merely went to the fields to lend a friendly hand and give advice to the two sons who cultivated the land. He always quit early that he might drop in at the tea house and get some sweet meats for his grandchildren. Using his long pipe as a staff he followed the narrow path to the bridge which arched its back like a cat over the stream, so that it was always dry even when the floods came. On the stone bench on the bridge he sat down to enjoy a smoke, his custom of late years, and reminisce on the old days.

A good vantage point this arched bridge, and as such had been used by his grandfather many years ago. On his left stretched the terraced fields of half-grown rice and he could see the farmers fixing up the little irrigation ditches to hold the rains when they came. On his right, sprawling along the little stream for about a hundred yards, was the village of *Shang Shan*. Even in the heat of the afternoon, the village, which numbered twelve hundred souls, showed signs of life. The young women carrying water to prepare the evening meal, their mothers kneeling at the water's edge were luxing the family wash. Old Kuo smiled contentedly as the happy chatter of the women and the yells of the children playing pitch and toss broke the spell. Full rice bins, contented women and healthy children bade well for the future. Truly, mused old Kuo, the gods are good.

The villagers were quite religious and adhered faithfully to the old beliefs. This fact was borne out by the fact that though all the houses except two, Old Kuo's and the Wine Merchant's, had thatched roofs, the places that housed the gods were a work of art.

There were two shrines where the people frequently burned the joss sticks and requested good crops, etc. The whitewashed ancestral hall with its red tiled roof and white stone entrance where the names of the Kuo Ancestors were carved in hard wood plaques and "the spirits lived peacefully," occupied the centre of the village. On a knoll beside old Kuo's rambling establishment but far outdoing it in grandeur stood the temple of the dragon god. It was famous throughout the countryside and many visitors came to admire its fine carvings, frescoed arches and magnificent and costly gold lettered scrolls. The gods of the temple were very popular with the people, and though at times it was necessary to take stern measures with them, they were given credit for having protected the village for hundreds of years. It was only last year the drought was excessive, mused Kuo, and the villagers had gathered together to invoke the dragon king deities for rain. For over a week they had offered incense at the shrines and had daily taken the god from his high altar in the temple and carried him in a procession along the winding paths to show him the parched rice paddies. The god had lent a deaf ear to their earnest supplication and the villagers, frantic at the thought of losing their crops and having spent much of their meagre savings on incense all to no avail, wanted to destroy the beau-

tiful idol. Old *Kuo* had intervened and they had compromised to the extent of leaving the god outside the gate of the temple to be exposed to the rays of the sun. A few days later it rained plentifully and the villagers, overjoyed at the prospect of a good crop, soon forgot the incident. Old *Kuo* alone remained really faithful and planned to replace the god his worthy ancestors had worshipped.

The village had remained unchanged since the days when his Grandfather had gazed lovingly on it from this very point fifty years before. The one exception or addition had been the little house near the bank of the river and a little apart from the cluster of the village houses erected two years before. It had a little wooden Cross, the emblem of a new religion to distinguish it from the other houses. The foreigner who came there two or three times a month was quite harmless and spent his days at the village giving new medicine to the villagers and telling stories about a strange God who had died on a Cross.

Old *Kuo* suddenly realized that an unnatural calm was settling over the village. The women dropped their bundles and ran home calling their children, the farmers in the field stopped work and shading their eyes from the strong sun gazed heavenwards. At last he heard it too. His ears were not as keen as they had been, and a shadow of fear crossed his weather-beaten countenance as he watched seven planes fly over the village on a mission of death. The performance was becoming too frequent and the stories told by visitors and refugees were stories of havoc and misery caused by these planes. Of late some of the villagers had lost relatives in the city to which they had moved, and this had brought the trouble close to

home for the first time. Old *Kuo* decided that something must be done right away.

That night *Kuo Tze Fan* called together the Fathers of the Village and impressed upon them the necessity of invoking the deities. He made a fine speech, telling how the sky, which had always shed gentle rains and sunshine, now pelted down destruction and a shadow of death. He retold the stories told by the visitors and mentioned the plight of the relatives of the villagers who had lived in the city. He recalled the glorious past and the great feats performed by the gods of the dragon temple and that if invoked, these gods who had great powers could protect them and the village from this enemy against whom they were powerless. A holiday was called and the statue, which had been neglected for so many months, regilded and set up on the High Altar. Incense was burned and rice and

(Continued on page 26)



Rev. G. McKernan, S.F.M.



A TRIBUTE

by

Rev. J. McCarthy, S.F.M.



ciples of Faith, Hope and Love taught by Jesus Christ. If you believe in this there will be no difficulty which you cannot conquer, and you should be able to attain your lofty purpose in life and bring the task of national revolution to a successful completion."

Powerful propaganda has attempted to smear an illustrious name. The very vileness of such defeats its aim. The name of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek is still the Big Fourth . . . if there is a Big Three!

TO the great man who has led his country through her darkest hours.

To the MAN OF CHINA who for thirteen years has fought off the growing cancer of Communism . . . a cancer that Winston Churchill describes as, ". . . . mob law with bands of gangsters armed with deadly weapons forcing their way . . . seizing police stations . . . that attempts to introduce a totalitarian regime and clamors to shoot everyone who is politically inconvenient"

To the man who is leader of the world's largest nation, not only for what he has done but also in anticipation of what we hope and know he will do in the restoration of sanity and justice to our no-longer-Christian world.

To the Christian Gentleman who said in his radio speech of Christmas Eve, 1943, "I have touched upon the three most important prin-



Michael Borodin of Moscow, instigator of Chinese communism.



Communist anti-God campaign in northern China—desecration of the picture of Christ crucified.

SIN XUA RHBAO

日六十月一年七十二國民華中

新華日報

號六版出日今 (號大第) 刊創日一十月一年七十二國民華中

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Communist paper published in North China.

*This Chinese
carries with him
a portable stove,
full of red hot
charcoal.*



*This refugee
mother carries
both baby and
belongings in a
novel way.*





China's hope lies in her youth, and she need have no fear, as you can see.

The old patriarch is laid to rest in a rude coffin fashioned from a hollowed log.



MORE PRIESTS FOR THE

Eight More Priests of the Scarboro Foreign



*Rev. J. Moriarty, S.F.M.
Ha. bour Grace, Nfld.*



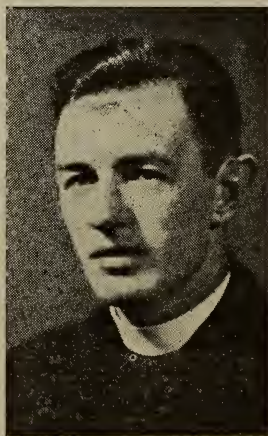
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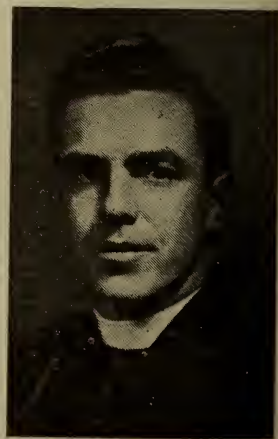
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Seaforth, Ont.*

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

Mission Society leave for Santo Domingo



*Rev. L. Hart, S.F.M.
Cornwall, Ont.*



*Rev. J. McCarthy, S.F.M.
Calgary, Alta.*



This month of harvest will see another band of our priests leave for Santo Domingo, where we pray they will garner in many souls for God.

Besides our five newly ordained, there will be Rev. Father L. Hart, formerly the parish priest of our Toronto Chinese Mission, Rev. J. McCarthy up until now the assistant priest at our Vancouver Mission, and Rev. J. McIver who has been the bursar of our Novitiate at St. Marys, Ont.

CHINA wishes them Godspeed and a fruitful ministry in the Dominican Republic.

The Great Baptizer

(Reprinted from The Catholic Mission Digest)

HER name was Mother Mary of St. Paul Miki: a long and formidable name which convenience and affection shortened to Mother Miki. She was called "The great baptizer" by her own people—and through a sketch written by one of her community something can be told of this Chinese Helper of the Holy Souls.

Catherine Ou belonged to an upper class family which had long been Christian. In her inimitably quaint way, she has left on record: "My father was a man of letters; what you call B.A. At one time he was not fervent; now that he is old, it is coming . . . When my mother heard of a Mass being said in the neighborhood she would rise at midnight, for in China if you do not rise early you cannot have Mass. the distances are too great . . . I was six years old when I left my parents to go and live with my aunt, and I remained there until the Rebellion, when I returned home."

Catherine had to submit early to the torture of having her feet bound which made walking difficult for her through life. During her busy missionary days she made her rounds in a wheelbarrow which became a loved and familiar but laughable sight in the streets of Shanghai.

When she was eighteen, a priest made arrangements for her to study

at Sen-Mou-Leu. While she was there the Helpers of the Holy Souls, founded only seven years before, came to Shanghai to assume responsibility for the school. The Bishop had urged their coming, saying: "Three thousand virgins await you in China; come and teach them to pray."

There were many young women who wished to work for the missions and to bind themselves by a vow of chastity. Catharine was one of these: but after a time she longed to become a real nun and entered the noviate of the Helpers. At her clothing she received the name of the Japanese martyr-saint, Paul Miki.

In 1874, at the age of twenty-four, Sister Miki made her first vows and began the thirty-three year apostolate which was to be marvelously fruitful. By hundreds she sent little babies to heaven; of the number of her adult converts there is no record. All her work was done at various stations in Shanghai. The dispensaries she founded became an inexhaustible source of baptisms and conversions. In those days no European, not even priest, Sister or nurse, could set foot in the dispensaries; that would have made them suspect forever. So Sister Miki's work was such as she alone could do. "Sometimes she would return to the Community in the hot days of July or August, her



arms weary with baptizing, her body broken with the jolts of the wheelbarrow, but her whole being radiant . . .

For fifteen years Mother Miki laboured thus; then, for a year her work was interrupted when she was chosen to accompany two superiors to Paris for the General Chapter at the Mother House in 1889. She saw also Rheims, Cannes, London and Rome; and everywhere she charmed and edified people by her simplicity, her childlike enthusiasm, her deep faith and her entire self forgetfulness. Day by day she kept a journal for the pleasure of her sister Helpers who were less favoured than she. A touching and amusing document that diary is, and edifying above all.

At Rome she could hardly contain her happiness: "The infinite goodness of God allows me to see the precious things of Rome; but I am incapable of explaining, for you know, I think Rome is the waiting-room of heaven . . . Oh, if you heard the Holy Father say his Miss. His supplicating voice wrings the heart with emotion."

At a private audience the Holy Father said to her, "Why are the

Chinese mandarins so cruel; why do they kill the missionaries?" "I made no reply but I felt inclined to answer 'Holy Father, it isn't I who do that. I love Europeans and would lay down my life for our European Mothers'."

Everywhere Mother Miki went "from astonishment to astonishment." She returned, then, to China, to labour for seventeen more years. Naturally light-hearted and amiable, her happiness grew constantly. Nothing disturbed her because, as she said, God arranges everything. Her bright smile helped her patients almost as much as her medicines; and within the Community she was ever thoughtful of others and the gayest of the gay at recreations. In those hours of relaxation she talked much of God Who was "at once her quest and her repose."

When she was about fifty-five years of age her health broke, but she continued to work until her disease had gone too far to be checked. She suffered greatly but refused the opiates which the doctor ordered. "Because," she argued, "I want to deserve Heaven and deliver the souls in Purgatory."

The Last Sacraments were administered and for some days she and her God were alone together until death came.





*The Most Rev. Gerald Berry, D.D.
Bishop of Peterboro.*



“SCARBORO”
offers
CONGRATULATIONS
to
ONTARIO’S
NEW
BISHOPS



AD MULTOS ANNOS!



RIGHT:
*The Most Rev. W. J. Smith, D.D.
Bishop of Pembroke.*

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Please help us complete this Burse!

At Fatima, Our Blessed Mother revealed that God wills devotion to her Immaculate Heart. Recently Our Holy Father Pope Pius XII ordered the universal celebration of a new Feast in honour of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. The Feast Day is August 22nd.



★ FISHIN' ★

("Come and I will make you fishers of men")
REV. HUGH F.X. SHARKEY S.F.M.

There's a brook that I remember
'Twas the prettiest about,
Deep and clear, and nicely shaded,
Full of lovely, speckled trout.
And we used to go there fishin'
In the days of long ago;
With our worms and rods and tackle,
Jim and Bill and Frank and Joe.
And we'd take our lunches with us
So we'd have the whole day there;
Just a-sittin' and a-dreamin'
Not a worry or a care.
Till we'd feel a kind of tuggin'
At the rod within our hand,
And we'd give a whoop of triumph
As we brought our catch to land.
Well, the brook is still a-babblin'
Under branches, red and gold;
But the old gang ain't there these times,
As they were in days of old.
For, one day as we sat fishin'
On an afternoon in Fall,
A strange shadow fell between us
And we heard the Master call.
Yes, the years have slipped by quickly
And the gang has dropped to four,
And poor Frank will not go fishin'
With the old gang any more.
For the Communists, they shot him
When they raided Chuchufu,
And my cheeks are damp and glistening,
And it ain't the evening dew.
Father Joe is down in Honan,
Father Jim is here with me,
And we sometimes hear from Billy
All alone in Kiangsi.
He has fled into the hilltops,
Just escaped a band of Reds;
And we're 'spectin' every moment
To be hearing he is dead.
While the old brook babbles softly,
At our favourite rendezvous,
And there, other lads are fishin'
As we youngsters used to do.
And I hope they'll hear the same call
As our old gang heard it then,
For a lad can't do no better
Than go fishin' souls of men.

The
★

LITTLE ROSE



FLOWER'S GARDEN

THE NEWS COLUMN

From the Mail Bag

September once again and that means 'Back to School' for another year. It is always well to begin with a purpose and I think for all Catholic children 'starting back' to school or college that the very best thing they could do is to make sure their intention is directed to God and the accomplishing of His Holy Will. Even though you may be a very young pupil your year's work at school is of very great importance and will play an important part in your future life. I suggest that you place yourself, dear reader, under the care and protection of Our Blessed Mother and allow Her to lead you by the hand along the road that lies ahead. Her Immaculate Heart is full of love for you and she seeks only to make you know and love Her Divine Son more and more. Make the School-Year of 1945-46 a year of devoted prayer and study through Mary to Her Saviour-Son.

appreciated Spiritual Bouquet for the Missions. Rest assured, dear friends, that we will include you in our prayers for your kind remembrance of us. In addition to this most important offering for the Scarboro Missionaries we are also deeply grateful for a generous financial contribution. . . . From a letter written by Rita I. Coombs of Spaniard's Bay, Newfoundland: "Well, Father, I am sending you 500 used stamps and a small donation." . . . We are again most grateful to Sister M. Seraphine and her Young Missionaries at Thorold, Ontario, for donation, prayers and many interesting letters from Holy Rosary School. . . . "My brother had those stamps ready to send you and before he sent them he died, so I want you to remember him in your prayers. His name is Kenneth." May God have mercy on his soul and I know that the members of the Rose Garden of the Little Flower will also be mindful of his soul especially at Holy Mass and when they recite their Rosary. . . . Larry Kelly writes on behalf of his fellow missionaries at St. Patrick's Elementary School, Fort William, Ontario: "Our school is very interested in your work and we wish you much success. We pray God will continue to shower you with His Blessings." Thank you Larry and all at Fort William. We hope that someday God will send us missionaries for the priesthood from 'The Head of the Lakes' and I am sure the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception of Pembroke, On-

SPIRITUAL BOUQUET FOR THE MISSIONS

Masses	280
Holy Communions	70
Rosaries	170
Prayers	800
Visits to the Blessed Sacrament	130
Attendance at Benediction	126

From the Mission Members of Grades VIII and IX of Mount Carmel School, New Waterford, C.B., Nova Scotia, comes the above and very much

tario, would welcome recruits for the Foreign Missions. . . . Down in Newfoundland there is a place called INNISMARA, BAY OF THE ISLANDS, and the pupils of Grades Three to Seven have sent a generous donation to assist our missionaries in their work for souls. They use our Mite Box down there and we appreciate their zeal and interest a very great deal. May God bless you all. Maybe we will have some vocations from INNISMARA, priests and Sisters to carry the Good Tidings across the Pacific to the people of China or some other land far from home. . . . Al Martin who lives in the Capital City of Canada has this to say: "I am a pupil at St. Patrick's School, Grade Nine. I am enclosing this money so I may help the Scarboro Foreign Missions. I hope this may, in some way, help the missionaries in their outstanding work of saving souls." Thank you Al, and please write soon again. . . . To all our friends we say Adios! and may God bless you one and all; may the Immaculate Heart of Mary be your inspiration in your love of God. Father Jim.

NEW MEMBERS

Fred Bradfield, 127 Victoria Park, (St. John's Training School) Scarboro, Ont.; Anne Ellen Frances Kent, 13 Monkstown Road, St. John's, Nfld.; Bernadette Murdock, 70 James Street, Peterboro, Ontario; Helen Marie Joyce, 7 Eleventh Street, Kingston Heights, Ontario; Laurence Christopher Power, P.O. Box 72, Buchans, Nfld.; Dorothy Power, P.O. Box 72, Buchans, Nfld.; Theresa Whelan, 626 Broadway, Woodstock, New Brunswick; Pauline Mary Truppe, 126 St. George Street, Kitchener, Ontario; Francis Godderis, Box 542, Fernie, British Columbia; Carmel D'Asti, 1322 Britannia Street, Montreal, 22, Que.; Mary Catherine Patterson, 868 Princess Street, Kingston, Ontario; Doreen Pickering, Corner Brook, Newfoundland; Mary Helena Gallant, R.R. 2, Fredericton, P.E.I.; Norma White, Bell Island, Newfoundland.

THE SCHOOL MISSION CLUB OTTERBURY, HARBOUR GRACE, NEWFOUNDLAND

Michael McCarthy, Aggie Dwyer, Mary Jordon, Margaret Quigley, Valentine Dunn, William McCarthy, Ronald Byrne, Bernice Jordan, Sheila Hearn, Helen Butt, Lizzie Reynolds, Betty

Hearn, Loretta Jordan, Mary Smalcombe, Patricia Hearn, Patricia Martin, Kathleen Martin, Patricia St. John, Daniel Maloney, Edward Byrne, Rosemarie Byrne, Anne Dunn, Annie Martin.

PEN PAL CORNER

Theresa Whalen, 626 Broadway, Woodstock, N.B. 17 years old.

Helen Marie Joyce, 7 Eleventh Street, Kingston Heights, Ontario. 6 years old.

Francis Joyce, 7 Eleventh Street, Kingston Heights, Ontario. 8 years old.

Gertrude Brennan, 12 Bell Street, St. John's, Newfoundland. 16 years old.

Bernadette Murdock, 70 James Street, Peterboro, Ont.

Audrey Strub, 48 Ellen Street, Kitchener, Ont. 13 years old.

Pauline Truppe, 124 St. George Street, Kitchener, Ont. Age 13.

Mary Alison Macdonald, R.R. No. 1, Williamstown, Ontario. Age 9.

Helen O'Toole, Brighton Avenue, Sydney Mines, N.S. 12 years old.

Mary Jane Early, 17 Maple Street, Chatham, Ont. 12 years old.

Agnes Beaubien, 33 Brock Street, Chatham, Ont. 16 years old.

Mary Fitzpatrick, Bay Roberts, Conception Bay, Newfoundland. 13 years old.

Mary Sabgster, 105 Edgemont Avenue, Hamilton, Ont. 16 years old.

Lois Trepanier, Pleasant Ridge Road, Brantford, Ont. 13 years of age.

Mary Furttoral, Beachville, Ont. 13 years of age.

Joyce St. Louis, 1141 Curry Avenue, Windsor, Ont. 11 years old.

THE NEED IS URGENT



Please see page 2.

THE LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

Patroness of France

BY K.M.B.

IN THE LORETTO RAINBOW

Throughout the world, lovers of the little Carmelite Saint of Lisieux, Patroness of the Missions, rejoiced on hearing of the new honours which have been accorded her.

In response to an appeal made by the Hierarchy of France, Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, in an Apostolic Letter which has been published in *Acta Apostolicae Sedis*, proclaimed Saint Thérèse of Lisieux Secondary National Patroness of France. She thus ranks with Saint Joan of Arc, previously chosen Secondary Patroness, next to Our Blessed Lady, who is the Primary Principal Patroness of France, under the title of Our Lady of the Assumption.

Unique was the series of ceremonies in connection with the latest distinction conferred on St. Thérèse. Because of the devastation and difficulties resulting from the war, the ceremonies could not have been fittingly carried out in Lisieux; accordingly, the Prioress of Carmel, Mother Agnes (The Little Flower's sister, Pauline) granted permission for the removal from Lisieux to Paris of the casket containing the remains of the Saint.

In this triumphal procession, the precious treasure was brought into a church in each of the more important cities, to afford an opportunity to the faithful to pay their tribute, and invoke the intercession of their new national patroness. From accounts published, we learned that in Paris, at the Cathedral of Notre Dame, three Cardinals, seventeen Archbishops, eight Bishops and many Priests received the casket, after which Solemn High Mass was sung in the great edifice, which was completely filled, while a multitude waited in the square, unable to get in. In the afternoon when the casket was brought out to the square, thousands who had waited patiently for hours, greeted their new national patroness with prayers and hymns in her honour. In many of the churches, even those to which the casket was not brought, services were held day and night in

honour of the beloved saint, and thousands were constantly in attendance.

By the temporary visit of The Little Flower's remains to the Capital City of France and to numerous towns *en route*, a new impetus has been given to a world-wide devotion to her, and to the saint-making practices dear to her, prayer and sacrifice for the missions: for souls.

Again her fascinating autobiography, "Saint Thérèse of Lisieux, The Little Flower of Jesus," is being widely read, as are also the many other volumes telling of her "Little Way." To those who wish to get something new in "Little Flower" biography, Mary Fabyan Windeatt's recently published "Little Queen" will specially appeal.

K.M.B.

OFFICIAL PRAYER

Prayer of St. Francis Xavier for the Conversion of Infidels

"O Eternal God, Creator of all things, be mindful of the souls of unbelievers created by Thee and fashioned to Thine image and likeness. Remember that Jesus, Thy Son, suffered a most cruel death for their salvation. Permit not, I beseech Thee, O Lord, that Thy Son be any longer despised by unbelievers; but appeased by the prayers of holy men and of the Church, the Spouse of Thy most Holy Son, remember Thy mercy, and, forgetting their idolatry and their unbelief, bring them at length to acknowledge Him Whom Thou has sent, Our Lord Jesus Christ, Who is our salvation, life and resurrection, through Whom we are saved and set free; to Whom be glory throughout infinite ages.

Amen."

500 days' Indulgence each recital
Plenary, once a month.
(With ecclesiastical approbation)

THE LEGEND OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST AND THE BUTTERFLY

As told by
Padre Roberto Hymus, S.F.M.

If you were a missionary priest of St. Francis Xavier Seminary here in La Republica Dominicana you would notice each 24th June a large number of common butterflies, and also groups of boys chasing these same butterflies in every direction. Then you would say: "What's the idea?" Only you would say it in Spanish and in a more refined way.

Well, the idea is to punish the butterflies for what they did to St. John the Baptist when he was a little boy.

THE LEGEND

One day (all legends should begin in this way), a little boy named John was playing outside his house. He noticed a butterfly bobbing up and down as it flew, not unlike a cork on a choppy sea. Little John's eyes fastened with wonderment on the tantalizing creature that hovered over a nearby flower. The childish feet began to move and the little hand opened in expectation to capture the beautiful creature. But alas! The butterfly hovered over another flower just a few paces farther on. And so moved the little legs and upraised hand. The boy in his eagerness forgot his mother, Isabel, and his little house in the hill country. The whole world for him was contained in the glistening wings of a butterfly that just kept eluding his grasp.

The short distances from one flower to another multiplied and finally the infant legs grew tired and the infant mind lost interest in the flitting creature. The butterfly continued its crazy pattern in tireless and happy flight. The childish eyes sought the backward trail and knew that he was lost. Like the bleating of the lambs he was so soon to guard, the child cried and the anxious mother rushed to grasp him in her arms.

Such is the pleasant legend of the butterflies that appear so plentiful on June 24th, Feast of St. John the Baptist, and the shouting, happy boys who run to and fro with little branches to chastise them. There is something human and loveable about the Saints, if you know them the "Spanish-American Way."

THE GODS LOSE FACE

(Continued from page 11)

pigs' heads were offered to appease the gods for the gross neglect they had endured. Plans were made to hold a procession in honour of the gods every month, and especially in time of danger.

The sunny days had passed, the rains came and were now almost over, processions were held weekly in honour of the gods. The rumours of devastation grew more constant, alone among the neighbouring towns and villages *Shang Shan* remained unscathed. The foreigner continued to give medicine to the sick, and preach of the great and true God, the children continued to yell and play pitch and toss in the narrow streets, and, what was most important to Old *Kuo*, the gods continued to "make Face". Once in the month of August the villagers had occasion to fear. A plane one day appeared over the village and instead of passing on circled the village for some time, before dropping out of sight over the horizon. No actual harm had been done, but this served to increase the ardour of the people, and they entered into the spirit of the processions with renewed vigour.

Then one day a number of planes appeared over the village, there was a lot of machine gun fire, and some bombs were dropped about two miles from the village. What had happened was this. The Japanese had decided to bomb an American airfield some fifty miles from *Shang Shan*, but their bombers were intercepted practically over the village by American fighter planes. The Japanese pilots, surprised, dropped their load of bombs and scattered in all directions, while the American boys, just spoiling for a fight, took advantage of their position and opened their guns on the enemy bombers. When last seen the

Yankees had the situation well under control. One of the fighter planes, just before going into the attack, had jettisoned the extra gas tank which fighter planes sometimes carry when going on long missions. This almost empty gas tank landed in *Loa Kuo's* back yard.

To old *Kuo* and the other villagers what had happened was this. A number of planes had appeared over the village with the intent of bombing it out of existence. However, the great dragon gods had caused the pilots to become confused and they had started to fight each other. Their attitude was excusable as they had no idea that American fighter planes were anywhere in the vicinity.

Old *Kuo* and his sons did not go near the house for some time as they feared a bomb had landed in their small courtyard. Finally they did look in cautiously and seeing a harmless gas tank they beckoned to their friends to come and see. Not only did the gods protect us, said Old *Kuo*, but here they send us a gift from the clear sky. The occasion of the gift called for a small ceremony to thank the gods and so *Kuo* had the tank moved to his back door and asked the sons of the house to bring the incense sticks. He placed a small replica of the dragon temple god on a bench beside the tank and proceeded to do it honour. Bowing before the small dragon god idol with the incense stick clutched in his two hands, the fumes of the gas caught a spark from the stick and an explosion followed.

Poor old *Kuo* was almost frightened to death but was only slightly burned. The fire spread towards the house and there was no saving it now. Late that night after having watched all they owned burn to a crisp, old *Kuo*, his two sons and some of his closer friends entered the temple. The dragon gods that

he had befriended had made a fool of him; this was how they treated him who had served them nigh on to seventy years; he would show them. That night the gods disappeared from the temple and were broken into pieces by *Kuo* and his friends. The dust, all that was left of them, was dumped into the river. The gods had lost face, because they had lost their strength, and for the first time since it was built hundreds of years before, *Shang Shan* was without a god.

THE following morning the foreigner came up to old *Kuo* and insisted on treating his burns, and giving him some medicine. It was some weeks later that he found courage to sit and listen to the story of the great and true God; old *Kuo* liked what he heard. He borrowed a catechism and took it with him. He had always been a religious man and must have a God, the old gods had "lost face", the disappointment had been terrible, had almost broken his heart, but as he read of this new God he smiled; here was a God that could do everything, a God that could be trusted.

Some few months later old *Kuo* and many of his friends were baptized; that was a great day. Following the banquet *Kuo* stood up to make a speech. He made another very fine speech, in which he suggested that the dragon temple that had been built to house "the gods that lost face" be repainted and used to house the God of All they had come to know that very day.

PRAY
FOR
THE
MISSIONS!



ABOVE:

*St. Augustine's Seminary, where
our students study Theology.*

RIGHT:

Seminarians at recreation.



BELOW:

Listening to a hockey broadcast.





ST. THERESE
OF THE
CHILD JESUS



PATRONESS
OF THE
MISSIONS
AND OF
FRANCE



PRAY
FOR US!

The Reason

by

BLANCHE YVONNE MOSLER



*We search for answers now, amid
the ruins,
Among the vanished hopes and the
lost dreams flying;
Bewildered, countless times, we turn
to ask
The reason for a weary world fast
dying.*

*Has God forgotten us? Comes the
heart's cry,
Cry in the darkness; cry of despair
. . . regret;
We turn and look into each
stranger's eyes,—
Not dreaming He is walking with us
yet.*

*It's we who've forgotten: we in our
soul's December;
We who've forsaken faith and gentle
things;
Perhaps now, in our sadness, we'll
remember,
We tossed away love's garment. All
that brings*

*Joy to life we sold, or gave away,
Selfish and greedy now, so naked we
Stand without weapons in our bleaker
day,
Blaming Him now for our uncer-
tainty.*

*At least, let's face it honestly. We
know
The reason why all beauty's taken
flight;
There were no candles lit for many
a day,
There were no altar fires in our
night!*



It's Time to Laugh



A man was passing a lunatic asylum, walking very slowly and reading his newspaper, when he was suddenly startled by one of the inmates who peered through the railings and said eagerly:

"Tell us the latest news, mate."

"We are well into Germany," said the pedestrian, "and peace may come at any moment."

"Blimey," said the lunatic, "they'll go mad in here when I tell 'em."

* * *

Short-sighted burglar: I must get another pair of spectacles. This is the third time I've mistaken a flag pole for a drain-pipe.

* * *

An Englishman was crossing the street intersection, carrying a big bag of sugar. He stumbled and fell, spilling the sugar all over and since sugar is so precious nowadays, he was on his knees scooping it up.

Along came a big Irish cop and shouted: "Hey, you there! Don't you know that you are holding up all the traffic?"

"But, officer," said the Englishman, "I need this sugar badly for my tea."

The big cop glowered at him and then gave him a couple of raps over the head with his night stick, as he shouted—"Well, while you're at it, old chappie, here are two lumps for your cocoa."

* * *

Landlady: "While changing sheets this morning I found 75c in your bed."

Boarder: "Oh, yes—my sleeping quarters."

* * *

They say there's a move afoot at present to change the sign over the doors of the street cars and buses. Some people think it should read: "Pray as you enter."

A fellow has to be a contortionist these days to get along, says a philosopher. "First he has to keep his back to the wall and his ear to the ground. Then he must put his shoulder to the wheel, his nose to the grindstone, keep a level head, and have both feet on the ground."

* * *

Pat: Lend me a shovel to get my friend out of the bog.

Farmer: How far has he sunk down?

Pat: Up to his ankles.

Farmer: Can't he get out himself?

Pat: Ah, but he fell in head first.

* * *

In a small town, on the coldest Sunday last winter, the local minister delivered a sermon on the subject: "Eternal Punishment," wherein he thundered dire threats of the fire and brimstone which awaited the unrepentant sinner. The congregation was unmoved.

Leaning over the pulpit, and fixing his gaze on the sexton seated in the front row, the disappointed preacher bitterly exclaimed: "Deacon Peabody, do, pray, see that this church is properly warmed for the evening service. There is no use in my preaching to sinners of the dangers of hell when the very idea of hell is a comfort to them."

* * *

Two Negro teamsters were arguing as to how long crap shooting had been a popular pastime in certain circles. "Ah tell you it was invented in de Spanish-American Wah," insisted Moses.

"Niggah, yo' ignorance am shocking," declared Rastus. "A man wrote a book called 'Pair o' Dice Lost' before Gawge Washington was born."

* * *

At the meeting of the local council there had been some discussion regarding the type of milk which should be provided for the school children.

To conclude the debate, the chairman rose portentously to his feet. "Gentlemen," he declared, "what this town needs is a supply of clean, fresh milk, and the council should take the bull by the horns and demand it."

Husband: "My dear wife, I have taken you safely over all the rough spots of life, haven't I?"

Wife: "Yes, I don't believe you missed any of them."

* * *

Dr. A.: "Why do you always make such particular inquiries as to what your patients eat? Does that assist you in your diagnosis?"

Dr. B. "Not that, but it enables me to ascertain their social position and arrange my fees accordingly."

* * *

The loud and objectionable bore had been talking for hours about himself and his achievements.

He: "I'm a self-made man, that's what I am—a self-made man."

"Listener: "You knocked off work too soon."

* * *

A doctor had an urgent phone call from a gentleman saying his small son had swallowed his fountain pen.

"All right, I'll come at once," the doctor assured him. "What are you doing in the meantime?"

And the gentleman answered, "Using a pencil."

* * *

Two men who had traveled were comparing their ideas about foreign cities.

"London," said one, "is certainly the foggiest place in the world."

"Oh, no, it's not," said the other. "I've been in a place much foggier than London."

"Where was that?" asked his friend.

"I don't know where it was," replied the second man, "it was so foggy."

* * *

Johnny Jones: "Dad, what is the difference between a cat and a comma?"

Elder Jones: "I don't know; what is it, Johnny?"

Johnny: "A cat has claws at the end of its paws, while a comma is a pause at the end of a clause."

* * *

The strong man at the country fair had squeezed the juice out of a lemon. Holding it up before the crowd he shouted: "I'll give \$5 to anyone who can squeeze another drop of juice out of this lemon!"

Up stepped a little man. He gripped the lemon and, to the surprise of the crowd, squeezed out several drops.

"It's easy," he murmured, "I'm a tax collector."

Workman: "Would you increase my wages? I was married yesterday."

"Sorry," said the foreman, "but we are not responsible for accidents outside the factory."

* * *

Hitler was reviewing his troops and stopped to talk to one private.

"How are things with you?"

"Oh, I can't complain, sir."

"I'll say you can't."

* * *

At the Service Club a soldier was dancing with a statuesque blonde and not making much of a job of it. Presently he said: "I'm afraid I'm not dancing well. I'm a little stiff from polo." And the girl replied: "It's a matter of indifference to me where you were born."

* * *

A dusky son of Alabama was busily engaged in a cootie hunt. When asked by a sergeant what he was doing, he replied: "I'se a-huntin' for dem 'rithmetic bugs."

"Why do you call them arithmetic bugs?"

"'Cause dey add to ma misery, dey subtracts from ma pleasure, dey divides ma attention, and dey multiply like de dickens!"

* * *

Two men, who hadn't seen each other for fifteen years, met and began reminiscing.

"Is your wife as pretty as she used to be?" asked one.

"Oh, yes," replied the other, "but it takes her quite a bit longer."

* * *

The man walked angrily into the boot repairer's shop. "Look here," he said, "you advertise 'Boots repaired while you wait'—and you have had mine a week and not finished 'em yet!"

"Well," replied the boot-mender, "you're waitin', aren't you?"

* * *

A very stout man was walking on the promenade of a seaside town when he noticed a weighing machine with the notice: "I speak your weight."

He put a penny in the slot and stood on the platform. A voice answered: "One at a time, please."

* * *

Ethel—"But, Papa, he says he cannot live without me."

Father—"Tell him to think up a new one. I told that to your mother."

* * *

Teacher: "Robert, give me a sentence which includes the word 'fascinate'."

Robert: "My father has a waistcoat with 10 buttons on but he can only fasten eight."



HELP *US* REBUILD!

Please read page two
of this issue.



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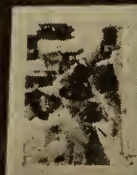
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SCARBOROUGH
FOREIGN MISSIONS



Paul Edwards



UNITED
METHODIST
CHURCH



TOUR
SCARBOROUGH
FOREIGN
MISSIONS

News Briefs



New Appointments

Rev. Lorne MacFarland formerly stationed at our Novitiate has been appointed assistant to Rev. William Matte in the Chinese Mission at Victoria, B.C.

Rev. Alex MacIntosh has been appointed assistant to Rev. Charles Murphy in the Chinese Catholic parish of Vancouver. Rev. Fr. Jack McCarthy who was slated to proceed to Santo Domingo, will for the present carry on his Catholic Youth work among the Chinese in Vancouver.

Rev. Jack McGoey has been appointed assistant editor of the China Magazine. He is concurrently campaigning in the schools, for vocations and Mission aid.

Rev. Ed. Moriarty has been named circulation manager of the Society's publication China.

Rev. Ronald Reeves will continue his studies at the Toronto University.

Rev. Ed. Lyons will study for a degree in Theology at the Ottawa University.

The Scarboro Foreign Mission Society's booth at the recent Missionary Exhibition in Vancouver. It was under direction of Monsignor McGrath.

Seminary Reopens

On September 17th St. Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary reopened for the scholastic year of 1945-1946. Very Rev. Rogers Pelow, Rector of the seminary, announced that the enrollment of new students was the largest in the history of the institution. This indeed was gratifying news and we most fervently pray that it points the way to a new era of missionary consciousness on the part of the people of Canada.

Nazareth House our Novitiate at St. Marys, Ontario, reopened on September 1st with an enrollment of nine novices. Very Rev. William K. Amyot, the novice master, has as his assistants Rev. James Leonard, formerly associate editor of the China Magazine, and Rev. William Cox, Bursar of the Institution.

CHINA: — Rev. Hugh F. X. Sharkey, Editor. Rev. J. McGoey, Associate Editor. Vol. XXVI, No. 9, October, 1945. Issued monthly, September to June; bi-monthly July-August. Rates \$1.00 a year. Official Publication of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AND ADMITTED TO PRIVILEGED POSTAGE RATES AT THE POST OFFICE, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, JULY 10, 1924. Published by Ecclesiastical authority. Printed by Garden City Press Co-Operative, Toronto 1, Ont.

Immaculate Heart of Mary

NEW FEAST THROUGH FATIMA

THE Holy See has put its stamp of approval on the title of Immaculate Heart of Mary and has ordered that a feast under this title be observed on August 22, the octave of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Although the decree establishing the feast, which has been given a special Mass and Office, is dated May 4, 1944, it was promulgated only last May—to the great joy of Mary's millions of children.

It should be remembered that this devotion was approved at the end of the last century under the title of the Most Pure Heart of Mary and in some places was observed on the octave of the Assumption. Besides this, the Heart of Mary was honored with such expressions as Most Admirable, Most Holy, and others. But during her apparitions at Fatima in 1917 Our Blessed Lady requested a special devotion of reparation to her Immaculate Heart and also asked that the world, Russia being specially mentioned, be dedicated to her Immaculate Heart. It was in response to this wish that on October 31, 1942, at the close of the celebrations of the 25th anniversary of the apparitions at Fatima, Pope Pius XII consecrated the whole world to the Immaculate Heart of Mary and then took measures to institute the new feast. One of the results of Our Lady's request is that to-day many people are keeping the First Five Saturdays and are praying the Rosary with renewed fervor.

The purpose of the new feast is that all nations may, through the intercession of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, enjoy peace, that the Church may have liberty, that sinners may be converted and that all may advance in the love of spiritual things

and the practice of virtue. It is a purpose that inspires true hope at a time when, according to purely human reckoning, the outlook is not too bright. What Tennyson wrote in "Mort d'Arthur," "More things are wrought by prayer Than this world dreams of," is still true. This applies especially to prayer addressed to the Mother of our Saviour.

* * *

Chinese Convert Speaks In British Tour

A recent visitor to Britain is one of China's most notable Catholic laymen—Professor Francis Yeh Ch'iu-Yuan, who has arrived from the United States and will shortly begin a lecture tour.

Dr. Yuan was received into the Church in 1940. Writer, university teacher, editor and anthropologist, he has been called the "Belloc of China." His collaboration with Dr. John C. H. Wu, another noted convert, has been compared with the "Chester-Belloc" combination in this country.

Dr. Yuan's contacts with the Catholic Church began in 1924 when he went to the United States to teach at Indiana University. He taught at several universities upon his return to China and his influence won the support of thousands of students. He is a Fellow of the Geological Society of China, and head of the Catholic Truth Society in China.

OUR COVER

Our Lady of The Snows. Used with kind permission of the Sisters of St. Dominic of Maryknoll. This picture is copyrighted.

For SUCH AS THESE



T.M.MORRISSEY S.

BY evening we would be in Tsing-tien, our most coastal mission in the province of Chekiang. From early morning all twelve of us, eight Priests and four Sisters, had been sharing cramped space in a sampan. So about four o'clock in the afternoon we decided to change our river-boat for "shanks' mare". The road, long since visited by demolition squads, was for the most part deserted. But in the distance we could see what seemed to be a mother with a baby strapped to her back. Over-taking them we saw that the baby was sick, so sick that medicine could be of no possible avail. The Sisters, known throughout the length and breadth of the Lishui Prefecture for their works of mercy, still had a remedy. One of them dipped a clean handkerchief in a nearby stream while Sister M. Catherine, so as to allay any suspicion on the part of the young pagan mother, crushed the smaller part of an aspirin. The Sister returned and the aspirin administered but at the same time water from the soaked handkerchief was poured on the baby's head with the words "Joseph, I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son

and of the Holy Ghost". Joseph would die but for him "to die was to live". This one incident more than any other lives most vividly in my memory as I recall our first trip from Shanghai up to the hinterland of Chekiang in November of 1938.

But time marches on and it is Springtime in Tangki; the first days of Spring in 1941. Things Chinese were becoming things natural and familiar; the language that had once been so formidable had by this time become less difficult and more like human expression of human thoughts. I was alone in my room when through the torrential rain came a man to my door. His story was not altogether unfamiliar. His aunt, in the last throes of tuberculosis, was dying. A pagan, yes! but in the long ago she had once heard a French missionary tell of the Catholic Church and of Heaven that was the reward of those who were members of that church. She wished to die a Catholic, would the Shenfu (priest) come to her? Thank God for China, another soul perhaps. But with what chagrin did I learn that the stricken lady was the wife of three surviving husbands. Necessary questions were

asked and the corresponding solutions found in Theology books that have since made bonfire material for roaming soldiers. So that evening long after the pall of night had been placed over Tangki the light of Faith was infused into the soul of one Mrs. Wang. Her true husband stood by her death-bed and another wedding ceremony was performed. The officiating Priest, in dripping soutane and shoes, came from an Atlantic island almost ten thousand miles away. That night the bride dreamt that Christ had come to her. The next morning she, who had rarely, if ever, seen a picture of our Lord, described Him in detail, at least, as He is depicted to us. The following evening, just twenty-four hours after her baptism, she died.

Once again the seasons had changed. Spring had blossomed into Summer and it in turn had faded into Fall. I was walking up and down our little chapel reciting my breviary when Mrs. Chiang, our catechist's wife, hurried to meet me. A Christian from the mountains was lying prostrate at the city gate. A rude stretcher was hurriedly prepared and in a few minutes my old friend Hsia, the cooper, was brought into the mission compound. How often had I advised him to receive the sacraments as frequently as he could, scolded him because he was neglecting his Christian duties! And now he was dying and the first missionary who had upbraided him had brought him to the mission to die. We laid his exhausted body on a makeshift bed and immediately the holy oils were placed on his eyes before they were sealed forever in death . . . "Per istam sanctam unctionem . . ." The anointing was completed, occasionally the once active cooper moved his lips in prayer. And just as the nearby Christians were gathering for the evening Rosary the soul of Hsia the cooper left the Kingdom called "Flowery"

for an eternal one beyond the stars.

Another Summer with its withering heat has burst upon the placid countryside of Tangki. Sunday Mass was finished and the Christians were bidding me "tsai wei" (goodbye) at the chapel door. But an old familiar face is absent. Where is old Mrs. Fan? Nobody had seen her because she was the only Catholic in a thoroughly pagan village about four miles up the country. Maybe she is sick; so that afternoon armed with aspirins and various patent medicines the catechist and I start off for the honourable dwelling of Mrs. Fan. She meets us at the door apparently in the best of health. After the conventional greeting I asked her why she was not at Mass in the morning. "Oh, Shenfu!" she replied, "my husband is a devil. He hates the Lord of Heaven and the Catholic church. He told me never to go to Sunday mass again because by so doing I was delaying his noonday rice and he threatens that if I go again he will cut off both my feet. And as if in confirmation of this threat he threw the whole pot of noonday rice in my face." Poor old Mrs. Fan. God is testing your faith but do not despair and He will protect you. "I shall not listen to my husband, the old devil" replies Mrs. Fan, "I have said my Rosary several times to-day when he was out in the fields and to-morrow he wants me to go to the city to buy some cloth but I shall be there in time for Mass and to receive Holy Communion". Mrs. Fan soon threw her ill-tempered old partner off the scent and by missing Mass on one Sunday, through no fault of her own he came to think that Sunday was Monday so that afterwards her weekly visit to the city for Mass on Sunday was a Saturday trip as far as old man Fan was concerned.

Came the Spring of 1942 and in its wake hordes of Japanese invaders
(Continued on page 29)

The Realm of Life



Mission Sunday — 1945

APPEAL OF H. E. ARCHBISHOP CELSO COSTANTINI

Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda
President of the Pontifical Mission-Aid Associations

"Overcome evil by good".—(Rom. XII, 21)

THE first part of the War is over. But the end of hostilities in Europe only spells the beginning of renewed activity as far as the mission-aid associations are concerned. The hurricane of destruction has died down, making way for the re-organising of constructive forces; and propaganda of fraternal charity is once more superseding the propaganda of hatred.

The long war years immobilised a great many of our missionaries and had flung them about from place to place while sowing death and ruin over fields once fruitful with their labours. It reminds us of the solemn words of Christ to His chosen Apostles whilst sweating blood in agony on Gethsemani: *the spirit indeed is willing but the flesh weak*. "I can assure you", writes a Bishop, "that my missionaries are only too eager to begin rebuilding on new foundations and with as much courage as ever."

When we take stock of charity for the missions as it has flourished among our Catholic people, we are pleased to find that it manifested even more generous impulses midst

the havoc of war than in the period of peace preceding it.

We salute with feeling all the intrepid messengers of the Gospel now issuing from the trenches of the Faith to take up their good work once more with renewed fervour; and we cannot but bow our heads in mute reverence at the thought of the hundreds of innocent victims that have been snatched from their ranks, including six Bishops.

At the same time I feel the need of expressing heartfelt thanks to all our benefactors the world over in the name of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda.

And so to work, dear friends. We have need to redouble our efforts if we wish to offset the terrible destruction suffered by our mission undertakings. Hence the Society for the Propagation of the Faith once more extends its palm, confident that it will not be disappointed.

Many churches and bishop's residences, many seminaries and schools, many parochial houses and convents, and diverse hospitals and dispensaries are now mere heaps of ruins. Never mind! What matters

most is that Christianity still lives, shines out in fact with greater splendour than before.

Many of our missionaries have lost everything save their boundless trust in Divine Providence and the assurance that somehow help will come from the Catholic world. They have known the pangs of hunger and in many cases have completely exhausted all local resources. A certain Bishop was obliged to sell the five bells of his Cathedral so as to be able to provide a morsel of bread for his missionaries and seminarians. Another Bishop and one of his priests were taken from their residence and forced to clean streets in a pagan city.

In allotting the customary subsidies to the Missions, we shall have to show special consideration for those in most urgent need while dressing down the help destined for less tried areas. But these latter Missions must continue to subsist also; in particular the seminaries established for the formation of local clergy cannot and must not be permitted to interrupt their sacred activity.

In this connection a certain Bishop has written us: "Owing to lack of resources and the incredibly increased cost of living our minor seminary had to be disbanded and we fear a similar fate is in store for the regional major seminary."

A splendid example of Christian charity has been furnished us by our Holy Father in forwarding help to the remotest corners of the world for prisoners-of-war, refugees and missionaries. A fine example is furnished also by some non-Christians: in a certain city, largely destroyed by bombardments, a community of Carmelite nuns remained without means of subsistence; a number of non-Christian women got together and assured the Bishop that they

would undertake to support the poor nuns as long as the war lasted.

Non-Christians are moved by feelings of humanity and compassion towards missionaries, realising that they have given up family and fatherland in order to devote themselves to doing good in remote countries. We Christians, on the other hand, have Christian sentiments to add to the humane motive, the consciousness of sharing in the great work of the Church as She extends her activities in all directions in order to bring the grace of Redemption to those still languishing without the Fold.

For us Mission charity should be a joy as well as a sacred duty.

Our Holy Father says in His radio message of May 12: "Kneeling in spirit before the graves of those who have fallen victims in battle and before the gory pits where lie buried the remains of the innumerable victims of inhuman massacre, hunger and misery. We recommend them all in our prayers and particularly in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass to the merciful love of Jesus Christ, their Saviour and Supreme judge..."

We join in these sentiments of our Common Father. We can assist the souls of the departed by means of our prayers and also by doing mission charity. Yesterday the world was the realm of death; to-day it must become the realm of life.

**HELP US
REBUILD OUR
DEVASTATED
MISSIONS.**

(See page 15)

“Batico”

by

REV. R. HYMUS, S.F.M.

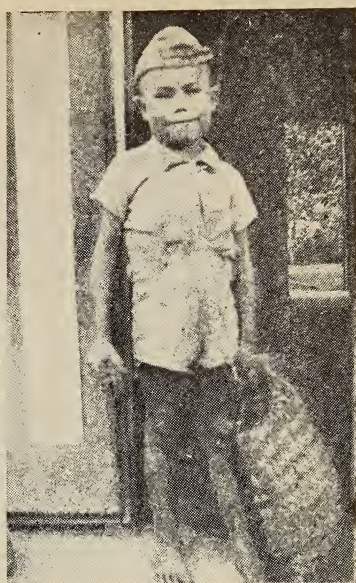


“**S**ALUDO PADRE”—I glanced toward the door and bade the visitor enter and sit down. Upon my invitation two bare feet began their pitter patter to the nearest chair. The worn-out soiled clothes and the rather large head of golden unkempt hair and abnormal stomach spoke of poverty. But the frank brown eyes and earnest voice spoke of a childish innocence that seemed to cover his poverty with kingly appærel. Up he climbed upon the chair and sat very erect with his little legs dangling down in front. Such is “Batico”.

He came “to pass a little time” with the Padre. His little sister had just now died. Let him tell you. “Padre, what can we do? She had a little pain last night in her stomach. This morning she was worse and just now she died. Mommy has been all this time putting warm clothes on her. But she died! We couldn’t buy medicine. Look Padre, (and his little arms moved to emphasize his words) What could mommy do? She has five now who have died—and from what? It is from working too hard. She had to cook at the Donas house, she has to look after the baby, Juan Bautista, Dolores and me. Then she had to work in the hills picking coffee and mind the baby too.”

“But,” said I, “haven’t you got a good daddy?”

“Oh yes, I have a good daddy. Once he was almost rich, he always had some money. Then he went al-



most blind. He sold the farm and the cow and calf and the house—a good farm too. Now we have nothing. When we have food we eat it, when we don’t have food, why we wait until we do. (His little face appeared stern and his dark eyes flashed). But take what belongs to another I would never do. I am well brought up. Some boys say, take this or that but I say no. I want to be with God and the saints. Other boys stop and play when they are sent on messages, but I don’t stop at all. That is the way I am trained.”

He ceased talking to get a little more air into his lungs. “Look Padre, this big church, (he waved his little hand towards the church) was without a Padre. We prayed hard to God to send us a priest. Now we have two priests.”

Out of a sea of almost indifference speaks a little child. “Out of the mouths of sucklings and infants Thou hast perfected praise.” I’ll admit a man at times feels something tugging at his heart—and even a tear in his eye.

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To educate students for the Priesthood

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IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY

In Memory of
WILLIAM LAFFERTY

Who gave his life for a fellow-soldier on Leyte.

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Edward Lafferty	\$1,650.00
Balance needed	\$3,350.00

Please help us complete this Burse!

At Fatima, Our Blessed Mother revealed that God wills devotion to her Immaculate Heart. Recently Our Holy Father Pope Pius XII ordered the universal celebration of a new Feast in honour of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. The Feast Day is August 22nd.



ROSE OF CHINA

REV. S. CASTEL C.M.

(TRANSLATED BY REV. BASIL STEGMANN, O.S.B.)

Reprinted from *Catholic Mission Digest*.

(Continued)

This was not, indeed, a brusque refusal, but nevertheless an evident one. Such a reply might have been expected. But what would its effect be upon Ta-jun? Should a scene, so often seen in mission countries, be repeated—a child maintaining a sad, gloomy silence, becoming discouraged?

Ta-jun answered her father: "Am I certain," she wrote, "that my health will hold out until my twentieth year? And as for the rest, the consolations which I have found in the Catholic religion are the most touching I have ever experienced." Let her father reassure himself; this determination is not the result of caprice, but comes from perfect conviction and rational desire. Above all, let her father not have the least fears about Ta-jun's sentiments of affection towards him. He well knows how tenderly she loves him, but what he does not know is that since she has studied the Decalogue, she has become aware that this sentiment of love of parents, so sweet and natural, is also a commandment of God; that is the reason why she loves her father ten times more than

before. She ended her letter by respectfully renewing her request to become a Christian.

This time Mr. Wang was touched; he replied that her letter had caused him great pleasure and that he had not expected less from his dear child. Since he had learned that she was not acting in haste and that she would abide by her promises, he willingly gave her the permission for which she asked, at the same time extending his congratulations.

Ta-jun's faith had grown by the experience. She hastened to tell the good news. "And now," she said, "when shall I be baptized?"

Ta-jun wished to receive the name Therese in Baptism. "But what would the Blessed Virgin say, whom she loved so much . . . Then I shall take the name of Marie." The Sister infirmarian who acted as her godmother solved the problem. "Why," she said, "call yourself Marie-Therese." Ta-jun accepted this proposal the more willingly since this double name contained a whole program for her. The Blessed Virgin and St. Therese of the Infant Jesus: the immaculate lily and the beautiful

shedding rose. And although she was usually called simply Therese, in her letters Ta-jun always signed herself Marie-Therese Wang.

In the sewing rooms of the hospital an entire week was spent on the white silk dress presented to the catechumen by her aunt. The veil and crown of roses were reserved for her First Communion.

Her final instruction concerned the doctrine of the Eucharist and lasted almost an hour. During this long conference Ta-jun said not a single word. From time to time she gave a sign of assent by slightly inclining her head; certain statements were marked with a smile which seemed to signify: "Yes, I understand . . . That's just what I was thinking."

Ta-jun was baptized on April 21, 1929, just fifty days after her first eager questions on the Our Father. And she made her First Communion on the following day. Her devotion to the Blessed Sacrament was very great. A Sister of Charity tells the story of having once, in well-intentioned zeal, said to Therese: "My child, during your thanksgiving I never see you open your missal. Why don't you use the wonderful prayers that are found there? They serve admirably to foster piety."

"That's true," answered Therese in astonishment; "after Communion I do not make use of my missal. Books are a distraction to me . . . And besides, I have so many things to tell Him . . ."

Shortly after her reception into the Church, Therese said goodbye to the community at the hospital. Her health had improved, and the doctor thought the time had come to give her the benefit of an air cure at the sanatorium of Wen-Ch'uan. Therese spent a short visit at her much loved home and then set out for Wen Ch'uan in company with Catherine.

On the very first day of her stay there she proposed a case of con-

science: "Catherine, the doctor has ordered me to remain in bed; is it proper that I say my prayers lying down?"

Luckily for Catherine, in a practical case of this kind she felt more at ease than in the mazes of dogma. "Why, surely, miss," she answered; "don't worry about it. All sick people are allowed to say their prayers in that position. And, besides, you must obey the orders of the doctor, which in this matter represent the will of God." With her solid judgment, her reflection, her practical sense, Therese took the correct view of the subject, and, since it was the will of God, she recited her prayers without any scruple, stretched out in an easy chair.

Walking was not forbidden; it was even recommended when the weather was fair. Since she had learned that many Christians, all of them poor, were living nearby, Therese resolved upon a visit to one of their huts. She was acquainted with the Christianity of churches of religious houses, where every thing was clean and proper, where floors were waxed, a Christianity lovable and smiling; now she wanted to know what became of that Christianity in an earthen hovel. Standing at the door of one of these, she peered inside. In the center of the floor lay some stalks of sorghum. A millet porridge was cooking, and the single room was dense with smoke. A large crucifix and a crude religious image hung on the wall. How different everything was! The medal which the poor man wore cost perhaps a penny. But it was the same faith which caused him to say that the harvest had been good and that God had blessed him. With the innate politeness of the Chinese, he poured out his excuses for receiving the little miss into such a hovel, but nevertheless invited her to enter and rest for a moment. Twice in her

desire to please the poor peasant, Therese tried to cross the threshold, but found it impossible; suffocated by smoke and the nauseous odor, she was obliged to beat a retreat.

Leaning on the arm of Catherine, Therese soliloquized: "These poor people are Christians as well as I. The same baptism . . ." She certainly was not ashamed of them; and in order to show her affection, she decided to ask her aunt to give them a bounteous alms. Yet she returned to Wen-Ch'uan in an agitated state of mind: "To think," she said, "that the Fathers pass their days and nights in such holes when they are on the mission, in order to save the souls of these poor people! What self-sacrifice!"

With a heart as delicate as hers, Therese certainly was not intended for the eremitical life. Far removed from those she loved, instead of finding health in the solitude of Wen Ch'uan, she gradually withered away. She did not complain, but it was impossible for her to restrain her tears. And no Mass . . . Her family, seeing the liberated bird regret its gilded cage, found no other solution than to bring her back to Peking.

There she returned to the hospital where she blossomed anew. One sorrow, however, was hers. She longed to convert her two little sisters to the Faith, but her father did not consider this prudent. He told her she might preach to them by her example, but not by word. Later they might decide. She loved her father too much to go against his orders and cause him pain. "The good God will soon take me to Himself," she later told a friend, "and when I shall be in Heaven, I shall beg Him so much, both Him and the Bless'd Virgin, that I shall finally obtain the conversion of my loved ones."

After that Therese gave herself up to long, silent meditations. Ever at

Wen-Ch'uan she had been pondering a new idea—"What if I should become a Daughter of Charity? I shall always have strength enough to teach the little children. Then at least I shall not have lived in vain." And back at the hospital she said to the Sister infirmarian, "I wish to become a Daughter of Charity." Nor was this a child's whim. When Therese said "I wish", it was a serious matter. God was speaking again and her answer was ready.

Providence seemed to favor her budding vocation, for just at this time the Sister Visitor came to the hospital. Therese did not hesitate a second, but asked for an immediate audience. She requested a Chinese Sister to accompany her and act as her interpreter. And in order to appear older, the child walked on tip-toe.

The Sister Visitor received her kindly, listened to her request, and having encouraged her in it, told her that the community was not accustomed to receive postulants at the age of twelve—fifteen was the earliest possible age. Therese returned to her room with a sad face; she walked on her heels, very slowly . . . Poor little girl! Her ardent hopes had come to nothing. But such disappointments are ever the sure foundation of true sanctity. And she resolved to spend the intervening years in preparation for the longed for religious life.

(To be continued)

Rev. L. Beal, S.F.M., Is Bereaved

CHINA offers to Rev. Father Beal and the other members of the Beal family and also to the Grey Sisters of Pembroke, Ontario, sincere sympathy on the occasion of the death of Sister Martina at the Motherhouse of the Grey Sisters at Pembroke. May her soul rest in peace.

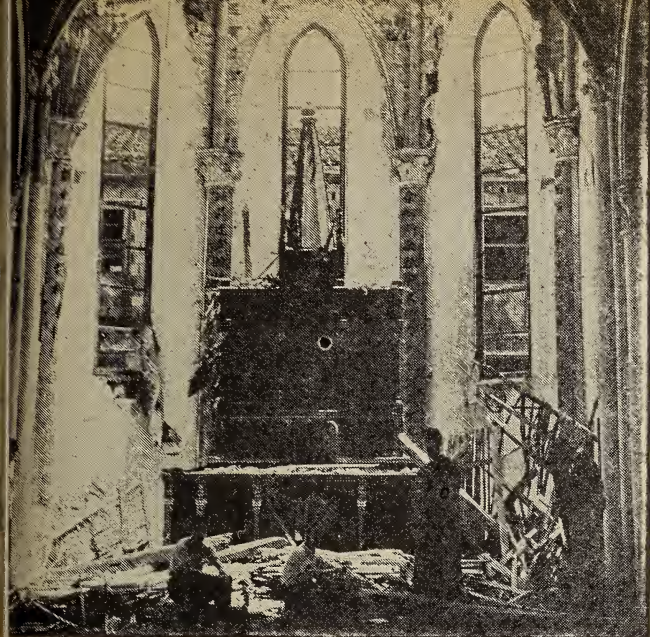
Dominican Apostolate



A group of first communicants. A new and glorious era dawns for the Church in Santo Domingo.



Our Lady of Altagracia is honored in solemn procession at Ocoa.



The Monsignor Fraser Reconstruction Fund

Ruins of Cathedral at Lishui.

Monsignor Fraser, but recently returned from three years internment in Manila, appeals to his many friends in Canada and Newfoundland to assist him in the reconstruction of our society's Missions in China.

We feel sure that those who have so generously assisted Monsignor since Almonte days and through his forty years of missionary work in the Far East, will not fail to heed his urgent appeal at this time. Send in your donation NOW to the Monsignor John M. Fraser Reconstruction Fund, Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario. Please use form below.

.....

This is my donation to the Monsignor John M. Fraser Reconstruction Fund, to help rebuild the devastated Missions of your Society in China.

Name

Address

CHINA



PEACE — IT'S WONDERFUL
Toronto's Chinese Celebrate V-J Day







DEAR little Rice Christian of to-day, what do you think of the hungry pagan of yesterday? I wonder what you remember most of those days? You did manage to get by somehow, didn't you, without your Mission rice and without your Mission faith. You know now adoring Buddha is much more convenient than adoring the "Heavenly Lord". Do you really think Buddha the same now as you did then, even if you came to the Heavenly Lord for the sake of the bowl of rice? In your worst moments, even if you had an even choice, I bet you would not bet on Buddha.

Did you know that the bowl of rice was bait? In our Mission Method books we called it "motivum impulsivum", that is, the motive which impelled you to buy catechisms and prayer books and rosary beads, to turn up on Sundays, to take your idols out of your homes and to put up crucifixes and holy pictures, and to cut yourself off from your share in the yearly distribution of rice from your Ancestral Hall. Well, we must use bait, you know; all good fishers do, and we have been made

fishers of men, and we gather into our nets all kinds, the good and the bad, and the really bad are eventually thrown back into the sea. We could call them Rice ex-Christians.

We are glad to say, you may be interested to know that we purify those base motives of most of the Rice Christians, and thus the doctrine which they said they believed, and the virtues which they professed to practise, all for the sake of a bowl of rice, become united to God, and then we call them "ex-Rice Christians", in contra distinction to what you might be if you don't wake up, that is, a Rice ex-Christian.

Of course, you must know I am using rice in a metaphorical sense. In the country in which we lived we might call such a person a "bread and butter" christian, but it goes further than that. It is an all-out effort of love, of charity (remember the lesson in which you learned that charity is God?). Our Holy Father in his letter on foreign missions also reminded us of Christ's most urgent and pressing Commandment when he said that no nation, or no person, is impervious to the darts of charity,

and that it can eventually win over the most hardened soul.

I bet you think that all these good works which you see us doing cost us little or no effort. I bet you think it is easy for us to raise funds for procuring medicine, to prepare ointments and spread them on your festering wounds to heal them, to compound pills and give them to you to alleviate your pain, to dispense drugs and tend you in your sickness, to break your fever and bring you back once more from the agonizing jaws of death to peaceful days of life—to do all this for you, or someone dear to you.

I bet you think it is a small thing for us to establish institutes which will take in and take care of abandoned infants, or other institutes to harbor the homeless, the old and the needy, and do you think we are living on the fat of the land because we go out and attend your many course banquets, or that we are living in the lap of luxury because we eat pork chops and bread? I suppose you even think it is no effort for us to keep your schools going, to teach in them using your native dialect. It seems most natural to you, doesn't it, and even taken for granted that when a flood or a famine leaves you in distress, we must come to save and provide for you all, and if we do not assist you one and all, then we are either disinterested, or deeply unjust. Just as you may become a christian hoping to find employment with us and thus fill to overflowing your rice bowl, and those of your family, so do you presume that all these good works are there, as if by magic for the taking. So, to drop the metaphor, we could call the greater part of the catechumens, in the early stage of their catechumenate, "medicine christians", or "orphan" christians, or "flood" or "famine christians." All that and, we hope, Heaven with it.

Well, it is really useless for me to explain the effort, the trouble, prayers and sacrifice, and the lives that have been offered up that you may get your bowl of rice with Heaven thrown in, but I really would like to try to explain to you the trouble you yourself cause us. I ask you for the moment to take for granted that this effort, trouble, prayers, sacrifice and lives are excessive, but they all would really be counted as nothing if Heaven automatically came to you. Ten times as much work, and ten times harder work, we would count cheap if by the mere doing of it we could take for granted results in every individual case. Look at it this way: At the Seminary we were warned and strengthened against the discouragement of the Missions, and before we ever saw you we knew that the hardest thing was not trying to learn your language and eat your food and live your way of life, but to learn the language of patience, to eat the food of bitter disappointment and to live a life of constant strife against discouragement. It takes the learning, eating and living to really know it, and we have learned it, eaten it and lived it. It was nothing but the Grace of God that accomplished this, and His Grace has been shown abundantly in the many cases where the Rice Christian became a "Rice-and-Heaven Christian".

You know, we are not absolutely stupid. We don't believe in throwing good rice, so to speak, after bad, and if the rice still continues to pour out (and remember this is metaphorical rice), you may be sure that we have a meaning. Take, for example, your own family. They are christians just because you told them, (I don't suppose you told them the motive, too), just the same as a little baby is baptized because its parents are baptized. Suppose that you never get further than a Rice Christian, or

(Continued on page 22)

OUR NEWFOUNDLAND PADRE IN INDIA —RUSSEL WHITE, S.F.M.



The blessing of a new chapel built at Digri, Bengal, by Father White. Father Lynch of St. Michael's College, Toronto, first from the right. Archbishop Perier, S.J., of Calcutta, officiated.

TOP PAGE 21—*Father White says
Mass for our Canadian airmen
in India.*

~

BOTTOM PAGE 21—*Father White
chats with the Canadian fliers
after Mass.*



Eat Up, Rice Christian

(Continued from page 19)

even if you became a Rice ex-Christian, at least the little ones have this gift of faith much the same as if born of real christians. We want to cherish that and foster it and strengthen it and build a bulwark around it, so that it may be preserved forever against the certain attacks of the Evil One, and against possible hindrances which any bad example by you may set up for them. God can use the bad, as well as the weak and small of this world to accomplish His ends and bring souls to Him.

Rice Christian, your case is not entirely unwarranted, nor hopeless, nor yet rewardless. Why man, if your little infant died, you have as strong an advocate in Heaven as you have a base motive upon earth, and God has another little one in Heaven. Of course, you can do ineffable harm as well. We can tell of people who refrained from interesting themselves in the church because they think nearly all the christians in it have the same motive as you. We can even tell of christians who had good motives, but when they saw what yours were like, they allowed theirs to be sullied in the same way, though I really think that Heaven still comes first for them.

Rice Christian of to-day, what do you think of the real christian of to-morrow? Are you just hoping that on your deathbed you may as well call in the Priest and receive the sacraments (such as they are) and have the christians pray for you too? Maybe you will figure it is just as well in place of calling in a pagan monk and having superstitious dirges chanted over you. Or are you hoping that you can still go on thinking you are deceiving the Priest and even (if He really exists) God, forever saying what fools these christians be. You know, you really

are in a hard position, because if you don't believe, at least you doubt. What a frightful state of mind that must be. Then you would know the terrible chance you are taking. It is quite possible there is a God. It is not inconceivable that there is a Hell of eternal punishment waiting for those who do not obey Him.

Rice Christian, there has been offered to you what has been withheld from four hundred million of your companions, and I don't mean a mere bowl of rice. Let that bowl of rice and all it stands for, in the varying degrees of this world's happiness with its unstable security, be a pledge of your eternal happiness, and a sign of the love that God bears for you; let it be to you the "Keys of the Kingdom", but whether it be or not, christian charity burning in the hearts of millions of little children in christian homes, christian charity guiding the lives of men and women in Catholic lands, christian charity ruling every action of holy religious and Priests all the world over, christian charity which inspired the Missionaries to go forth and be one amongst you, christian charity from all these varied sources, inflamed with the divine spark enkindled at its source by Christ Himself, will always be urging you, as it has urged the donors of your rice bowl. Rice Christian, what do you think . . . Rice Christian, if you would only think . . . Eat up, Rice Christian.

Your Will . . .

In making, or revising, your Last Will, please remember the Missions, by inserting the following:

"I BEQUEATH TO THE
SCARBORO FOREIGN
MISSION SOCIETY,
SCARBORO BLUFFS,
ONT., THE SUM OF
\$"



Dear Canadian Catholic Girl:

Are you wondering, worrying perhaps about what you are going to do with your young life? You want to do the right thing and make the most of the talents with which God has blessed you. You have prayed and are still praying and during those precious moments of talking to God, have you not heard, perhaps a little faintly, yet clearly, His call, "Come, Follow Me?"

You hesitate, you wonder, perchance you are even a bit afraid. You are not so sure whether God really does want you or even that you yourself want to follow Him. It is not easy to make a decision and yet deep down in your young Catholic heart you know that you want to be what, and where God wants you.

Have you ever thought of God needing you as well as wanting you? Yes, He may need even little you, to do something big for Him. His own words are, "The harvest indeed is great but the labourers are few". Those words uttered over 19 hundred years ago still ring true to-day and Christ is still waiting, longing for generous souls to take up the centuries' old challenge; to-day more

than ever, Christ needs, Christ pleads for labourers. Don't you think that He could use you?

God forces no one—He invites. We cannot choose Him. "You have not chosen Me," He said, but "I have chosen you". What a beautiful and glorious privilege to be chosen by Christ Himself to be His cherished bride—to be His co-worker in the heavenly art of saving souls. What an enviable vocation! Is it yours?

At the present time there is a great need for vocations. Our own dear country is in want of more Sisters. We need Sisters to mother our orphans, nurse our sick, teach our little ones. We need Sisters, generous souls to care for our dear old people—those treasures of Christ on the threshold of heaven. Yes, Canada needs a vast army of religious to work and pray, to bring and keep Canada close to God.

Yes, Canada needs an army but Canada must also sacrifice an army. From distant shores a cry comes o'er the waters. Listen to its pleadings. It is the call of Christ to Canada. In the fields of the foreign missions,

(Continued on page 27)



THE NEWS COLUMN

FROM

The Mail Bag

Many thanks to Trooper J. J. Czorny of Camp Borden for his interesting and encouraging letter. He will find his name listed in the Pen Pal Corner of this issue and I hope he will be really deluged with mail. It is good to know that Catholic literature is bringing in conversions at Borden, and we hope CHINA will do its part in that great work.

From Garrington, Alberta came a lovely letter to Father Jim from Ellen and Annie Hendrickson. Living on a farm, it is quite impossible for them to get to Communion once a month, but they have promised to go as often as they can for the Missions. They also asked for a Mite Box, so that they could save up their pennies for our poor priests in China. God bless you both. You are now members of the Little Flower's Rose Garden and will soon receive your certificates.

Audrey McKinnon who is a member of the Rose Garden from our own Toronto, is saving stamps for the Missions. These stamps are to be parcelled up and sent here to the

Seminary by mail. Many thanks Audrey. Send us all the stamps you can and don't forget those prayers for the Missions.

Gerry Penney, one of our members, wrote to Father Jim from the Windsor Hotel in Montreal. He had just returned from a visit to New York, where he happened to be on the day the plane crashed into the giant Empire State Building. Gerry tells us he was really thrilled to visit beautiful St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. We hope Gerry said a prayer for Father Jim during his visit to church, and we hope himself and the rest of the family had a grand time at Lake St. John.

Charmaine Brioux of 65 Glendale Avenue in Toronto wrote me a real nice letter. She is a new member of the Rose Garden. Charmaine is ten years old and in Grade Five at St. Vincent's School. Her class stood highest in missionary work last year and Father Jim knows that they will work hard to keep their record during the school year that has just begun. St. Vincent's School has

always been Mission-minded. God bless you Charmaine.

From Sudbury, Ontario, we received a grand letter from Janet Mary Frances Cook, a newcomer to the Little Flower's Rose Garden and indeed a very welcome one too. Frances says that she likes the CHINA very much and reads it through from cover to cover. Many of the Rose Garden members could do a real job for the Missions by trying to get new subscribers to the CHINA. If every member got even one new person to take our little magazine, it would be wonderful.

Dear Members of the Rose Garden:

It is the beautiful month of the Holy Rosary, Mary's month of October. It is also in a very especial way St. Theresa's month, since her feast day comes during this time. This being the case I am sure all the Members of the Little Flower's Rose Garden will make it a special month of prayer for the Missions. Say your rosary every day of October in honor of Our Lady and offer it up each time through the hands of the Little Flower of Jesus. Let this month be a month of real, unceasing effort for our missionaries in China and for our priests labouring in Santo Domingo. Ask for an increase in vocations to the Missionary priesthood and sisterhood. Pray God and beseech Him to impel those who are able to give to help us rebuild our shattered Missions in China, and further the wonderful work being done by Father Chafe and his co-workers in the Dominican Republic.

Just imagine what graces would pour down from heaven on our work if the thousands of boys and girls throughout the schools of Canada and Newfoundland joined in a grand crusade of Rosaries during this blessed month of October. Let every boy and girl then who reads this letter determine to say that daily

rosary for our intentions. God and His Blessed Mother and dear Saint Theresa will do the rest. God bless you one and all. Don't let Father Jim down. Let's all do our part and do it well.

Your friend,

Father Jim, Director.

* * *

Pen Pal Corner

Theresa Barry, 186 Church Avenue, Fairville, New Brunswick, asks pen pals between ages fourteen and sixteen. Hobbies are swimming and ice skating. Louise Doiron, Hunter River, R.R. No. 3, P.E.I., who is 14 years old and would like pen pals around her own age, especially a twin. Betty Sintzel of 789 Queen's Avenue, London, Ontario. She is sixteen, but will be seventeen in December. Bety is Pennsylvania Dutch and attends Sacred Heart Commercial. She promises to answer all letters. Lilly Rosaing of Ohaton, Alberta, is ten and her hobbies are singing, skating, reading, sewing, and horseback riding. Trooper J. J. Czorny, A 33 C.A.C.T.E., T. & S. Wing, M.T. Regiment, Hut E.20F. Camp Borden, Ontario, wishes pen pals. He is 21 years old. His home address is 274 Augusta Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. Bernard Brazil of Spaniard's Bay, Newfoundland, aged 14, would like pen pals of his own age. Gisella Rongits of Humberstone, Ontario, would like some pen pals. Her full address is 804 Elm Street, Box 242, Humberstone, Ontario. Helene Mary Boda whose address is also 804 Elm Street, Box 242, Humberstone, Ontario, is thirteen years old and wishes pen pals. Mary Dempsey, 15 years old, and whose hobby is reading, invites pen pals to write to her. Her address is Ste. Rose de Lima, R.R. No. 1, Province of Quebec.

NEW MEMBERS

Janet Mary Frances Cook, 393
Eva Avenue, Sudbury, Ontario;
Charmaine Brioux, 65 Glendale
Avenue, Toronto, Ontario; Edna
Baur and Helda Baur, 31 Ellen St.
W., Kitchener, Ontario; Mildred
Ratchford, 473 Montague St., Sud-
bury, Ontario; Joan Elizabeth
O'Brien, Uxbridge, Ontario; Audrey
McKinnon, 8 Spring Grove, Toronto,
Ontario; Ellen and Annie Hendrick-
son, Garrington, Alberta; Betty
Sintzel, 789 Queen's Avenue, London,
Ontario; Ruth Anne Woolson, 1420
Moy Ave., Windsor, Ontario; Louise
Doiron, Hunter River, R.R. No. 3,
P.E.I. A hearty welcome from Father
Jim to all these new members of the
Rose Garden.

* * *

HOW TO JOIN THE ROSE GARDEN

Write to:

FATHER JIM,

Scarboro Foreign Mission Society,
Scarboro' Bluffs, Ontario.

Give your age and full name ask-
ing to be admitted to the Little
Flower's Rose Garden.

CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

- 1—To receive Holy Communion
once each month for an increase
in missionary vocations.
- 2—To recite the official prayer, daily,
for the conversion of infidels.
- 3—To aid the Fathers of Scarboro
Foreign Mission Society by sav-
ing pennies for the missions.

Have You Read

Page 15?

SEN FU

(Spiritual Father)

Spiritual Father, shepherd of souls,
Valiant apostle where martyrs
have trod,
Striving to win at the greatest of
goals,
Saving of souls for the kingdom
of God.

Bringing the Word to Manchurian
plain,
By hill or valley and dark morass,
'Mid poverty, sickness, sorrow and
pain,
Or bandits lurking by mountain
pass.

Asia's mountains that long have
stood,
Where mighty rivers are winding
down,
Bearing life on their swirling flood,
From Tartar village to Chinese
town.

You follow the Ganges' yellow tide,
From Mongol mountain to Sand-
urban,
River of darkness, caste, and pride,
To lift the pall from the heart of
man.

Spiritual Father? Yea, that and
more,
Doctor, carpenter, nurse and
friend,
Toil in His service was never a
chore,
Doing each task that the Lord may
send.

From northern mountain to blue
lagoon,
In summer sunshine or winter
rain,
Spiritual Father, our Soggarth
Aroon,
Toiling and giving and never in
vain.

With Hope their banner, Faith their
shield,
Deep in our hearts may their
slogans ring,
Soldiers of God, they will hold the
field,
The Foreign Legion of Christ the
King.
Lt.-Commr. T. C. Murphy, U.S.N.

BAZAAR

The St. Francis Xavier's Women's Auxiliary will hold a Bazaar and Grand Drawing on Thursday, November 29, 1945, at St. Anne's Chinese Catholic Mission, 222 Simcoe Street. It will be under the general convenership of the President, Mrs. E. J. Staley, and is in aid of St. Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary.

The following are the conveners of the different booths:

Country Store—Mrs. Wm. Ingoldsby.

Home Cooking—Mrs. Proudlove.

The Grand Draw will be under the convenership of Mrs. Theresa Rolston.

All ticket returns should be in by November 27th.

"CHINA"

St. F. X. Seminary,
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Enclosed find \$....., as a
subscription to "China" for

Name

New Address

Name

Old Address

(If you have changed your address,
please give us the OLD address as
well as the NEW one.)

"Come, Follow Me"

(Continued from page 23)

millions of souls are perishing, millions of souls who know not God because there is no one to tell them. Into these far-flung kingdoms Christ is asking generous souls to plunge. The harvest is white, white for garnering but there is no one there to garner for Heaven—the labourers are too few. Should you be there?

Young Catholic Girl, is Christ asking you to enlist in His forces? Has He a commission for you in His home or foreign legion? Think it over, and enlist with your talents and strength of soul and body. Any work worthwhile means sacrifice to those who undertake it. China, with its extensive territory and millions of inhabitants, is for the most part living in the darkness of Paganism. Religious men and women have long been working successfully but slowly among them. War has interfered considerably with the work of missionary priests and Sisters, but with the peace-proclamation, the refugee workers are all reanimated with the hope of a speedy return, to build up the ruins of their churches, convents, hospitals, schools, etc.

Are you anxious to belong to this army of Christ, which sacrifices its dearest interest to save souls? If so, apply to the headquarters of these missionary endeavours — The Grey Sisters' Motherhouse, Pembroke, Ontario, where candidates are prepared for the Field afar. You may ask what requirements are necessary—good health, good will, the spirit of sacrifice and obedience. These qualities with God's blessing combined, tend to make a well-fitted missionary.

—A Lishui Missionary Sister.

The Rosary

By JOYCE KILMER

NOT on the lute or harp of many strings
Shall all men praise the Master of all song.

Our life is brief, one saith, and art is long;
And skilled must be the laureates of kings.

Silent, O lips that utter foolish things!

Rest, awkward fingers striking all notes wrong!

How from your toil shall issue, white and strong,
Music like that God's chosen poet sings?

There is one harp that any hand can play,

And from its strings what harmonies arise!

There is one song that any mouth can say,—

A song that lingers when all singing dies.

When on their beads our Mother's children pray

Immortal music charms the grateful skies.

For Such as These

(Continued from page 6)

and a hectic, but memorable trip of 1500 miles across China for the Priests and Nuns of the Prefecture of Lishui. It ended with a temporary assignment with the American Passionist Fathers in the Vicariate of Yuanling in the Province of Hunan.

It was in Supu and but a few days before the Chinese New Year when only the most essential travelling was done because at that time no roads and no persons were immune to banditry. A letter came down from the mountains to the effect that an old Christian was seriously ill. Would the Priest come in spite of the dangerous roads? Does a Priest ever not come despite unfavourable roads or other dangerous circumstances? The next morning I said Mass early and not without some misgiving and fear I left on the twenty-five mile hike. I dare not take the Blessed Sacrament because of the imminent danger of of meeting bandits. The first three miles I went by mule, but due to falling sleet the road was impossibly slippery for an unshod quadruped. The rest of the distance I walked, and that evening long after the stillness of night had settled upon the village I arrived at the home of old Peter Shan. A good old Christian was Peter; he was poor, very poor. His house was the Chinese edition of the Black Hole of Calcutta but within that room breathed the soul of a yellow man that loved his God. I heard his confession, anointed him and promised to bring him Viaticum in the morning. But the morning never dawned for Peter, for soon after midnight the First Missionary came to receive his soul.

For such as these in China did I often breathe a fervent "Deo Gratias"; for such as these no sacrifice is too great; for such as these

had Christ in mind when He said: "When you do it to the least of my little ones you do it to Me".

New China-Dominican Agreement

Before he left San Francisco for Chungking Dr. T. V. Soong, newly appointed President of China's Executive Yuan and Minister of Foreign Affairs, signed an agreement on behalf of the Chinese Government and the Foreign Secretary of the Dominican Republic. The announcement of this agreement reads:

The National Government of the Republic of China and the Government of the Dominican Republic, respectively represented by Dr. T. V. Soong, President of the Executive Yuan and Minister of Foreign Affairs of the National Government of the Republic of China, and Licenciado Manuel A. Pena Battle, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs of the Dominican Republic, signed in San Francisco on June 8, 1945, an agreement whereby a clause was added to the Treaty between the two republics of May 11, 1940. By virtue of this clause, the nationals of China and the Dominican Republic may freely enter and leave the territory of each other under the same conditions as the nationals of any other country.

In signing the new agreement, China and the Dominican Republic have once more reaffirmed their traditional bonds of friendship and reciprocal esteem.

According to diplomatic usage, this agreement will come into force as soon as the exchange of ratifications has taken place. The exchange of ratifications will be effected in Ciudad Trujillo, capital of the Dominican Republic.



It's Time to Laugh



With the country in the throes of a shortage of almost everything, this might have been expected. A retailer was annoyed because he had to wait several months for a big order, so he wired his manufacturer: "Please cancel order immediately."

This wire came back: "Regret cannot cancel immediately. You must take your turn."—The Victorian.

A young Scotsman went to the telegraph office one morning and wired a proposal of marriage to his sweetheart. After spending the entire day and part of the night waiting, he was finally rewarded by an affirmative reply.

"If I were you," suggested the operator who delivered the message, "I'd think twice before I'd marry a girl who kept me waiting all day for my answer."

"Na, na," replied the young Scot. "The lass who waits for the night rate is the lass for me."

A professor of physiology was describing the organs of sense, etc., and finally asked for a summary of his lecture. The star of the class arose and said:

"Well, Prof, as I see it, I see with my eye organ, I hear with my ear organ, I smell with my nose organ, I eat with my mouth organ, and I feel with my hand organ."

Teacher: "What's the difference between caution and cowardice?"

Pupil: "Caution is when you're afraid, and cowardice is when the other fellow's afraid."

Prisoner—"Judge, I don't know what to do?"

Judge—"Why how's that?"

Prisoner—"I swore to tell the truth, but every time I try, some lawyer objects."

Doctor—"You must not give your husband strong coffee. It will make him too excited."

Wife—"You should see how excited he gets when I give him weak coffee."

Little Sophie — "Father, what is executive ability?"

Professor Broadhead—"The faculty of earning your bread by the work of other people."

Lady Customer—"I see this medicine is advertised as good for man and beast."

Druggist—"Yes."

Customer — "Give me a bottle. I believe it's the right combination to help my husband."

Husband (the ingenious type): "I've invented a new type of woman's hand-bag, dear."

Wife (skeptically): "What's new about it?"

Husband: "The zipper's at the bottom. Isn't that where everything usually is when you want it?"

A very small boy came home dejectedly from his first day at school.

"Not going, tomorrow," he said.

"And why not?" asked his mother.

"Well, I can't read. I can't write. They won't let me talk. So what's the use?"

Police Sergeant (reporting to his chief): "Chief, I saw a fellow today going around a corner on two wheels."

Chief: "Well, did you give him a ticket?"

Sergeant: "No, sir—you see, he was riding a bicycle."

"Has anyone seen Pete?"

"Pete who?"

"Petroleum."

"Kerosene him yesterday but he's not benzene since."

He was bragging about his lack of formal education and at a little club gathering was speaking of the pernicious influence of schools:

School Executive — "So you are thankful for your ignorance, eh?"

Bragging Man—"Put it that way if you like."

School Executive—"Then I'd like to point out that you've a lot to be thankful for."

A Navy lieutenant at a South Sea island station, undertook to give an old native a lesson in basic English. He pointed at a Marine and said "man." The native dutifully repeated, "man."

That gave the volunteer teacher a thrill. He went on and pointed to a palm. "Tree," he announced. The native echoed, "tree." That certainly was progress.

Just then a plane roared overhead. The lieutenant thought he'd give the native the first chance this time. "What," he asked pointing upward.

"I'm not sure," said the native, as he stood up and squinted at the plane overhead. "It looks like a PB2Y, but it might be a B-24."

Motorist — "How far to the next town?"

Native—"About three miles in a bee line."

Motorist—"Well, how far is it if the bee has to walk and roll a flat tire along?"

"What time do you get up in the morning now?"

"As soon as the first rays of the sun enter my window."

"Well, that's very early, isn't it?"

"Oh, no. You see my window faces the west."

Mr. and Mrs. were out driving when they met a farmer driving a span of mules. Just as they were about to pass the farmer's rig, the mules turned their heads toward the car and brayed vociferously.

Mr. enjoyed teasing Mrs., so he turned to her and remarked: "Relatives of yours, I suppose?"

"Yes," said the wife, "by marriage."

Mess Sergeant — "You're not eating your fish. What's wrong with it?"

Soldier—"Long time no sea."

"They say swimming is the best thing to develop poise and grace."

"Yeh! Did you ever get a close look at a duck?"

You ought not to question your wife's judgement; look whom she married.

Being corrected by the wife would be less annoying if she would be wrong once in a while.

Teacher—"What is the most necessary thing for Baptism?"

Johnny—"A baby."

Master of Ceremonies — "Carney's orchestra will now play "Together."

Voice: "It's about time they did."

Fireman — "Doctor, I'm scared to death. This will be my first operation."

Doctor—"Sure, I know just how you feel. You're my first patient."

Jones—"That pawnbroker raised his hat to your wife. Does he know her?"

Brown—"I presume he feels that he does; he has seen her picture so often inside the case of my watch."

A few years ago a gentleman departing for Europe told his son, a senior in college, that if the boy got his degree he would be rewarded by being permitted to join his father for a tour of the continent.

The student graduated with honours, and cabled his father the single word: "Yes."

Unfortunately, the father had entirely forgotten his promise and, after puzzling over the message for a while, cabled back: "Yes, what?"

Promptly came the reply. "Yes, sir."

There had been an accident, and the sympathetic old lady stooped and stroked his forehead. "My poor fellow," she crooned, "tell me your name, and I will tell your mother."

"Thank you," gasped the victim, "but my mother knows my name."

They were entertaining friends in their new prefabricated home. Suddenly one of the guests sat up and listened.

"Surely you're not troubled by mice already?" she said.

"That's not mice," replied the householder. "That's the people next door eating celery."



October is the month of the Holy Rosary. Let us bring back to the Catholic home the daily recitation of the Rosary if we would bring back Peace to the World.

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Scarboro Bluffs,
Ontario

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NOVEMBER
1945

The Month of the Holy Souls

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THIS is the month of the Holy Souls and we would be indeed ungrateful did we not recommend to the prayers of all our readers those innumerable benefactors of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, who are no longer of this world. They will be remembered in the Masses of our priests throughout this blessed month of November, and we would ask you all to join your prayers to ours for them, beseeching the good God to reward them now for their kindness to His missionaries and their never-failing interest in the Propagation of our Holy Faith.

It gives us great courage to realize that our many deceased friends, far from giving up their interest in our apostolic labours, will now more than ever redouble their prayers for the success of our missionary work.

We have, too, a very special thought for those who have so bravely laid down their very lives to save us and those things that are so dear to us. If we would express to this noble army of the dead our sincere gratitude, and express it in the way they would most desire, let us go down on our knees often during this month of memories and pray God for their dear souls.

Foremost of all in our thoughts, however, must be our own deceased missionaries—Rev. James MacGillivray and Rev. Aaron Gignac and Sister Mary Daniel of the Grey Sisters of Pembroke. May their brave souls rest in peace.

For all these then, we ask your good prayers and the very generous application of your sacrifices, sufferings and devotions during this Month of the Holy Souls.

Eternal rest grant unto them O Lord.
May they rest in peace.

Pattern for Peace

(An Editorial)

LEONARDO DA VINCI, one of the world's greatest painters had just completed his famous "Last Supper" and gathered in his studio were the great art critics of his day. As he unveiled the painting a murmur of amazement and delight echoed through the room, and all who gazed enraptured on that picture knew that Leonardo da Vinci had given the world his greatest masterpiece.

Da Vinci turned to the critics and fastening his piercing eyes upon them he said: "Gentlemen, what is that above all other things in this picture, strikes your eye and arrests your attention?" Almost unanimously the answer came—"The golden chalice in the centre of the table. It is so real one would almost attempt to pick it up. It is magnificent."

A dark surge of anger colored the face of the artist and without a single word he picked up a paint-drenched brush from his palette and strode towards the painting. Before anyone could stop him he had wiped the golden chalice from the canvas. Then and only then did he turn to the critics and his voice shook with emotion as he said: "Gentlemen, forgive me, but nothing, nothing must detract from the central figure of this my masterpiece — the central figure of Jesus Christ."

There have been many paintings of the Last Supper and they all have their chalice of gold. There is no golden vessel in the greatest of all these masterpieces—the one by Leonardo da Vinci.

Every generation has taken up its brush to paint a new and better world, and every generation has failed. Wonder drugs, skyscrapers,

monsters of the sky, atomic bombs—all have held the spotlight. The great ones of this world have kept us in a state of expectation. This time, they tell us, they are really going to unveil the type of world that we have thought and prayed and dreamed about—a brave, new world, without poverty, sickness, persecution or war. Yes, this time, this time they have really accomplished it. And in our stupidity, we really believe these false prophets.

Let us make no mistake about it. Until we stride up indignantly to this false and distorted world that they have planned for us and have wiped from the canvas the gold, the greed, the communistic cunning and chicanery and until we have given Jesus Christ His central and dominating place in the picture—there will be no brave and better world.

We have two great tasks to do that we may ensure a just and a lasting peace for all the world, for all the years that lie ahead. The first task is to bring back Christ to His rightful place in the picture of our own personal life. The second task is to bring back Christ the King to His rightful position in the whole world. The first task is something for you yourself to undertake and carry out. We of the Scarborough Foreign Mission Society are doing our part to fulfill the second task. But to do so, we need your help. We need your alms and above all we need your prayers.

In the hands of the Missionary priesthood and sisterhood is the pattern for peace. Let us give Christ to the world and the world to Christ.

CHINA: — Rev. Hugh F. X. Sharkey, Editor. Rev. J. McGee, Associate Editor. Vol. XXVI, No. 10, November, 1945. Issued monthly, September to June; bi-monthly July-August. Rates \$1.00 a year. *Official Publication of the Scarborough Foreign Mission Society, Scarborough Bluffs, Ontario.* ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AND ADMITTED TO PRIVILEGED POSTAGE RATES AT THE POST OFFICE, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, JULY 10, 1924. *Published by Ecclesiastical authority. Printed by Garden City Press Co-Operative, Toronto 1, Ont.*

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WHEREIN THE OPERA COMES TO ME

REV. J. M'GOEY S.F.M.

SOMEONE in recent years made the magnificently true statement that more time saving devices have been invented in the last twenty years than in the last twenty centuries, and yet in spite of this we have less time than ever. As victims of the Mass-production-mania we seem to have lost the art of living, and the simpler things of life no longer have meaning for us. No matter what we say about less advanced nations, we still have to admit one thing wherein they surpass us, namely, the art of living. A really great Philosopher once said, 'What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his immortal soul'. We might paraphrase that by saying, 'What doth it profit a man if he gain a fortune, by enterprise and exhaustive labour, if he dies before he has a chance to relax and appreciate life. It would seem that in spite of their backwardness the orientals in a way have given us a great lesson in the art of living. They

know how to appreciate life in simple pleasures, like the opera.

A day at the opera to a Chinese is a gala day in his life. Therein he sees life as he would have it for himself, and because there isn't the slightest possibility of life being like that for him, he enjoys it the more. Can we not say that the urchin looking at his nose in the glossy finish of the fenders of a V-16, gets more enjoyment out of that car than the magnate who owning and using it at will gets as he worries about how he can find something new that others haven't yet enjoyed? Consequently when the opera plays the Chinese come from miles around to see the performance and enjoy the enactment of the inevitable student setting off to Peking for the Imperial examinations. What if they cannot understand the Mandarin sung, it is the spirit of the thing and beauty of the silk costumes; it is the uniqueness of the occasion; it is the escape from a life of labour. It is

joy by way of a temporal nirvana.

So to Pihu came the opera. Until then I had always thought that it was happiness to see others happy. Beethoven sounds like a jumble of uncouth sounds to the simple Chinese and Bach is Bunk, nor is Brahms Balm. But the Falsetto of Prima donna Wang, or the throaty treble of our hero Wu, ah yes, that is divine. And like the divine it is to be guarded closely, and exclusively. Other villagers were discouraged and the munition workers from up yonder were to have no part or parcel of the occasion. That is what Dowager Ma and Big Operator Pan thought, but a new China feeling its democratic oats wasn't to be dealt with in such a manner, and lo and behold our munition workers put on manoeuvres for us by setting up machine guns outside the Ancestral Hall in which the opera was taking place. Of course they couldn't resist letting a few rounds go and that started the pandemonium. The Chinese is of a very practical mind, and it doesn't take long for him to realise that there is little sense in enjoying heaven here below if there is any danger of being faced with the possibility of being sent unceremoniously and summarily to an uncertain heaven above by a stray bullet. It didn't take long for all concerned to get up flying speed and take off. Then the munition workers were faced with the alternative of taking over the place and operating it on their own or having no show.

The show must go on. Democracy came to the fore and anything needed was commandeered. Of course there had to be a more spacious stage and for that there had to be poles. The first poles seen in town were taken, and the expense was passed off by assuring the owner of the poles that he was part owner of the opera now and that he and his family were patrons and that they would

be allowed in free when they showed up at the door. A goodly apple rotten at the core.

A few nights later I was up in my room giving instructions to a young student, when I could hear an awful commotion in front of the mission gates, and just a few feet from the door of the ancestral Hall of the opera. This being usual in the course of the night I paid little attention until I heard the front gates of the mission pushed open and the rush of feet through the place. Of course then I knew that there really was trouble. I darted through the door and down the stairs. Halfway up I met our would-be patron crying, 'They will kill me, they will kill me'. Democracy had run wild. I ran on down stairs to meet about fifteen or eighteen of the forgetful munition workers bent on gathering in their quarry, our merchant friend of the posts. I let out a roar which would have done credit to Tarzan, 'Get out of here', and being taken aback the crowd shifted quickly into reverse and went out the doors about as fast as they came in. I pushed the big gates closed, and made the grave mistake of not barring them. Now to find the cause of the trouble.

I called the quarry down stairs and demanded an explanation. He told me all, ending with his appearance at the door of the opera with his wife and kids demanding free entry as his share of the bargain. Memories were particularly short that night and the odds were dead against him and he soon found himself threatened as everything from an operative stowaway to a kibitzing chiseler as contemptible as an adult member of the knot-hole club. Words being cheap they were used unsparingly and the question of honor and face came up, and guns came out and our friend was not unaware that he was on the end of a limb with a saw in his hand. He took off

for the mission about fifty feet away and the executive of the opera after him.

His story was just about at an end, when I realised that a conference had been going on outside the gates, the gist of which was, 'Who does this foreigner think he is to put us out of our own country? Are we going to let him tell us what we are going to do? He is one and we are so many'. The gates broke open again and this time the deluge poured in. I realised my mistake and headed for the door. I rounded them up again and with a melodramatic look of anger, etc., they slowly gave way. However the safety of sanctuary does queer things to man's mind and of course our merchant friend realised that he had done wisely by rushing into the mission, for here the vulgar mob was in open retreat before the Shenfu. It was irresistible. No one knows the vengeance of the vanquished. Over my shoulder from the rear came a streak of invectives that would have infuriated Caspar Milquetoast, to say nothing of an armed mob. Before things went from bad to worse I told the quarry to shut up fast lest I strike them dead. A curse that the Chinese do not like to hear. I then got the mob out and determined to wash my hands of the whole matter by putting the man over the wall in a metaphorical basket and get rid of him. The process was going nicely when I was again interrupted by the mad mob coming in. This time I realised that I was in for it. I just rushed for the door.

Yes there it was. 'Who do you think you are'? Isn't this our country? Isn't that man a Chinese? Why are you helping him? We want him. Apparently some orator on the outside of the walls was urging them on to save face in front of this foreigner. Even the dumbest person in China learns a few lessons in

psychology after a while and I knew that at all costs I must not hit any of the intruders as I so much felt like doing. In China once you hit a person you are finished because their mentality is eminently practical and decreed that he who is in the right need not use violence which is left to him who is in the wrong, and by hitting one of them I would only give them the necessary passport to finishing me off for having struck first. They did everything to encourage me to hit one of them but I refused and only held the door. It bore fruit at last.

Refusing to talk to all of them at once I broke down their persevering efforts to break me down, and finally they compromised by saying that one of their number would discuss the thing with me. The rest then began to back out the door, and this time I was determined to bar the door. However their traditional fear of the foreigner as a bigger man than they came to the fore, and as I was putting the bar to the door someone from outside shouted, 'Watch out that foreign devil will kill you'. The man inside then grabbed my arm and so I had to open the doors again. However before the discussion got underway I pointed out that the minute one of them put his foot on the steps the conference would be finished. Thereupon their appointee began an oration. I interrupted this and said that I would make the first speech. I then pointed out that the mission was the same as Canadian soil and that they had no right to enter and that their entry was the same as an invasion of the ally Canada's soil. Then I pointed out that they could do what they wanted to their own people on their own soil but that they would not kill anyone in the Catholic Mission. To clinch my point I then said that I would have

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DOMINICAN days

REV.
FRANK DIEMERT
S. F. M.

ARTHUR
KECKOR



ONE of the very first Spanish phrases a foreigner learns and one which is heard most frequently during the day is "a su orden." Translated into English this would mean "at your disposal." Although in many cases the phrase is nothing more than a verbal courtesy, yet, in its origin (and still as used among many people) it is the expression of a truly Christian sentiment.

It is the custom of the people to answer an avowal or profusive expression of gratitude, with the words "a su orden." In this sense the phrase is akin to our English "you are entirely welcome", with this difference, that the English phrase seems to look back and regard the favor shown, while the Spanish rather looks ahead and is suggestive of readiness to perform the same favour again in the future.

Another expression that corresponds with "a su orden" and has to do with all kinds of personal property, is the phrase "es suyo" meaning "it is yours." A man will tell you that his house is yours or a lady will tell you that this picture "es suyo"—

"is yours." Especially will they insist that a thing is yours if you have admired a certain article, and have expressed your admiration of it by a complimentary or pleasant remark.

Looking down deeper than the verbal surface, we can see underlying these expressions and these customs, a sound Catholic doctrine. Namely, that we are social beings and should help each other whenever possible, and also that all things in this world are only means to an end and should be used as such and shared with others. These things are not really ours, but are given to us by an all good God, to help us live our lives on earth more pleasantly.

There is a philosophical principle that says—"Good is of itself diffusive," and that man who does not wish to share his happiness with others, is not altogether human and is a long distance from being truly happy. A poet expressed this idea very beautifully when he wrote—"T'were the greatest misery known, To be in paradise alone."

Customs however must be judged in the light of the mentality of those

people to whom they are peculiar. In other words, one must understand the custom and use it as the people use it. Thus, for instance, when one tells you he is "a su orden," you would not make a servant of him and tell him to go up town and get you a package of cigarettes. Or again, you would not send a bill for a month's rent to the man who told you his house was "es suyo"—yours. No, customs must be complied with but not taken too seriously.

But, as I said before, this custom in its origin is truly Christian and is based upon the Catholic doctrine of community of goods. I often think that when God starts us off with life in this world, He says to our souls something like—"a su orden." Because God is the Creator and Owner of all things, He really means that He places all things at our disposal, to be used by us in moderation, as means to working out the salvation of our souls. And surely He does not wish that anyone should take any of these worldly goods and make them his own, so much so, as to forget who is the real owner.

The spirit of readiness to help others and the willingness to share things with others, should also pervade the spiritual life, for here we come in contact with real goodness, which too is diffusive of itself and ever more so. Those who have the gift of the True Faith and the great

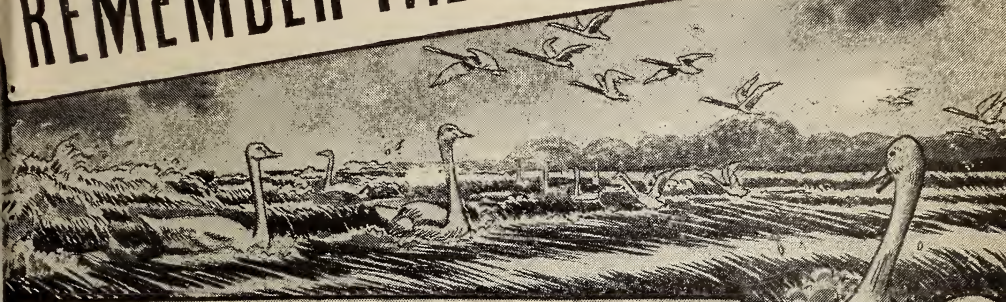
benefits of the Mass and the Sacraments, should be willing to share these blessings with others who are less fortunate and should do everything in their power by means of prayer and alms, to help spread abroad the Good Tidings of Great Joy. And they should do this willingly, for "the Lord loveth a cheerful giver." This desire to share spiritual happiness with others is the very mainspring of the missionary activity of the Church, in which every Catholic should have a hearty interest.

Now that the war is over, and we are all looking forward to an era of peace, what greater assurance could there be for such a lasting peace, than, if everyone adopted, not necessarily the custom but at least the spirit which underlies the expression—"a su orden" and "es suyo"? And if this spirit of willingness to be of service and to share things with others, extended itself even to the leaders of nations, how would it be possible to even imagine another war?

With this good will among men, the Angelic message to the shepherds on that first Christmas Night, would certainly be carried out in the world—"Peace on earth to men of good will." And then too, would we realize the truth of these words of Our Blessed Lord—"It is a more blessed thing to give than to receive."



REMEMBER THE WHISTLING SWAN



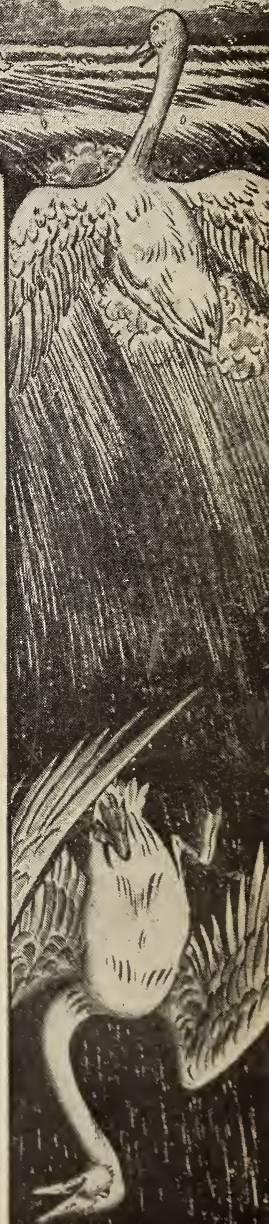
The Whistling Swans would never learn. They were utterly complacent in the face of danger. Year after year, in hundreds, they were swept to their doom over the roaring brink of Niagara and all because their misguided instinct assured them that "it couldn't happen here". Well . . . it did.

The Whistling Swan is virtually extinct, but his human counterpart is still with us. Millions of people just "hope for the best", will make no spiritual effort to avert the very real dangers that confront our civilization. They are good people, but blind. Their lethargy in the face of danger is appalling.

How shall we rouse them from their stupor before it is too late? How shall we bring to bear against the Principalities and Powers the irresistible force of fervent prayer and personal sacrifice on the part of an awakened Christian people?

You, dear reader, can help us provide the answer.

Rt. Rev. Wm. C. McGrath



THERE had been no declaration of war. At the "opportune" moment, while our newspapers warned of "mounting tension", the one, swift, knockout blow had been delivered. From launching sites thousands of miles away, super-atomic robots had sped with unerring precision towards their designated targets in Canada. And now the "tension" was at an end.

But yesterday and it had been life as usual throughout the Dominion, nobody dreaming for a moment that it was Canada's last day of freedom. Gay throngs in summer colonies, cars thronging the highways; ball games and horse races, with thousands of cheering spectators; teletypes clicking out the news of the Northern mining boom and the latest wonder drug that would prove a boon and comfort to millions. Well, today it didn't matter so much. Our world had suddenly ended. Millions of little men and women, who yesterday were bemoaning their ill-luck or revelling in their newly found riches, were now beyond human comfort or the magic powers of any new healing drug. Three million Canadian people had died, with the swiftness of light, in the simultaneous atomic blasts that had left only smouldering ashes of the major cities of Canada.

With fiendish precision was the onslaught timed. Parliament had been in session when Ottawa disappeared in a blinding flash so there was neither Government nor Parliament any more. There had been time for neither resistance nor surrender and today we were a nation of slaves. Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver, Halifax and twenty other Canadian cities had been liquidated in the terror attack. From the enemy paratroopers, whose myriad chutes were still desecrating our Canadian

skies, we learned the gruesome details of Canada's tragic fate. They were simply taking over . . . at will. They did not *expect* any trouble from the dazed and bewildered rural population, the only Canadians left alive, but they were only too well prepared—just in case. "You will obey all orders, instantly and without question . . . or else. . . .", the hard-faced Commanding Officer had declared, while those who saw him knew better than even to hope for mercy.

We Play the Game

Well, it was consoling to realise that we had "played the game" till the last, against an enemy who for years had consistently flouted and ridiculed our ethics and our procedure. Our latest note was edifying in its restraint. Despatched at the precise moment when the enemy was sounding the call to action at the robot stations, it had pointed out, in phraseology dignified and impeccable, that certain actions of the nation in question might be regarded as unfriendly. More than that—dreadful thought—said actions might even prejudice the long standing happy relations existing between the two friendly peoples. A noted C.B.C. commentator, now missing, station and all, had remarked only last evening that *this note* should have the desired effect. If not, he had said—but he sincerely hoped it would not "come to that" — there might even be a severance of diplomatic relations. These were the last recorded words spoken to his audience of Whistling Swans but it hadn't "come to that". Relations, be it known, had been unimpaired to the last. It was a nation still "friendly" that had blasted our dignified Government into eternity and our unprotected and unsuspecting people into slavery. We were over the brink without even feeble flutter of wings into the starry blue above.

World War III. It's on the way, they say. Merely a matter of time now before our world plunges into the abyss. The sacrifices, the blood, sweat, and tears, the immolation of millions of our bravest and best in the holocaust just ended—all this has given us neither an assurance of peace nor a better world for little men. The fatalism and numbing despair with which thinking men contemplate civilization's impending doom are but an indictment of the failure of our leaders, the most colossal failure, because of its terrible consequences, since man first turned his back on God—and was destroyed. Human failure they will admit but the need of God they still deny and that is why, humanly speaking, *there is no hope*. In this age of realism let us be realistic. *If World War III is to be prevented, it will not be by politics or diplomacy or further runnings hither and thither of Foreign Ministers and Big Threes perpetuating their ghastly game of make-believe*. If humanity is to be saved, even at this eleventh hour, it will be by the little people of simple faith whose humble prayers will ascend to our Merciful Father in Heaven; by the foolish whom God will choose to confound the wise and by the weak, whom God will choose to confound the strong because, now or forever, *no flesh shall glory in His sight*. The little people must hasten to take over, now, or the world will not be saved. The meek and humble of heart who reverently take God and His Blessed Mother at their word, with simple and child-like faith more pleasing to God than a world of sophistication, *must take the salvation of the world out of the hands of the diplomats or that world will go down in blood drenched barbarism and flaming ruin*. *Hodie mihi, cras tibi*. The fate of Europe today will be the fate of America tomorrow unless, somehow,

we can blast our swans out of their deadly complacency, make our people realise the desperate seriousness of the diabolical menace that hovers over our civilization, already sick unto death.

Mary's Peace Plan

Have we, then, a peace plan? We have. It is the peace plan of Mary, Mother of God. It was unfolded, in scenes of touching love and tenderness, by God's own Mother in person when she came down to earth and tried to prevent the last World War. She failed because she suffered a letdown at the hands of her own unfaithful children in Europe. She warned of the dire and terrible things to come if people turned a deaf ear to her appeal and promised that if they but gave ear to her simple requests — so easy of fulfilment—there would follow the CONVERSION OF RUSSIA AND AN ERA OF PEACE FOR WEARY HUMANITY. Those disasters of which she warned have since engulfed unhappy Europe because of the stony hearted indifference of those who should have known better.

Our Turn to Know

Well, it is our turn now. We are learning the story of Fatima. We know what Mary wants us to do if we are to play our part in the salvation of the world. Will we hear? Will we be faithful or will we, too, sin against the light? Fatima represents what may well be *the last hope, the last call for peace on earth in our generation*, the last loving appeal of a mother's heart to a world that has turned its back on God, her Son. America is now being given a chance and God grant America may hearken before it is too late. We say, with full realisation of the import of our statement, that THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR FUTURE PEACE, FOR THE CONVERSION OF RUSSIA AND THE SALVA-

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CHRIST OR Confucius

REV D STRINGER S.F.M.



THE Atlantic Charter had its note of benevolence and brotherly love. Yalta brimmed over with complete and friendly accord—so we believed. San Francisco was a social success. Potsdam revealed the truth, and the present meetings of the Big Five make one wonder just why the war was fought at all.

How long is it going to take twentieth century society to realize and admit what two world wars have failed to convince it of, that unless God is with it, it will labour in vain to establish anything like a just and lasting peace? When will world leaders come to understand that economics is not the *basic* cause of the widespread disorders we suffer today? The one-sided distribution and ownership of this world's goods does indeed cause untold misery to millions, but such maladjustment in turn flows from erroneous thinking on the matter of man's relation to man and to God. Like many attempts before it, the Bolshevik belief that economic sanctions can whip mankind into order and peace will wreck itself on the fundamental truth

that man can never be sufficient unto himself. Nations, like individuals, sooner or later come to the cross-roads, when they must accept or reject the idea of God and his Providence. There is no middle course; nor will any substitute save society. The tragedy of it all is that the masses of people have been, all through history, at the mercy of selfishness, deceit, and intrigue in high places. Why was the message and warning of Our Lady of Fatima and the miracles that attended it killed by a so-called democratic and free press? Ask the atheists who sat at Versailles.

Over the radio the other day came this gem of folly in the form of a proverb: "Don't study the wisdom of the past, study the wisdom of the present." A direct violation of the axiom that a knowledge of history is essential to administration. Had the world leaders studied and meditated the real causes of dissension, unrest, and war that have plagued mankind, they would have discovered that religion lies at the root of it all. Not without reason were

these words spoken, "This Child is set for the rise and fall of many. . . ." Lenin tried to ignore them. So did Hitler. So did Nero. So does every usurper of God's place among men.

Had we studied the religious history of Japan we could, perhaps, have averted the war of the Pacific. But our own civilization had progressed too far on the road of unbelief, and neo-paganism blinded us to the dangers of the old. Human life was never too highly valued among pagan peoples and in many ways this was understandable. Christian principles, however, had so ceased to influence thought in many parts of the western world that a man like Justice Holmes could write: "The sacredness of human life is a purely municipal ideal of no validity outside the jurisdiction. . . . Force, mitigated so far as may be by good manners, is the ultima ratio and between two groups that want to make inconsistent kinds of world I see no remedy except force." And his friend Sir Frederick Pollock replied: "As to the sanctity of human life I quite agree with you that there is too much fuss made about it." Savages in frock coats!

Long before such neo-pagans, Hirata Atsutane was proclaiming of Japan, "Our country, owing to the facts that it was begotten by the two gods Izanagi and Izanami; that it was the birthplace of the Sun goddess; and that it is ruled by her sublime descendants for ever and ever as long as the universe shall endure, is infinitely superior to all other countries whose chief and head it is." And tracing her religious development we can see that little or no fuss was made about the "sanctity of human life".

It was religion or rather the lack of it, that shaped Japan. Shintoism, or the Way of the Gods, was based on ancestor worship coupled with a humble attitude towards the myster-



Rev. D. E. Stringer, S.F.M.

ies of nature. But actually the Way was restricted to the higher castes who could claim blood-relationship with the various deities. The peasant derived little consolation from that source, and for such, life in the next world would be just as plebian—if there was any at all. In China, Buddhism with its Goddess of Mercy, Kuan Ying, had done much to soften the lot of the lowcast, but in Japan it drew from the aristocracy the same sort of contempt that Western rationalists had for what they considered the decadent Catholic Church, so soon to pass out of human affairs.

Long before Marx and his prophet Lenin had poured their honeyed poison into the mouths of hungry men, Confucius and his later commentator Chu Hsi had developed a philosophy in which there was nothing of God, of judgment, of Providence, of immortality. In fact, the wiser a man had been in life, so much the quicker did he become extinct in the next. What a crush-

ing of human hopes and aspirations!

It was this sort of Confucianism that became popular with the high castes of Japan. The subordinate place assigned to religious thought in that system appealed to their materialist minds. And it was the last of the Confucian virtues, Loyalty, that was seized upon and fashioned into the doctrine of loyalism of the Samurai class. Loyalism, blind devotion to their Lord. For such men "to adore God would have appeared an impropriety, to hope for happiness after death . . . a shameful haggling." In modern days the Emperor became the focal point on which this sort of loyalty and worship centred. For millions of peasants, debarred from the society of the gods, there was left the faint hope, but carefully nurtured, that perhaps an act of undoubted heroism, like laying down one's life for the Emperor, might elevate them after death into their august company. The political possibilities of such a system were well understood by highest leaders. This vast array of manpower would move at the word of their divine Emperor, and he would move as "lesser deities" directed.

With so sheerly a materialistic philosophy enthralling the governmental mind of Japan it should have been self-evident that she would pursue the path of aggression. In a country where people considered themselves gods or semi-gods it should have been apparent that the quest for power would be the normal course. But Christian governments have nearly ceased to exist in our Western world, and only a Christian viewpoint could have deciphered the writing on the wall. And so the logical outcome of "Holmes' thought" was the atomic bomb and its horrors. Japan has many sins to atone for; but let us remember that country was opened to the West

at the point of a gun—for *economic* reasons and the merchant decried the missionary.

In our own day we have seen two countries brought down in defeat and disgrace by their irreligion and materialism. Just a few short years ago the Nazi raised his fist in defiance and hurled his blasphemies into the very face of God. Japan with her superstitious fear of the Nazarene lies prostrate. We won—but did God?

Clear-thinking men and women today are deeply concerned about our own future. Outside the Catholic Church the Christian heritage is fast being dissipated. Thousands of children are going through their formative years with little or no religious instruction. A close and sympathetic observer of Japanese affairs wrote years ago of that country: "All her schools are materialistic; all explain the universe without a creating God. Man is taught to be the most perfect expression of what nature can produce. He has no immortal soul. He has duties only to society. It is the Confucian teaching that has inculcated this materialism in the learned as in the ignorant, and formed contemporary Japan where all make of the present life the whole man, ridiculing the hypothesis of survival after death." Don't let the name Confucianist mislead you and say he'll never get a foothold here. It is just one of the many which an anti-God philosophy has used down through the ages. There is only one thing worse and that is ignoring God, which is perhaps more descriptive of a great part of our so-called Christian world.

The battle will go on to the end of time. The narrow nationalist; the moneyed despot; the power-crazed dictator will continue to meet on the common ground of anti-Christianity which is anti-humanity. They will
(Continued on page 30)

*China's
water
taxis
fear no
gasoline
shortage*



*Rickshaw
row. Here
the Coolie
awaits a
fare.*




LEGEND




ARTHUR
KEELOCK


OF HEAVEN

Hugh F. W. Sharkey S.F.M.



The angels had ceased from their singing
Strange whispers were filling the air;
The Saints seemed perturbed over something
And gathered in groups, here and there.
Strange people were walking through Heaven,
With shadowy garments and face.
Said Paul to Saints Thomas and Andrew—
“Who let those queer folks in this place?”
But no one could answer his question;
He set out to look for his mate:
For surely St. Peter could tell him,
He’d know if they passed through the gate.
But Simon knew nothing about it.
So off they both went to explore,
And hunted in vain through the heavens,
Until, at the very last door,
They heard such a terrible racket
Both looked at each and stopped.
Says Paul—“What can Joseph be doing?”—
For this was his carpenter shop.
Then, opening the door kind of slowly,
Sure, what do you think they did see—
A hole in the flagstones of Heaven.
And Joseph down there on his knees;
Till, spying a ladder descending
They saw the whole mystery unfold—
He’d built a back door-way to Heaven
To rescue the poor, suffering souls.
St. Peter got mad as a hatter;
“Old man, this has all got to stop.
Or else you’ll get put out of Heaven;
We’ll close up your carpenter shop.”
St. Joseph got up from the ladder
And drew himself up full of pride—
“If you dare to put me out of Heaven
I’ll take with me, Mary, my bride;
And since she is truly God’s mother,
She’ll take with her Jesus, her Son.
And then there won’t be any Heaven.”





The Last Will and Testament John Aloysius Brown

REV. HUGH F.X. SHARKEY

JOHN ALOYSIUS BROWN sat before the glowing fireplace in a pensive mood. The fall winds shrieked and whistled about the eaves of the old house and the rain beat heavily against the windowpane. The inclemency of the weather without only served to accentuate the warmth and comfort that lay within.

On such a night it seemed only natural for a man to feel more than usually thankful for his home, his security and his success. To be sure, John was not wealthy, but he had received a generous share of this world's goods and at his advanced age he was not overly perturbed regarding the future security of his remaining years.

But, like so many more before him, he could not feel as satisfied and unperturbed about his spiritual assets, as he walked into the sunset of life. The successful business man, the honest and honoured citizen, John Aloysius Brown, knew that all men go down to their graves holding in their

clutched hands only that which they gave away. And as he turned the last bend in the road, he realized his hands were empty with their fulness rather than full with their emptiness.

On the chair beside him lay an open copy of the missionary magazine CHINA. Reading of the pitiable plight of the poor missionaries in China and of the terrible devastation of the Canadian missions there, he was inclined to sit down and write a generous cheque and send it to the Scarborough Foreign Mission Society. He had already invested much of his money in War Bonds, because he well knew that in doing so, he was investing in the peace of our future world. And now the same logic that had moved him to buy those Dominion of Canada Bonds was impelling him to invest, while yet he could, in that eternal happiness and "that peace which the world cannot give" which, with each succeeding year,

became so vital and all important to him.

John Aloysius Brown never realized that fall night that the shadows were lengthening so quickly. It was later, far later than he ever dreamed.

He never wrote that cheque in aid of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society. He did, however, decide as he sat there gazing reflectively into the glowing embers in the fireplace, that some day of the following week he would see his lawyer and remake his will. Oh yes, he promised himself, the Canadian missions in China would be generously remembered. Of course, he argued, there was no great hurry about it anyway. He was feeling very well for his sixty odd years. Besides, making one's last will was a distasteful, morose and unpleasant affair.

The following week came and passed, and the following month and the following year. But the will was never remade. Another fall came 'round, the fire burned again in the grate, and the wind whistled about the eaves of the old house, as the driving rain lashed the windowpane. The familiar chair was drawn up to the hearth, but it was empty. John Aloysius Brown was dead.

The savings of his lifetime were being spent with abandon by his thoughtless heirs. A few Masses, as few as possible, they had had offered up for his poor soul. The rest of his hard-earned money, divided among his relatives, had resolved itself into a series of luxuries, pleasures and questionable investments. What would have been a very generous gift to the work of the Foreign Missions, was eaten up in lawyers fees and interminable litigation. Such was the last will and testament of John Aloysius Brown.

Over in far-off Chekiang the Canadian Missions still lay in ruins. The

poor priests and sisters, half-starved and half-clothed themselves, lacked the means to carry on their Christlike work. Nephew Tom had a brand new car, and niece Mary had a beautiful fur coat, and still another lucky relative was off on a tour around the world.

John Aloysius Brown stood with hands empty with their fullness before the judgment seat of God muttering in shame and confusion—"I meant to do It."

Yes, he meant to do it. Perhaps you too dear reader *Mean* to do it. But Hell is paved with good intentions.

Remember the Missions and remember them NOW.

Remember the Whistling Swan

(Continued from page 11)

TION OF CIVILIZATION RESTS UPON THE SHOULDERS OF THOSE WHO ARE PREPARED TO HEAR AND TO HEED THE WARNINGS OF GOD'S MOTHER AND TO DO WHAT SHE ASKS OF THEM, FAITHFULLY AND WITHOUT DELAY.

The Age-Old Struggle

Readers of China, your collective influence in this regard is of greater import for humanity than a dozen Potsdams or San Franciscos or all the meetings of world leaders that may transpire before humanity's final madness. We urge you, instantly, to begin to play your part in saving our world from the horror of atomic warfare and universal destruction. "*If my requests are heard, Russia will be converted and there will be peace.*" When will good people realise, in the depths of their souls, that this struggle is not fundamentally a matter of oil or colonies, of economics or *lebensraum*, but the age old war to the death between

(Continued on page 28)



THE whole world knows the tension of the days preceding Pearl Harbour. Just multiply that by about ten and you have a fair estimate of Peking. There were rumours everywhere, but still it was a great shock when the thing finally burst. It was on Dec. 8th when we came in from High Mass that we first heard the news of the horrible affair from Msgr. Commisso of the Apostolic Delegation who came down to tell us. He advised us to remain indoors until further developments. Finally two days later we received a visit from the Japanese authorities.

Carey and I received word that there were some parcels for us at the Customs, Xmas parcels, and we thought we would brave the storm and go and get them. This was the first time that we were out and we saw that the streets were absolutely deserted. Everyone was quite surprised to see us in the post office as the Chinese had concluded that we were shot or had taken ourselves off

some place. We got the parcels, and on the way back along our street the old Chinese ladies were sticking their heads out telling us that the Japs were already at the house. We said, finally it has come and we had a feeling that our fate even then was sealed. As we entered there was a real council of war. The Fathers were all assembled in the K'e T'ing. There was nothing small about this. There were two gendarmes and four high officers. The usual confab took place a la Orientale, with all the logic of the Oriental mind. Questions innumerable relevant or irrelevant made little difference. Suffice it to say that the final immediate outcome was the confiscation of our radio, and we received strict orders to stay in, and Chinese puppet police guards were put over us. Needless to say no one was allowed in or out. Strange to say we were the only ones in Peking treated like this. That night two Jap gendarmes replaced the Chinese police, and returned the

radio to us, much to our surprise.

The lock-up lasted a week, with periodic and daily visits by Japanese generals and staff, with the most impressive front they could present. The usual routine of an Oriental visit was followed during the visits with us presenting them with tea and cakes, etc. During the course of one of these visits we overdid ourselves by offering very very precious Chesterfields. We managed to get these because the American marines on leaving had sold us their supplies. Much to our surprise the general replied negatively and, to our querying looks, responded "No, I prefer Camels." I guess they had located a depot of their own.

In the course of another of these visits there seemed to be something definitely puzzling the general. However it turned out to be nothing more or less than the usual Oriental failure to understand a celibate priesthood, or the willingness of men to go through life without having sons to carry on their names. They considered our unenviable state in life with deepest concern and the characteristic Japanese facial contortions plus a tsk, tsk, tsk.

In taking steps to avoid the usual plague of wall climbers and thieves we had in the compound a very ferocious dog. One day during this visit the Jap officer preceded us into the room, and the dog took exception to this. Before anything could be done the dog was on his back and it was only a quick word that separated that dog from a Jap bayonet. From this time on the Japs made sure the dog was tied before setting foot in our house. They seemed to warm up to us though and one of the gendarmes, a very young lad about seventeen warmed up to the extent of coming to Father Carey to borrow soap, towel and talcum powder to take a shower in the house. During these

days, although the guards remained at the house, we were allowed to go to class. However the gendarme at the door would say very quickly as we were leaving for class, Monday, Tuesday, etc., all the days of the week up to Friday in one long slur. In other words you have these five days only. Following a couple of weeks of this we were free men again and allowed to go any place in the city as long as we wore the arm band with the Chinese character for Canada on it. Outside the city was verboten.

In September, 1942, we were ordered to pack and sail on the evacuation boat. Up to this time we had received money through the Swiss legation and we had been allowed 125 dollars a month. That is Chinese dollars from the Federal reserve bank. Food was very hard to get at this time because the Japs needed the money and prices were high without ceiling. There was a ceiling on some things though. The Japs told us that if we were hard up for money we could dispose of our possessions and they appointed a store for the purpose. Our appointed place was the Salvation Army store. We went down there one day and found that our things could only be sold to Japs and that they would name the ceiling price. These ceilings certainly called for a dwarf and consequently little merchandise changed hands.

Two days before we were supposed to leave, two members of the Jap embassy came to the Mission and we were in for a real session. They wanted us to write our appreciation of Japan's effort towards world betterment and our ideas of what the Japs could do to better existing conditions. What they really wanted was an appreciation by us of Japan's prosperity sphere in East Asia. This was a very ticklish question. We definitely could not put our own ideas

on paper. Procrastination was antagonizing our guests. Certainly it had to be written and quickly. We all sat down and wrote that Japan's best effort should be made to cooperate with the Church to a world peace through justice. The unanimity of our ideas was quite unexpected, and seemed very little help to the Jap authorities. We appeared very uncooperative for men in our position. Finally disgusted with our stupidity and utter lack of appreciation of real progress in Japanese terms, they went off.

The evacuation was postponed indefinitely and the whole scheme of repatriation fizzled out. We lived from day to day in a world of rumours from then on. On one hand it would be that repatriation was coming and then it would be a rumour for internment. Finally, February, 1943, all rumours were spiked. One day the leaders of the groups were called to the various embassies, American, British and Canadian. The story came back with Father Carey who was a leader of one group. The Japanese he said, had announced to him that for our own safety it had been decided that we were to be confined to civilian assembly centres. These, the Japanese insisted, were not concentration camps but rather like summer hotels with conditions ideal, much more superior to our Peking living conditions. The Americans were the first to go, March the 22nd, the time preceding having been spent in much doubtful but entertaining speculation as to the future. We were kept very busy preparing our beds and sorting out the things we could take and what we couldn't take along. We eventually capitulated with a grand meal against an uncertain future.

March the twenty-ninth found us on our way to the British embassy, where we were subjected to a min-

ute inspection of everything we had and all we planned to take to the camp. The general inspection lasted for the better part of three hours and then we were allowed to carry our own belongings the mile to the train, which left at seven o'clock. The march to the train took us through streets lined with Chinese come to see us off and wave us a farewell into only God knew what. The Chinese were crying and generally a bad time was had by all.

The train was crowded and we sat up all night. Those who could find room were stretched out on the floor. The guards on the train were in evidence. Anchor's Aweigh was being sung with much gusto, when interrupted by the Japs who told us that it was alright to sing it if we didn't make any noise. There were a couple of changes of trains and of course we were told to make it on the double. There were helpful hands around but as is usual the case under nervous strain the help really managed only to get us on the wrong trains and finally it was only with the greatest good luck that we ever kept together.

The camp was at Wei Hsien but about a half hour's ride from the station and for the change of truck we were our own porters and finally arrived at the camp.

We were soon introduced to our civilian assembly centre a la summer hotel with conditions ideal. It was a former Presbyterian mission compound. The ride being finished we received a warm welcome from the Americans who had preceded us by a few days to this large, sprawling compound more or less rectangular in shape. As is usual there was a high wall, and on the inside of the wall were rooms. The main compound was subdivided into several smaller compounds and these had walls which were lined with rooms.

(To be continued)

The LITTLE ★ ROSE



FLOWER'S GARDEN

Dear Members of the Rose Garden:

For a long time Father Jim has been puzzling over the question of how to make the Rose Garden more attractive. He would welcome letters from any of the members with suggestions for improving this section of CHINA.

In this issue you will find a page of games—and we hope you will all enjoy doing them. How about a contest with prizes? Just jot down your ideas and send them along. We want to make the Rose Garden just as interesting and lively as possible.

We hope to announce in the January issue of CHINA a series of big contests for the different dioceses of Canada and Newfoundland, with some real swell prizes. Be on the lookout for it.

Father Jim also wishes that the members of the Rose Garden would send along their pictures for publication in the CHINA. Pictures of your class at school should be sent along too. I am always anxious to see all my friends of the Rose Garden.

No doubt with November here, everybody is getting out their skates, skis, toboggans, etc. And this is the time of the year also when different affairs in aid of the Missions can be held. Let's all get together and make this a real banner year for

Missionary work. Never before did the Missions so need your prayers and your pennies than they do just now. God bless you all.

FATHER JIM.

NEW MEMBERS

Carmel Withers, Grade V, ten years of age, and Peter Withers, Grade VII, eleven years old. Both of Carbonear, Newfoundland.

We are delighted to enroll the following girls of Lacombe Home, Midnapore, Alberta, in the Rose Garden:

Violet Bond, aged 15.

Agnes Shade, aged 12.

Cora Southgate, aged 11.

Maureen Matsen, aged 12.

Mavis Durand, aged 12.

Yvonne Margaret Dugas, aged 15.

Georgette Verhulst, aged 11.

PEN PAL CORNER

Mary Helena Gallant of Fredericton, P.E.I., would like to hear from girls of her own age in Ontario and Newfoundland. She is eleven years old. Thanks for the stamps, Mary, and for your very lovely spiritual bouquet for the Missions. We will not forget you in our prayers.

Ronald Laverigne of 248 Albert Street West, Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, would like pen-pals from the United States and other places in Canada. He is almost fifteen years

old and likes to bowl, ice-skate, dance, and play baseball. I guess Ronald will be listening to the World Series these days.

Miss Rita Hogan, Kingston, R.R. 6, Ontario, wishes some pen-pals. She is twelve years of age and in grade seven. We hope you get many pen-pals, Rita, and thanks for the subscription to CHINA, which reached us safely.

MAIL BAG

Father Jim received lovely letters from Anna Meany, who lives in Carbonear, Newfoundland. We hope Anne is getting along well in Grade 7.

Francis Godderis wrote us from away out in British Columbia. His address is — Box 542, Fernie, B.C. Francis enclosed a donation with his letter. Many thanks, Frank.

Thank you Mary Carpenter for your welcome letter, and Father Jim is delighted to know that you have so many pen-pals already. Keep up those good prayers for the Missions.

Priscilla Courneya, R.R. 3, Tweed,

Ontario, sent us some cancelled stamps. Thanks very much Priscilla. Saving cancelled stamps is a good way to help the Missions.

Attention, Father Chafe. Miss Therese Taylor of 270 Rideau Street, Kingston, Ontario, is anxious to have some of the girls there in Santo Domingo write to her. Could you help her out?

Thanks very much, Therese, for the generous donation you sent us for the Missions. We are very proud to hear that a member of the Rose Garden won first prize last June in the Catechism exams for the Archdiocese of Kingston. Those were lovely prizes you received. Write again soon.

An old friend of Father Jim's—Marcella Mullins, writes from Corner Brook in Newfoundland, and sent us along some stamps. Many thanks, Marcella. We do hope your brothers will soon be back home from overseas. Thank God the terrible war is over and they are safe.

The Holy Childhood

OUR priests who have visited schools in different parts of Canada find that the impression is widespread that our Society shares in the funds collected for the Association of the Holy Childhood. Such is not the case. We do not receive for our work in China any assistance from the Holy Childhood Association. Even if an offering for a ransom be sent directly to our Seminary, it is forwarded to the National Director, Father Roberts.

Much of the confusion is due to the fact that Father Roberts is a member of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, but his work as National Director of the Holy Childhood Association is completely independent of the work of the Society.

To the teachers and pupils who have long been extending us a helping hand but who have recently become interested in Holy Childhood work, we might suggest that they help us both. Our own needs in China these days are very great, with so much of our ruined property to be re-built.

*Chinese gods
being carried
in a religious
procession*



*The Cathay Hotel
on Shanghai's
famous Bund*



Game Page

TRY THESE IN YOUR SPARE TIME

Jumbled Canadian Cities

1, Itacivor; 2, Telomarn; 3, Toskasona; 4, Orotnot; 5, Buceqe; 6, Ynedsy; 7, Oscarotetlwnth; 8, Cavenro; 9, Toawta; 10, Laxhafi; 11, Ekbreoshro; 12, Genria.

A score of 5 is fair, 10 average, 12 very good. If you get all twelve in seven minutes, go to the head of the class.

Answers on page 28

QUIZ CONTEST

What, Who or Where was—

Little Corsican
Pope of the Missions
Wizard of Menlo Park
The Voice
Lily of the Mohawks
Father of Waters
Top of the World
Maid of Orleans
Missimo
Bard of Avon
St. Joseph's Coolie
The Little Flower
Nightingale of the Airways
Flowery Kingdom
Pearl of the Orient
Big Ben
Paradise of the Pacific
Fool of God
Never Never Land
Waltz King

You score 2 points for each correct answer. A score of 20 is good; 24 is very good; 30 is excellent. If you score 40—well—stop boasting.

Answers on page 31

MYSTIC MAZE

B	G	C	S	R
E	O	H	M	A
W	L	T	E	F
I	P	E	N	G

In this maze there are twenty domesticated animals. How many can you find?

Score—10 in seven minutes, good; 14 in 12 minutes, very good; 20 in 20 minutes, tops.

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BOOK DEPT.

The Scarboro Foreign Mission
Society
Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

Wherein the Opera Comes to Me

(Continued from page 6)

to report the whole matter to Chungking and see what they would do about it up there. I managed to get free of them then, leaving them with the thought of the drastic consequence of invading one of their allies' property.

Now to find my merchant friend. Needless to say the help inside the mission compound were a good deal more frightened than I was, and that was no little bit because say what you want there is little anyone can do against fifteen men with guns. The man might be small but the gun is still dangerous. I told them to find the victim. They located him up in the servants' quarters under a bed, and they brought him out. He really was frightened, and he came to me and got down on his knees touching his forehead to the ground three times in the old fashioned kow-tow. Of course we hate to see this because the mental attitude seldom agrees with the physical posture even when they are frightened. My only thought was to get rid of this man lest the munition workers come again, and if they did I knew that there would be no fooling this time. He begged me not to put him out of the mission but to no avail. This whole preceding procedure had taken more than two hours and a half and I was nearly exhausted. I put him over the back wall, lowering him as far as I could reach and then letting go of him. He sure took off at top speed and went for home. That was the last I saw of him and I guess he hid out in the hills until everything blew over.

However that was not the end of my trouble. I knew that unless I got the upper hand and that quickly that there would be trouble for us in the village which was the head-

quarters of these workers. Face in China as everyone knows means everything and as motley a crew as that does not let a foreigner stand between it and face. I knew of course that should I report the matter to Chungking nothing would be done about it. Why, Chungking was two thousand miles away, and there was a war on, and the munition workers were very important to the war, and the local police were too frightened of them to do anything. The Catholic Mission had always been reticent about using the privilege of extraterritoriality, anyway. In spite of what a lot of modern authors who don't have too much firsthand knowledge say in their magazine articles little has ever been done by the great powers to protect missionaries in the interior. Of course there have always been apologies made when someone has been knocked off but they fully expect that when they enter the interior and that is that. However with the Chinese the threat is always worth more than the actual reporting, and so I immediately set out to let them talk me out of reporting. I called the ring leaders into the mission and told them that I didn't feel like reporting this serious matter as I didn't like to cause trouble, but that I felt I should report it because if I didn't then more than likely the trouble would start all over again. After an hour or so of dilly-dallying they extracted the promise from me not to report them. This I finally gave them.

Nor was the matter ended here. There still remained the necessity of going regularly to that village for Mass each Sunday and the workers there being very numerous I feared lest their resentment blossom out in ambush somewhere along the road. There was only one plan and that was to hit the anvil while the iron is hot and take a trip up there to let them know that I wasn't afraid

(Continued on next page)

SINCERE FELICITATIONS

Monday, October 15th, marked the fiftieth anniversary in religion of Rev. Mother St. John of the Monastery of the Good Shepherd here in Toronto. Mother St. John is a sister of Rt. Rev. Monsignor J. M. Fraser.

In the presence of their Excellencies Archbishop McGuigan of Toronto and Bishop O'Reilly of St. George's, Newfoundland; Bishop Carroll of Calgary, nephew of the jubilarian, offered Pontifical High Mass, at the end of which the Archbishop of Toronto delivered the sermon.

The sanctuary was filled with monsignori and priests. Priests and students of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society were in charge of the ceremonies and the music.

To Mother St. John we wish many more happy and blessed years in the service of God.

Wherein the Opera Comes to Me

(Continued from page 27)

of them. It sure was a lie but there was no other way out of it. The help in the mission urged me not to go, but I told them that it didn't bother me, which was something of a mental reservation. However I jumped on my bicycle and went to the village and spent a half hour walking around the town showing myself, and everything eventually fizzled out.

Consequently we can see some do

A Suggestion

Why not give a subscription to CHINA as a Christmas gift?

Solve your problem and help the Missions.

appreciate opera and some don't. It does not all depend on one's taste for music nor does it all depend on one's respect for the art of living. The Chinese love the opera as I said because it presents to the ordinary man an escape from a hum-drum existence. It presented me with an escape too but not until I had sweated my way out of the rush, and consequently I still love Brahms as Balm, and Beethoven has a charm, nor do I balk at Bach, for all the charm of a princess of the Imperial Palace rescuing me from the robbers on the road to Imperial examinations would recompense for the escape from Dillinger Wu or Baby-face Chang.

Remember the Whistling Swan

(Continued from page 19)

the children of God and the Powers of darkness, the struggle whose first terrible casualty was the gentle and loving Saviour in agony on Calvary's Cross! This issue will not "work itself out" while we sit idly by and hope. Inaction is treason. Every Catholic worthy of the name should be in the thick of the fray, bringing to bear the tremendous power of prayer and penance, especially the power of the Rosary as specifically requested by the Blessed Virgin. Our Peace Plan is from Heaven and our spiritual weapons are more effective than any atomic bomb if only we will rouse ourselves to use them. They are:

1. The Rosary (The family Rosary, especially).
2. The devotion of the First Saturdays.
3. A spirit of penance and of reparation.

Will You Co-operate?

This is what God's Mother asks as the price of world salvation. Will you remember? Will you do anything about it? Will you who are now reading this article pause for

a moment right here and ask yourself—*Could I not begin the Rosary in my family this evening and continue every evening?* There may not be so much time left. It may indeed be civilization's eleventh hour. Will you decide now to begin the devotions this coming First Saturday? Will you . . . ? Your "typical" reaction to this appeal may be an indication of what lies before us. If you "can't be bothered" then probably thousands of others will feel the same way. Somebody must be bothered or we shall all go over the brink together.

For those willing to begin the practice of the First Saturday devotions, requested by the Blessed Virgin as one of the conditions for Russia's conversion and peace for the world, we give in detail what you are asked to do.

First Saturday Devotions

The practices to be observed in this devotion have been outlined in detail by the Blessed Virgin herself. They are stated specifically in the words of the Great Promise made to Lucia during the visitation of July 13th, 1917:

"I promise to help at the hour of death with the graces needed for their salvation whosoever, on the first Saturday of five consecutive months, shall confess and receive Holy Communion; recite five decades of the Rosary and keep me company for fifteen minutes while meditating on the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary with the intention of making reparation to me."

1. *"Confess and receive Holy Communion."*

Confession is to be made under the usual conditions. That means within the week before or after Communion, provided, of course, that Communion be received in the state of grace.

2. *"Recite five decades of the Rosary."*

Preferably, but not necessarily, after Communion as part of your thanksgiving. The five decades may be recited any time during the day.

3. *"Keep me company for fifteen minutes while meditating on the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary."*

This meditation may also be made any time during the first Saturday. For those who make their regular morning meditations, the mysteries of the Rosary would be a most appropriate subject for that day.

4. *"With the intention of making reparation to me."*

Form your intention in your own words. A general intention, made at the beginning of the period of your devotion of the first Saturdays, will suffice but it is advisable to renew your intention on each occasion.

The Rosary Can Save Us

To our readers, then, and to all to whom they may be able to convey this all important message, we make this most urgent plea. We believe that if in the majority of our Catholic homes the family Rosary were said each evening and if our people as a whole were to practise the devotion of the First Saturdays then America would be saved from the fate that has overtaken Europe and God's Blessed Mother will make good her promise in regard to Russia's conversion and peace for weary humanity. Mary and the Rosary have saved Christendom before, when the storm clouds were gathering even as they are today. Mary and the Rosary will save the world again if only we do our part, if only we can free ourselves from the lethal lethargy and supine complacency of the Whistling Swan.

(For those who wish to know the whole story of Fatima and the revelations of the Blessed Virgin we recommend Msgr. McGrath's booklet, "Fatima Hope of the World".—Ed.)



It's Time to Laugh



A painter of the "impressionist" school is now confined in a lunatic asylum. To all persons who visit him he says, "Look here; this is the latest masterpiece of my composition." They look, and see nothing but an expanse of bare canvas. They ask, "What does that represent?"

"That? Why, that represents the passage of the Jews through the Red Sea."

"Beg pardon, but where is the sea?"

"It has been driven back."

"And where are the Jews?"

"They have crossed over."

"And the Egyptians?"

"Will be here soon. That's the sort of painting I like; simple, suggestive, and unpretentious."

* * *

The man of the house finally took all the disabled umbrellas to the repairer's. Two days later, on his way to his office, when he got up to leave the street car, he absent-mindedly laid hold of the umbrella belonging to a woman beside him, for he was in the habit of carrying one. The woman cried "Stop thief!" rescued her umbrella and covered the man with shame and confusion.

That same day, he stopped at the repairer's, and received all eight of his umbrellas duly repaired. As he entered a street car, with the unwrapped umbrellas tucked under his arm, he was horrified to behold glaring at him the lady of his morning adventure. Her voice came to him charged with withering scorn:

"Huh! Had a good day, didn't you?"

* * *

Weather man—"Put down rain for a certainty this afternoon."

Assistant—"Are you positive, sir?"

Weather Man—"Yes, indeed. I've lost

my umbrella. I'm planning to play golf, and my wife's giving a lawn-party."

As the doorman ran down to open the limousine door, he tripped and rolled down the last four steps.

"For heaven's sake, be careful," cried the club manager, "they'll think you're a member."

* * *

The preacher came along and wrote upon the signboard: "I pray for all."

The lawyer wrote underneath: "I plead for all."

The doctor added: "I prescribe for all."

The plain citizen wrote: "I pay for all!"

* * *

The objector to temperance spoke bitterly. "Water has killed more people than liquor ever did."

"You are raving," declared the teetotaler. "How do you make that out?"

"Well, to begin with, there was the flood!"

* * *

CHRIST OR CONFUCIUS

(Continued from page 14)

continue to repeat to the gullible what the Jewish priests tried to impress on their countrymen in the time of Christ that the Man-God threatened their whole existence. "If we leave Him alone so, all will believe in Him and the Romans will come and take away our place and nation."

We have our choice. Christ or Confucius.

A speaker talking for more than two hours, said to his audience, "I'm sorry I spoke so long—you see, I haven't got a watch with me."

"Yes," shouted one in the audience, "but there's a calendar back of you."

* * *

A census clerk, in scanning over the form to see if it had been properly filled up, noticed the figures 120 and 112 under the headings, "Age of Father, if living," and "Age of Mother, if living."

"But your parents were never so old, were they?" asked the astonished clerk.

"No was the reply, "but they would have been, if living."

* * *

"I've got a pretty distasteful job before me," remarked the genealogist. "Mrs. Newrich employed me to look up her family-tree, and I've got to inform her that one of her relatives was electrocuted."

"Why worry about that?" said his friend. "Just write that the man in question occupied the chair of applied electricity at one of our public institutions."

* * *

A Los Angeles cop had been told to stop a car which was traveling fast in his direction. Ten minutes later he rang up to report.

"The car was being driven by an actress," he said. "I stops her, pulls out my notebook, she snatches it, writes her autograph in it, and then away she goes!"

* * *

A lady going from home for the day locked everything up well, and for the grocer's benefit wrote on a card: "All out. Don't leave anything." This she stuck on the door. On her return home, she found her house ransacked and all her choicest possessions gone. To the card on the door was added: "Thanks! We haven't left much."

* * *

A man who stuttered was asked why he did so.

"It's my p-p-p-peculiarity," he answered. "Everybody has s-s-s-some p-p-p-peculiarity."

"I don't have any," said the questioner.

"Don't y-y-y-you s-s-s-sir your c-c-c-coffee with your r-r-r-right hand?"

"Yes, of course."

"Th-that's your p-p-p-peculiarity. Most p-p-p-people use a s-s-s-spoon!"

Smith was sitting down to breakfast one morning when he was astounded to see in the paper an announcement of his own death.

He rang up his friend Jones at once. "Hello, Jones!" he said. "Have you seen the announcement of my death in the paper?"

"Yes," replied Jones. "Where are you speaking from?"

* * *

The speaker was getting tired of being interrupted.

"We seem to have a great many fools here tonight," he said. "Wouldn't it be advisable to hear one at a time?"

"Yes," said a voice. "Get on with your speech."

* * *

"He claims to be related to you and says he can prove it."

"The man's a fool."

"That may be a mere coincidence."

GAME PAGE—ANSWERS

Jumbled Canadian Cities

1, Victoria; 2, Montreal, 3, Saskatoon; 4, Toronto, 5, Quebec; 6, Sydney; 7, Charlottetown; 8, Vancouver; 9, Ottawa; 10, Halifax; 11, Sherbrooke; 12 Regina.

1, Napoleon; 2, Pope Pius XI; 3, Edison; 4, Sinatra; 5, Kateri Tekakwitha; 6, Mississippi; 7, Tibet; 8, Joan of Arc; 9, Madam Chiang Kai Shek; 10, Shakespeare; 11, Joseph Lo Pa Hong; 12, La Guardia; 13, Jean Dickens; 14, China; 15, Manila; 16, London's famous clock; 17, Hawaii; 18, St. John of God; 19, Australia; 20, Johann Strauss.

MYSTIC MAZE

Boar, Chow, Cow, Goat, Lamb, Pig, Ram, Shoat, Calf, Cob, Ewe, Hen, Pen, Piglet, Sheep, Teg, Cat, Colt, Foal, Hog.

What of the Night?

World War III! Is it coming? Atomic bombs. Unprecedented slaughter of civilians. The end of civilization.

That's what they're saying. THAT is the prospect for humanity that has been purchased with our blood, sweat and tears. For no longer do people even speak of "war to end all wars".

Does Anybody Know?

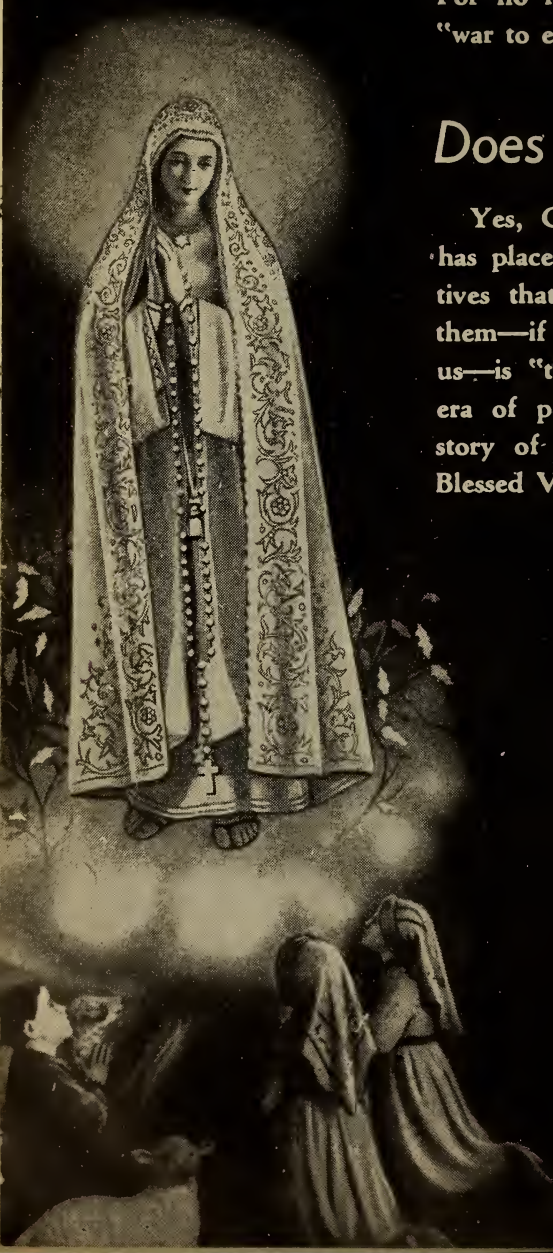
Yes, God's Mother knows. And she has placed squarely before us the alternatives that confront the world. One of them—if we but do the little she asks of us—is "the conversion of Russia and an era of peace for humanity". Read the story of the amazing revelations of the Blessed Virgin in

FATIMA, HOPE OF THE WORLD

By RT. REV.
WM. C. McGRATH, P.A.

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DECEMBER
1945

Happy Christmas

THE river of blood has become a trickle; the sweat of millions dries in the stinging winds; only tears, hidden and hopeless, well up in the tired eyes of thousands whose aching hearts are filled with untold misery. And in the dark shadows that border our present uneasy Peace move the ghoulish spectres of disease and starvation and the possible sacrifice of humans in greater numbers than ever.

How can we wish anyone a Merry Christmas this year? A Merry Christmas, when the central figure of that glorious drama has been banished from so many hearts and homes? A Merry Christmas, when the common decencies of Christianity have been and are being mocked and outraged by the forces of a new paganism?

It is penitence the world needs, not merriment. And humility courageous enough to lead each one of us down beneath the street level, under the feet of passers-by, to the draughty stable that was the first home of God on earth. There was no merriment there, no merriment but intense and ravishing happiness. For humility and suffering and happiness can walk hand in hand, singing the praises of God, along the danger-infested road from the Crib to the Cross.

Let us rather wish each other a Happy Christmas, filled with hope and humility and prayer; a Christmas filled to the brim with love for one another; with love whose fires will purify us and make us worthy of the Peace this agonizing world needs so desperately.

Rt. Rev. J. E. McRAE, D.P.,
Superior General.

News Briefs



Toast of the Month

To the Rt. Rev. Albert McRae, D.P., V.G., brother of our Superior General, go our happiest congratulations on the occasion of his receiving the honour of becoming a Domestic Prelate!

After graduating from Toronto University, the new Monsignor entered the Grand Seminary at Montreal and was ordained in 1899. He served as assistant to the late Msgr. Corbet for several years in St. Columban's Parish, Cornwall, and then became Pastor of Dickenson's Landing. From here he went to Williamstown and finally to St. Andrew's which had been founded in the 1780's and was the oldest parish in the diocese. Here he has laboured with undiminished zeal for some twenty-three years, giving his greatest attention to educational matters for which he was singularly fitted.

May this mark of esteem be heightened and brightened by the sincere wishes and prayers of all who know him!

CHINA: — Rev. Hugh F. X. Sharkey, Editor. Rev. D. E. Slinger, Associate Editor. Vol. XXVI, No. 11, December, 1945. Issued monthly, September to June; bi-monthly July-August. Rates \$1.00 a year. *Official Publication of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.* ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AND ADMITTED TO PRIVILEGED POSTAGE RATES AT THE POST OFFICE, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, JULY 10, 1924. *Published by Ecclesiastical authority.* Printed by Garden City Press Co-Operative, Toronto 1, Ont.

Church of The Holy Redeemer. Detroit

While in Detroit recently our Superior General enjoyed the kind hospitality of the Redemptorist Fathers who have charge of the Parish of Holy Redeemer, one of the city's largest.

Besides this imposing edifice are grade and high schools attended by over 2,400 pupils, sisters' residence, presbytery, auditorium and gymnasium. A whole city block is occupied, presenting an inspiring example of parish activity, Catholic Action and education, all in one. Msgr. McRae is deeply grateful to the Redemptorist Fathers as well as to his many friends of long standing and their young families, besides their many friends, all of whom are greatly interested in the work of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society.

STOP THE PRESS

As we go to press, news reaches us that a group of our missionary priests will leave Toronto on December 10th, on the first lap of their return trip to our prefecture of Lishui in China. We wish them Godspeed and recommend their safe journey to your prayers.

ROSE OF CHINA

Rev. S. Castel C.M.

(Continued from October issue)

(TRANSLATED BY REV. BASIL STEGMANN, O.S.B.)

Reprinted from *Catholic Mission Digest*

Some days later Therese definitely returned to her family. Her health had improved so much that everyone was looking forward to a complete recovery. She accompanied them to Shanghai for the winter. The next summer was particularly trying, and Therese suffered much from it. She had no illusions; she was now convinced that God would soon take her, though she did not know when. Her aunt, who was unaware of this presentiment and who saw the poor little flower begin to droop, had recourse to all possible remedies. The following winter was also very severe. Therese's cough began anew. And on January 14, she re-entered St. Michael's, there to die.

In spite of the most tender care, the malady made rapid progress. The child suffered exceedingly, but rarely complained. The Trappist Abbot, who was taking treatment in the same hospital and who used frequently to visit the little patient, recognized in her "the simplicity of a child, patience, and above all a certain Christian sense." He had the happy thought of suggesting that if Therese understood and wished a

vow of chastity, it would be an added jewel in her crown.

Therese answered seriously, "I will think about it." She then asked that an explanation of the vow of chastity in religion be given her—what did it really mean.

A venerable old man, a Chinese priest, expounded the matter to her, book in hand. When the instruction had ended, Therese formulated an objection: "In order to receive Baptism, I asked my father's permission; the act which you propose to me seems too important not to be discussed with him." This self-possession, this control of her responsibility, showed perfect maturity in the child.

Mr. Wang was unable to leave Shanghai at that time, since it was being besieged by the Japanese. To write to him with the hope of receiving an answer soon seemed useless. Better leave things as they were under the circumstances . . . For several days Therese hesitated. Since she was ever an obedient and respectful child, her greatest consolation would have been to see her decision sanctioned by her father's

authority. But feeling the approach of death and fully aware of the impossibility of getting an answer in time, with full confidence that one day that permission would not be refused her, Therese took it upon herself to proceed. She had the clear intuition that at the supreme moment she had to render an account to God alone, and with remarkable confidence she pronounced the vow. Another consolation was a visit from the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Constantini, who gave her his blessing *in articulo mortis* and a beautiful medal of the Little Flower.

About this time, February 6, 1932, occurred the Chinese New Year's day. Its celebration is very popular, and Therese longed to spend it with her family. The missionary who had received her into the Church came to the hospital shortly before to be met by one of the Sisters who told him of the child's longing, but also told him that it was quite impossible to fulfill it—the invalid was too weak, she would die on the way. She asked him to persuade Therese that she should not go home for New Year's.

The missionary went into her room. "Therese," he said, "you wish very much to go home for New Year's Day, don't you?" With her usual intelligence, she immediately grasped the reason for his speaking so. She cast a sorrowful look at him and was silent. "Therese, please make this sacrifice. You know how much the Sister loves you. If she says no, it is for very serious reasons. Be obedient. You will remain at the hospital, won't you?"

"Yes, Father," was all she answered; and there was no longer any question of her spending New Year's Day at home. She took herself in hand in a very touching manner. And she decided on quite a different type of celebration.

She invited all the servants to her hospital room and caused a meal to

be brought from her home for them, a meal from which nothing was wanting, neither the dainty pastries, nor the rice wine. And she, sitting in her bed, assisted in the exchange of good wishes and in the thousand acts of politeness that are customary on such occasions. Whenever the cup had been emptied there were joyous peals of laughter in which Therese joined by clapping her hands. That was all she could do, for her voice had almost completely vanished. She who could no longer take anything, who knew that all was lost, found in this feast an occasion for causing pleasure to the servants who had cared for her so well during her long illness. Perhaps too she was making a kind of reparation for the bursts of anger with which she had sometimes spoken to them and which she was ever the first to regret. To make compensation, too, for having been a little rude in her manner of commanding, during this last illness she took particular care to answer "*Hsieh, hsieh* — Thank you" for the slightest service.

Since Therese had been baptized she rarely showed any signs of temper: she became very mild and docile though naturally she was quite the contrary. Once however, when the interests of God were at stake, she flew into a violent rage. Someone, and he was not of our Faith, one day teased her about her collection of holy pictures. Afterwards, realizing the chagrin he had caused her, he returned to make his excuses. In an effort to regain her good graces, he extended his hand to caress her. Therese brushed it aside and with one bound was at him: "You take me for a baby of four years, whom caresses can smooth. Take back what you said about the holy pictures," she cried indignantly, "and then I'll consider it."

The New Year's celebration in her hospital room proved to be the last earthly joy for Therese. The

malady made such rapid progress that in the middle of the month she was anointed. The doctors and Sisters believed she would not survive the day. "Humanly speaking," said the Superior, "this long agony is inexplicable. I have never yet seen a young consumptive pass away in such suffering." And someone added: "This child has all the marks of a victim."

In the midst of agonizing, suffocating convulsions she lovingly kissed her crucifix. Feeling her strength leave her, she called her *amah*: "Catherine, help me kiss the crucifix. I can no longer lift it, it is too heavy." And between her gasps for breath she often pronounced the names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

"Do you prefer to live or to die?" a friend asked her.

And Therese answered: "If I had a choice, I should prefer to live—but God's will be done. All I desire is that I reach Heaven." She was still saying "yes" to God.

February 24, her last day on earth, brought Therese an increase of suffering and anguish. The priest was called in haste, and all the Sisters in the hospital came into her room and knelt about her bed—a scene which had never been witnessed before. The aunt, although she was not a Christian, encouraged her niece, recalling to her Christ's sufferings during His Passion. The much loved father was not there, an added sorrow for Therese—he was himself ill in another city.

At six-thirty in the evening the agony reached its end. Her little body suddenly relaxed and took on the shape of a living crucifix. She looked like the picture of some young martyr, fallen upon the arena and breathing her last.

Soon her pulse weakened, and the priest addressed her saying: "The Blessed Virgin is coming to get

you . . . See how beautiful she is . . ." The features of the dying girl, serious until now, took on a sudden expression of unspeakable joy. He went on: "Have courage, Therese; here is St. Therese of the Infant Jesus, who went before you . . ."

At these words, her eyes turned heavenward, and with a great effort Therese sought to extend her arms, while her face beamed with an angelic smile. Then her arms fell back and the heart stopped beating. The servants, come together at the news of the death of their little mistress, vowed that they had never seen her smiling so sweetly.

Marie-Therese Wang was buried in the cemetery at Chala, the cemetery of the martyrs, not far indeed from the great Father Ricci, and in the plot reserved for the Daughters of Charity. As for the soul of His little Chinese rose—God had taken it home to Himself.

* * *

North Wind

(Continued from page 18)

and thrilling. Everyone was gloriously happy. He pressed his face against the window pane and looked and looked. There before the Crib people knelt, eyes closed, murmuring words of repentance, of request, of love. And suddenly North Wind had the answer. In that far-away temple it was love that had been missing, and that made all the difference in the world! That was why there was so much fear in the faces of the people he had seen there.

North Wind moved slowly along the darkening road. Some day, he confided to the stars above, some day the Chair would give place to the Crib, love would banish fear. Some day . . . some day. . . .

MARCO POLO

REV. V. MORRISON

S. F. M.

Religious Situation at the Time of the Polos

BUDDHISM was introduced into China from India at a very early date and enjoyed the favor and protection of the Emperors and rapidly spread among the Chinese people who call it the "FE CHIAO", an imperfect transcription of the name of Buddha. It is the name employed to designate the Supreme Being—the Omnipotent God. It is also sometimes extended to those who worship him and seek to raise themselves towards him by contemplation and sanctity. The Buddhists generally use it for a real historical personage who became celebrated throughout Asia and who is regarded as the founder of the institutions and doctrine comprised under the general denomination of Buddhism. Abbe Huc in his book on Christianity in Thibet states: "If we addressed to a Mongol or to a Thibetan the question—Who is Buddha? They would reply: "The Saviour of Men." The miraculous birth of Buddha — his life — and upbringing, contain a great many moral and dogmatic truths held also by the Christian Religion, and it

need not surprise us that it is so, since these truths are traditional and have been the property of the whole human race. There must be among pagan people some Christian truths as they have been more or less faithful in preserving the deposit of primitive tradition.

It was a religion such as this that the great Kublai Khan found so widely diffused among the population of his vast empire in the 13th-century, and he deemed it expedient to adopt it himself and grant special protection to the propagators and the adherents of this religion. His zeal however, did not prevent him from favoring and fostering the Christian Faith — Mohammedanism and Judaism. On the Christian feasts he himself went to assist at the Catholic services and at the conclusion asked to be allowed to kiss the sacred Gospels used in the service. He said that there were four great prophets—Christ, Moses, Mohammed and Buddha—and he held them all in equal honor and equally invoked their divine assistance. It is thus with the Orientals and the Chinese in particular. They see the good

in all religions—and so they say “All are good” and it does not matter to which one you belong. It takes a long time for them to see the difference between Christian and Pagan, and this accounts for the small Christian population of that vast country. This amalgamation of all beliefs was an arrangement perfectly agreeable to the customs and habits of the Chinese Empire. Not content with affording refuge and protection to different modes of worship and faith—Kublai Khan received with kindness all foreigners whether from Europe or Asia, and among the adventurers thus attracted to China in the thirteenth century the most celebrated is undoubtedly MARCO POLO, whose curious history contains many details of the history, people, customs and language of the Far East.

Adventure, Trade and Commerce the Motive

The Venetians being great adventurers and explorers we find that in 1250 the urge to travel and explore came upon Nicolo and Matteo Polo, father and uncle of Marco, who made their way to Constantinople, where they remained six years, and then made their way to the Dominions of the great Kahn of Tartary who was then encamped on the shores of the Volga. A war had broken out among these nomadic people and compelled the two brothers to retire to Bokhara on the south eastern shore of the Caspian Sea. Here they carried on trading business for three years, and studied the language, manners and customs of the Tartar people. They finally joined a company bound for China and after a year on the way they reached Peking where the Emperor Kublai resided. He received them in a friendly way and with great courtesy. He asked much about the reigning sovereigns of Europe as well as the manners and customs of the different countries they had visited, and showed great

interest when they spoke of the Sovereign Pontiff—Clement IV, the church of Rome, and the state of christianity in general.

The Emperor's Extraordinary Request

The Emperor's conversations with the two Polo brothers soon bore fruit — for shortly afterwards he called a council of the notables of his empire and unfolded his plans of sending envoys to the Sovereign Pontiff. The members of the council responded unanimously that it was a splendid idea and should be executed as soon as possible. The Khan had the two brothers, Nicolo and Matteo called before him—invested them with the rank of ambassadors and gave orders for letters to be written which they were to bear to the Holy Father. As they took their departure Kublai impressed upon them the importance of the message they were to present to His Holiness, the Pope. The message was “That the Pope dispatch one hundred missionaries — remarkable for their wisdom and scientific attainments in order, as he said, that they may show idolators generally, and to my subjects in particular, that their present doctrine is a diabolical invention, and point out to them the superiority of the Christian religion.” The request is not a little surprising coming from a pagan ruler—himself devoted to the Llamas superstitions. But what is more surprising still he requests the Ambassadors to bring him some of the oil burning before the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. These facts prove that Christianity was widely spread in China and if the great Khan did not openly profess it, he nevertheless held it in esteem and veneration.

Their Return Journey

Nicolo and Matteo Polo who had come to the city of Peking as traders and merchants quitted it in the capacity of Ambassadors from the great Khan of Tartary to the Sove-

reign Pontiff. A golden tablet stamped with the Imperial seal, which Kublai had given them, served at once to mark their rank through the Empire, and to obtain for them the assistance and protection they required. Transportation was quite primitive and slow in the days of the great Khan—even as it is today—and it was not until they had undergone the fatigues and hardships for three years that they arrived at Acre, which place they reached in the Spring of 1270. They were on the point of setting out for Rome when they heard of the death of the reigning Pontiff, Clement IV, and although the Legate Apostolic requested them to remain with him until the election of a new Pope, they preferred returning to their native country.

The Birth of Marco Polo

His son Marco was only a few months old when his father, Nicolo left Venice on this Eastern journey and when, after an absence of twenty years he returned to his family, this young Venetian, who had lost his mother while still in the cradle, saw his father for the first time. The accounts of the wonderful things Nicolo and Matteo had seen in the East, so inflamed the mind of young Marco, that he conceived a vehement desire to travel himself, and earnestly asked his father and Uncle to take him along with them, when they should again return to the Far East.

The Return Journey to China

Two years went by without a successor being chosen to Clement IV and then the Venetians finding the delay so much greater than they had anticipated determined upon returning to the East without any further delay, and taking Marco, Nicolo's son along with them. They set out first for Jerusalem in order to obtain in accordance with the direction Kublai had given them, a vial of oil burning before the sepulchre of Our Lord,

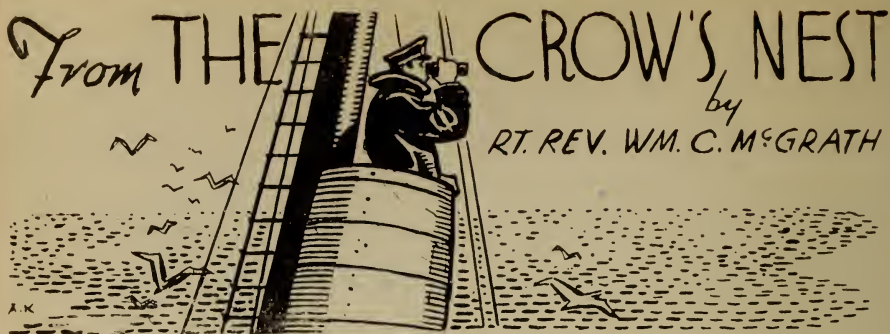
and then proceed to Acre to see again the Legate Apostolic who approved of their project and he gave them letters to the Khan, explaining that the vacancy of the Holy See had caused them delay.

They set out from Acre and were proceeding by easy stages when their journey was interrupted by messengers who informed them that the Legate Apostolic of Egypt himself had been chosen Pope under the name of Gregory X. He asked the Venetian Ambassadors to proceed to Lyons where he was going to call a general council of the Church. and when they returned he received them with affection, overwhelming them with honors and added two Dominican Friars to their company, and they then continued their Eastern journey. These two Dominican Friars, unaccustomed to such rough travelling, faltered on the way and had to return to Lyons—having intrusted their letters to the Venetians.

Re-entry into China Grand Reception

After spending nearly four years on the return journey the three Venetians, Matteo, Nicolo and his son Marco at last arrived in Peking, China at the court of the Emperor where they were received with the most lively manifestations of satisfaction and the utmost honor. The Emperor praised their zeal and diligence and asked for a minute account of the affairs of the Catholic Church in the West and about the Holy Father himself. He read with interest all the letters that were addressed to him and showed much interest and delight on seeing the holy oils which he had asked for—giving orders to his servants to have them preserved with the utmost veneration. He noticed young Marco and asked who he was, Nicolo replying that he was his son and your servant. and he was welcomed also.

(To be continued)



Mortimer Snerd would hardly fall for it. Yet it has well nigh bamboozled the world. Charlie McCarthy could laugh it off as eyewash. Yet our intelligentsia, especially our intelligentsia, have taken it to themselves and made it their own and have striven to embellish it with the disguise of truth. I mean, of course, the lying, brazen, sinister propaganda, largely emanating from Russia and dished up so plausibly and so persistently as to deceive, if possible, even the elect. To an unfortunate degree, in fact, it *has* deceived the elect. People who should know better have been appreciably influenced by the party line. Throw enough mud . . . repeat lies often enough. . . . Where have we heard *that* before?

* * *

Christian countries, notably Catholic countries of Spanish culture, have been singled out as the special target of this insidious propaganda. In our own country Quebec has come in for a fair share of it. The Province which Lord Northcliffe once called "the sheet anchor of civilization" has always managed to get into Toronto's hair. And as for Spain, ever anathema in Toronto circles, it is a wide open "secret" that Russia has never forgiven Franco for saving Europe from Red ruin and the Catholic Church from liquidation during the apocalyptic slaughter of Religious in the Spanish war. *Hispania delenda est*. From

the Kremlin the edict has gone forth. But Spain is not destroyed—yet. And it is curious how a labor Government in England is "beginning to see the light".

FASCIST! FASCIST! That's the smear word in this name-calling campaign. It is being mouthed the world over by people who haven't the slightest idea of what it means and who are serenely unaware of the fact that Communism today is a greater threat to the world than Fascism even in its heyday. Let us face the facts. FASCISM TODAY IS NO MENACE TO THE WORLD. The countries that are labelled Fascist (meaning largely countries in which Communism has been unable to run riot), couldn't do any harm to the world even if they wanted to. And they don't want to. They just want to be let alone, to be allowed to mind their own business and get along with the rest of the human family and avert the barbarism and anarchy that are engulfing Europe, under the benign influence of Russian occupation.

* * *

We could be wrong, of course. Even at this moment Ireland may be building secret atomic robot bases with which to knock out the United States or, if we don't watch out, we may some day see

"An 'Argentine' army, awfully arrayed

Boldly by battery besiege Belgrade",

according to the classic example of alliteration. However, we may count upon Russia's eternal vigilance in the interests of democracy to avert any such disasters, the while she gets on with her own little job of conquering the world and blotting out the lights of Heaven.

Will somebody define for me this thing known as Russian "policy"? Of what does it consist besides a series of deliberate insults and kicks in the face, directed largely towards her "allies" in the late World War? Time was when good old-fashioned Americanism wouldn't take that stuff lying down. And England? England that will "always be"? What of that meteor flag that "shall yet terrific burn"? We wonder.

* * *

America is being not too slowly sabotaged and strangled by enemies from within, directed from without. The labor racketeer leaders must see to it that under no conditions must America be permitted to succeed with her policy of reconversion and return to a normal way of life. Byrnes talks back to Molotoff and strikes break out all the way from New York to San Francisco. Unauthorized strikes. Unauthorized even by the recognized union leaders but fomented by some mysterious power from somewhere. Just look at the "overall" picture. England being slowly starved by her own labor men. Australia! Australia that should be down on her knees thanking God she is not at the moment enslaved by Japan has carried her labor troubles almost to the verge of civil war. Detroit workers demand fifty-two hours' pay for a forty-hour week. But their "advisers" don't want fifty-two hours' pay or sixty hours' pay or any amount of pay that would make a peaceful settlement possible. They want confusion and class hatred and race riots and revolution and ruin.

Slowly—and none too slowly at that—the issue is taking form. Amid the welter of labor disputes and wage troubles and general discontent we hear the "thin, small voice" of the Vicar of Christ on earth, a voice almost lost amid the general confusion. "*Two forces, the forces of love and the forces of hate*". There it is. Already, perhaps, they are being mobilized for the last great struggle, with the forces of hate alive and alert and the forces of love literally asleep at the switch. We had better choose our sides. But quickly. We had better make sure, before it is too late, that we are on the side of the angels, lest we be repudiated at the last by the Great Leader of the forces of love and of suffering because in the supreme crisis we were "neither hot nor cold".

In Russia's regard, the prattle of a notorious Toronto newspaper notwithstanding, there are but three possible alternatives:

1. Russia will have a change of heart. (*Sez you*).
2. We shall have to keep on "appeasing" till Russia is too strong to resist. (*Could be*).
3. We shall have to fight Russia. (*Maybe you have something there*).

The experts lean towards number three. When they speak, as they are all speaking of World War III, they are indulging in a euphemism. They really mean war with Russia. How else would it start? Is England going to attack America or France send an expedition to conquer China? In fact, the first distant thunders of Armageddon may already be disturbing the troubled sleep of the Chinese Dragon. America on the side of Chiang Kai-Shek, all too belatedly, we confess, and Russia backing the Communist rebels and the free-for-all already under way in a dozen provinces of that war-ruined land.

We quote the experts. But there is a whole lot the experts don't know. And one of the things they don't know, and wouldn't admit, is that that "change of heart" on the part of Russia may be brought about by the weak whom God chooses to confound the strong, by old women telling their beads and little children making the devotion of the First Saturdays and an army of God's faithful children setting about seriously to take the Blessed Virgin at her word. For the Blessed Virgin has foretold the *conversion of Russia* if. . . . If we hearken to her appeal.

"If my requests are heard, Russia will be converted and an era of peace will be granted to humanity." These are the words of Mary to the child shepherds of Fatima. An era of peace for humanity! Is there any "cause" under Heaven more worthy of the best efforts of which we are capable? We had better do our best to ensure that era of peace before we are all liquidated by atomic bombs. Russia converted! Imagine the headlines. (And imagine the Toronto newspaper.) Surely a consummation most devoutly to be desired. For nobody wants war of any sort. Nobody wants war against Russia's gallant and long suffering people, whatever we may think of Russia's tyrannical and anti-God Government.

* * *

Meanwhile Spain, Portugal, Ireland and Argentina are marked for destruction. The process has already been "initiated" in South America by the American Reds. And heartily endorsed by said newspaper and by irresponsible radio commentators even in Canada. All four countries were referred to in a recent article as hotbeds of Fascism and a menace to the peace of the world.

There is nothing new about any of this. It is common knowledge

to all who read the Catholic press. What matters is that we realize, while there is still time to do something about it, that we are being duped and doped and fattened for the slaughter like the turkey for the Christmas axe. The instigators of this propaganda are the leaders of the forces of hate with followers at the moment strongly entrenched in America. If they had their way they would duplicate on this Continent the rampant barbarism of Europe.

What is the matter with us? Will we ever wake up? Will we ever bring to play the tremendous spiritual forces that we possess, forces that are invincible and an assurance of victory? Are we defeatist? Dare we be indifferent? Will we insist on learning the hard way, in seeing our mothers and sisters hastily grab a few belongings and rush for the shelter of the forests in the middle of a Canadian winter? Europe has been through all that and because Europe turned a deaf ear to the appeal of the Blessed Virgin. What will America do? Will Christian America range itself under the all conquering banner of the Blessed Mother of God, terrible as an army in battle array to the forces of Hell that would fain encompass our destruction? I firmly believe, with Grignon de Montfort, that this is the age of Mary, the age that has already witnessed the unleashing of the powers of hatred and of Hell in a manner unknown since Creation's dawn. But it is also the age of the great Saints who are to appear, great Saints who will arouse in the hearts of the people an intense and loyal devotion to Mary and who will conquer through the power of the Mother of God. What has happened in Europe could happen here. It will be averted and Russia will "see the light" IF WE ARE BUT FAITHFUL TO THE APPEAL OF

(Continued on page 31)

GOD IS *Charity*

By A MISSIONARY SISTER OF LISHUI



*The Story of the Grey Sisters of
Pembroke, Ont.. in China*

CONVENTS IN CHINA

THE Immaculate Conception Convent in Lishui is the headquarters of our work in China. Here our Missionary Sisters are initiated into Mission life and are given their first lessons in language study. Nestling close to the Convent are our hospitals, school, workroom and dispensary, a veritable beehive of Catholic action.

Lungchuan

Holy Cross Convent situated about 80 miles from Lishui was opened in 1939. A trio of experienced Missionaries from the Lishui Convent are the foundresses of this flourishing mission. Dispensary work and the care of the sick in their homes is the main occupation of the Sisters. Recently the Mandarin asked us to take over the pagan orphanage and the old people's home. The invasion of the Japanese cancelled the execution of the proposed works, but with our return to our beloved field we hope to be prepared to undertake the care of Lungchuan's neglected young and old.

Sungyang

Mercy Convent in SungYang was completed in 1941 and was occupied for several months before the invasion. SungYang is a new field too. We have great hopes and greater plans for St. Agatha's-Tsingtien.

The School

The Immaculate Conception Convent School has been in existence since 1932, a boarding and day school for the girls of the Prefecture of Lishui.

From three little maidens, anxious for the opportunity of learning the three R's, the school expanded, and three years after its trio registration, 210 names were on the roll call, fifty of which were boarders from the outside missions. The building was really too small for so many but it was impossible to refuse the poor little girls who pleaded for admission.

A Sister, under the direction of a Scarboro Priest is in charge with a staff of seven Chinese teachers. The eight grades are taught. Chinese is the only language permitted in the grade schools. The Course of Studies and all text-books are issued by the Department of Education. Chinese literature reading and writing of the complicated characters, the History and Geography of China, Science and Arithmetic are on the daily schedule. Art, needle-work and sports have to be included too.

School begins at 7.00 A.M. with the singing of the National Anthem, flag raising and roll call. In the evening, the flag is lowered at 4.00 and Lishui's Convent girls trip happily home in joyful little groups. They are proud of their role as school girls, proud of their books, brush and ink slab, precious betrayals of their membership in the educational class. In every Chinese girlish heart there burns the longing for the brush and book that marks her a student. Her lot is a sad one. Very few families of the peasant class, will permit a daughter to be educated. She is needed at home to cook and wash, to carry water and mind the babies, to make the shoes for the family, or work from

dawn to dark in the match or cotton factory for a mere pittance. School is a luxury for the Chinese girl and she appreciates fully the privilege of attending.

In the classroom she is studious, attentive and usually quick to grasp. She must learn as much and as quickly as she can, as she knows her years of learning may be cut short. She works hard in school, and hurries each evening to heavy home chores. Every "after four" finds our little scholars bent over the river's edge, washing clothes and vegetables. Besides the family wash, she has her customers, and by the few cents thus earned, she helps to ward off the daily threat of being kept home from school. To the classroom she brings her "soles" and while singing out her lessons, her hands are busy plying the rough needle and the coarse thread through the alternating layers of rags and paper that are the make-up of the soles of Chinese footwear. Not only her own shoes must she create but likewise those of the family. Moreover, every New Year she must present her future father and mother-in-law with a well made pair of shoes. This is the daughter-in-law's tribute and she must not be found lacking.

These and many other little diversions find a place in a Lishui school girl's day, and she dare not complain. No, she dare not as she knows that a murmur will not lessen her duties any, and might only endanger the loss of her heart's desire—her school days.

In Lishui where we have a Separate Girls' School we are able to give special attention to the training of our girls in the home arts. Needle-work is begun in the early grades. The making of shoes in class is not only permitted, but encouraged, and helpful teachers are always anxious to teach and help

the students with sole and shoe making.

Every Thursday p.m. is wash-day, and the parents co-operate by having a fair share of clothes on hand for their daughters. Teachers accompany the girls to the river where the washing is done. As each piece is washed it is spread on the shore to dry, then neatly folded and carried home.

By taking the responsibility of the school kitchen in groups, the girls learn how to cook their rice and vegetables. Besides the cooking they must purchase the supplies they need and thus begin to prepare for their future roles as housekeepers.

Our friends in Canada would be quite surprised to know that Religion is not permitted even in Mission Schools. No, it is not, but this is one law that the Mission Schools do not abide by and Religion is taught to Christian and pagan alike. Catechism, Bible History and the recitations of prayers form part of the religious course and the children delight in it. Not very many are baptized, as the pagan parents' consent is not easy to obtain, yet to date, not one of our former pupils has died without baptism. In one year, nine of our little ones were stricken, and all received baptism and some received the other Sacraments on their death beds. During the air raids one little miss used to keep a bottle of water and as soon as the siren sounded she ran off to the shelter to put it on the little altar. "If the bombs come too close," she said, "this will be our baptismal water."

The children are the hope of China's future and the Mission schools are the hope of the Church's future in China. The long drawn out Sino-Japanese war cramped our plans for a high-school, but with peace, we hope to see our way clear to the accomplishment of this great

need . . . a Catholic High School in Lishui.

The Care of the Sick Poor

Nursing the sick poor is the precious privilege of all Missionary Sisters, and in Lishui it is our chief occupation.

Early each morning, the Sisters disperse to their different fields, some to the hospital dispensary, where hundreds of patients flock daily; others to make the round of the city homes, where bed-ridden patients anxiously await them; others again are off on an early start to the outlying villages.

Sampans, rickshaws, or chairs are our means of getting to the out-of-town sick. Over cobble-stone roads our rick-shaws rumble; up and down mountain paths, our coolies stumble; and down peaceful rivers our sampans glide—all paths lead to homes in distress where God's poor, and China's, await the soothing word and healing hand of the Nursing Missionary Sister — all paths lead to souls, the garnering of which is the Missionaries' glorious privilege and greatest consolation.

Day or night, far or near, no matter when or where it comes, the call to a Chinese sick bed give wings to the feet of the Nursing Sister. Relieving broken bodies and soothing feverish brows is her profession, and she finds joy in her efficient ministrations. But uppermost in her mind, as she wings her way to the stricken ones, is the thought of a soul to be snatched from the darkness and horrors of paganism. It may be an infant convulsed and helpless, a venerable old patriarch, or the little goose girl; it could be the coffin-maker's daughter, it may even be the Mohammedan Priest's son. No matter who it is, Sister is anxious, and she prays as she hastens on, prays for the light of grace for the soul of the patient.

(To be continued)

NORTH WIND

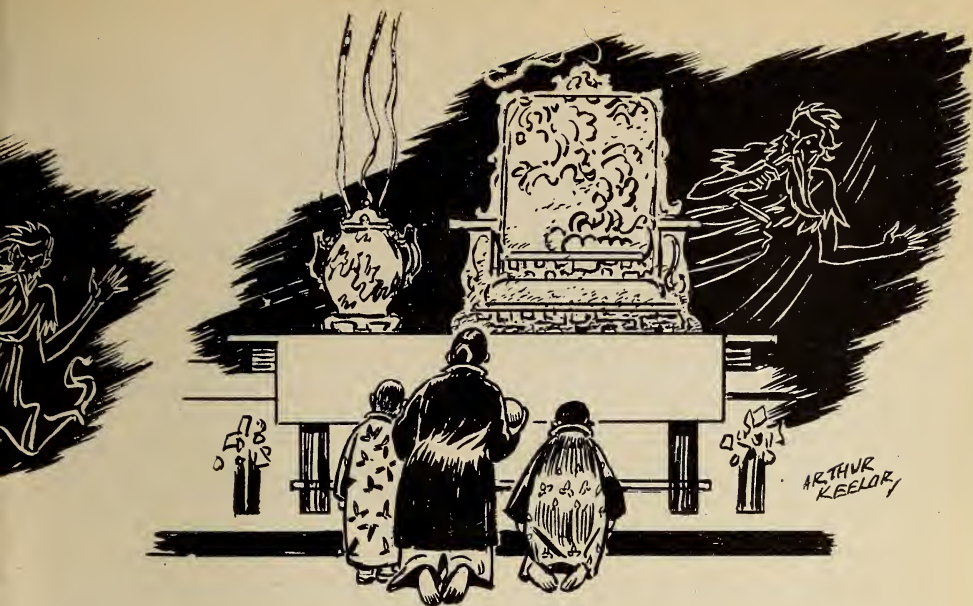
REV. D. E. STRINGER S.F.M.



MOONLIGHT studded the hard-crusted snow as with millions of scintillating diamonds. North Wind was tired after storming around all day and was content with listless sallies, now through the barn where cattle stood munching corn, now through the barren orchard where frozen wind-falls lay forgotten and unwanted, then stealing expectantly towards the kitchen door to peer through frosted panes at the scene within. It was warm and cosy and gay, and many times before he had feasted his eyes on such peaceful joyousness, but it was always new to him.

He didn't know the names of the people who lived in this wonder house. To him one was Hoary Head, another he called Snow Cap. As for the rest of the merry group he just left them nameless. He had had such fun with them this afternoon while they cut and hauled a tree to the house. They did that every year for as long as he could remember. At first he thought it strange, and what a fright it gave him when he chanced to see it draped with some silvery stuff and lit with flaming





tongues. It was weird, but it was excitingly beautiful, and to see it became the high-light of his annual trip to the countryside.

With a twist and a twirl he went breezing along the road making the trees and bushes snap and crackle. To him it was music made merrier still by the tinkle of sleigh bells as singing groups sped by snug and warm beneath buffalo robes. Happiness was contagious tonight and he felt it would ill become him to get into any tantrums. That was his one weakness. Almost for nothing he would whip himself into a fury and storm at everything and everybody. So he was determined this Christmas Eve to behave himself.

Yet strange as it was, North Wind found himself in a thoughtful mood this night. For some reason or other a flood of memories he had tried in vain to forget kept rising before him. He had been called back to his polar home early last year and sent by his Father to a strange country ever so far away and had arrived at night. Everything was pitch dark and hardly had he entered the town when a furious clanging of cymbals accompanied by

the roar of exploding firecrackers petrified him with fright. Then silence again until a long, mournful cry crept up the mountain-side and lost itself in the distance. It made him shiver. He hurried along and received the shock of his life when, rounding a bend in the road, he came face to face with a hideous looking thing. It was like an ogre, obese, grinning, evil-smelling. Only after he had returned home did he find out the thing was what people called an idol.

For the first time in his life North Wind found the darkness disquieted him. As he scurried through the streets and lanes he noticed how poorly built the houses were. And no glass in the windows! How silly the people living in them were to think they could keep him out with a sheet of paper pasted over the lattice-work. His temper flared up and he ripped the flimsy stuff into shreds. He was sorry afterwards, really sorry when he discovered how thin and thread-bare were the covers over the sleeping forms. Every dwelling he went through seemed the same, although some had animals in them too, water buffalo and such.

Not like back home, he thought, where the cattle had their own sheds. Come to think of it old Hoary Head's barns were a lot warmer and snug than these huts he roamed through at will. The raucous cough of a child startled him out of his reveries. . . . He was beginning to feel just a little bit sick.

Morning found North Wind restless and worried, and wishing he had never been sent to so bewildering a country. Tomorrow, he remembered, would be Christmas and he would miss all the jollity and fun the children on Hoary Head's farm were going to have. He was very subdued as he moved along a street that ended in the market place. Well, he ejaculated, if that wasn't the sorriest outlay of produce he had ever seen! Sweet potatoes, ugh! And those long, dried fish. And painted ducks! That was one for the book! What would Snow Cap think of such scrawny looking fowl? Nothing like the plump, well-fed chickens that roamed her farm-land!

These people themselves weren't too robust, thought North Wind. As he watched them he marvelled that they could laugh so much. But there was something that bothered him. He fancied he could detect in their eyes an almost hidden fear. It didn't surprise him much after his experiences during the night, but it made him more restless than ever.

As he looked around his gaze fastened on a solemn-faced young mother. She was walking slowly with two little ones tripping along by her side, whilst a third, the tiniest, nestled comfortably in her arms. North Wind felt his curiosity roused by her reverent attitude; it seemed so out of place in the bustling square. They were almost out of sight when he noticed they entered a gateway. Hurrying after them he went in too and was amazed at what

he saw. It was a place of worship. Of that much he felt sure. Candles, hundreds of them! Flowers too, although on closer examination he found they were made of paper. And there on a table was a large urn of burning incense. In the midst of all these decorations and raised rather high in the air was a throne draped in bright-coloured silks. But it was empty. Well, that was better than having it occupied by one of those hideous looking things that had so frightened him last night.

If North Wind was surprised before, he was dumbfounded now. As he watched, the woman knelt before the empty throne. With eyes closed she began her prayers, her lips murmuring words of repentance and request. And all in front of an empty seat! What could it mean? He didn't in the least feel like laughing; the scene was too solemn for that, and there was no mistaking the sincerity of the suppliant. He remembered the time so long ago when he had seen a Christmas Crib. It had been empty too when he saw it first, but old Fr. Malachy had put a beautiful-looking Infant into it and only then did people pray before it. But an empty chair!

As he puzzled over this mystery he saw the two little ones followed their mother in every detail. Not a smile on their faces as they bent low in worship. If they could only see a Crib, mused North Wind. His heart nearly broke when he saw the mother take her youngest and bow its tiny head toward the throne. It all seemed so futilely sublime. But there was something missing . . . something . . . something. . . .

A loud, joyous peal rang through the crisp air. It broke upon North Wind's musings and brought him back to realities. The Church was filling with worshippers and he could hear the music from within, exultant

(Continued on page 6)

MOTHER OF

Ten Thousand Helps

REV R. REEVES S.F.M.



THE world tells us that victory has been won. Through blood, sweat, tears, and loss of our dear ones, the guns of the enemy are silenced, planes grounded, ships anchored in harbours of peace, and our sons are again returning to their vigilant and long-suffering parents. Now, as never before the cry goes up for peace, lasting peace; but once again we are surrounded by false and scheming prophets, who are trying to tell us how to ensure freedom from future wars and to obtain that lasting peace for which we all crave.

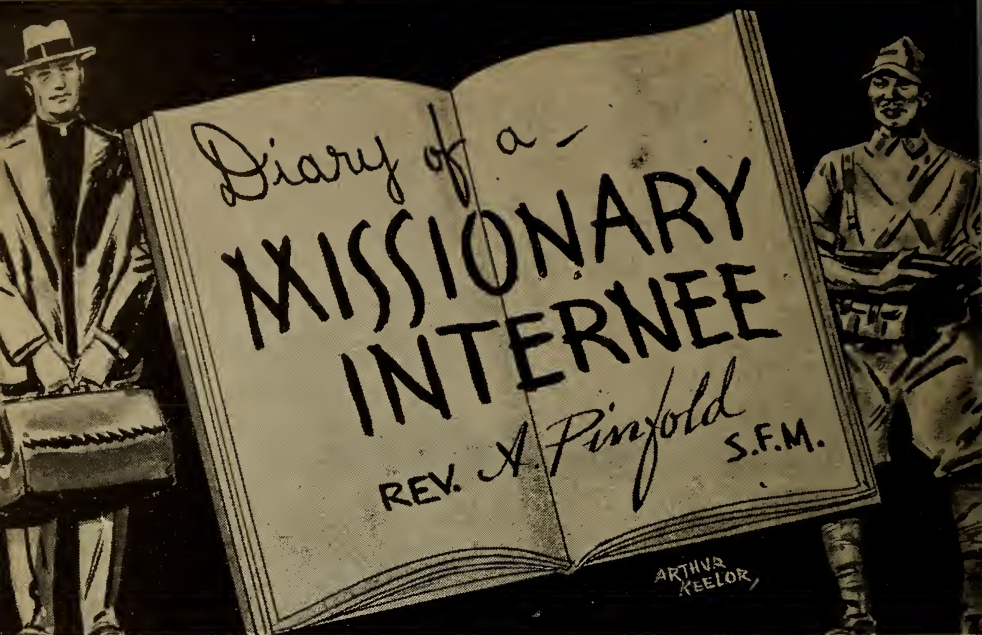
Everywhere there is a grandeur of disfigured truth, everywhere tokens of what reason can achieve, coupled with sad indications of what it fails to do. Little do men contemplate that soon we are to celebrate once again a feast which broke into a thousand pieces the false philosophies of the so called wise. Soon it will be the privilege of all of us to come again, with the humble shepherds, to see the Sage who is hidden in a cave. Yes, our world needs this Sage, although it will heed Him not. As at the time of Christ's birth, the world was not conscious of its need, neither, for the most

part did it suspect His coming, and neither, though it had sought truth for years, did it know Truth when He came.

Round about there was a world of Jewish uneasiness, tossing in unhelpful and inefficacious sedition without rising to the heroism of a crusade for freedom and peace. The census would doubtless let loose much talk about the Machabees, about those who did not enjoy the incomes of Roman office. There was ungraceful obedience to the foreigner, and the burning heat of old memories. There were the intrigues of domestic factions, the littleness of a shadowy nationality, to which a grievance was more precious than the manly patience which awaits the night hour to strike the blow for liberty. Like all uneasy nations the Jews were looking for a deliverer and dreaming every moment that they had found him. Not unlike many people of our present day.

Alas, the Jews were blinded by the very spiritual magnificence of their ancient prophecies. Pride was again misleading them and they were looking in all directions rather than

(Continued on page 27)



(Continued)

What had been formerly the dwellings of the ministers and the staff of the college were now occupied by the Japanese authorities and were out of bounds to us. There were three large kitchens and dining rooms in the various compounds. There was also a church which was used as a concert hall and recreation room.

We were immediately herded off the trucks and ordered to carry our belongings on to the baseball field inside the compound. We were then lined up in groups and the rules and regulations of the camp were solemnly proclaimed. They told us that all misdemeanors would be severely punished, and of course this was no concentration camp but merely a civilians assembly centre. We were all assigned our quarters and dispersed to try and locate them, which was in itself no mean problem. Luckily we had friends in the camp.

namely the Passionist Fathers who had come a few days earlier and they showed us our rooms, and had already put up our beds. Our room would be about nine feet by nine feet and there were four beds in it. We had trouble you can be sure finding a spot for an altar. On one side of us were the remaining members of the Scarboro outfit, and on the other some Trappists and Franciscan Canadians. The beds were our own which we had previously sent down to the camp under the orders of the Japanese. There was only one small window in the room. We fixed the room up as best we could under the circumstances and then decided to find out what we could about the various facilities. By the time we had nosed around a little it was time for our first meal.

We ate in two shifts from three different dining rooms. Our dining

room would seat about two hundred and fifty. We brought our own plates and knives and forks and the dining tables were long boards on trestles with benches to sit on. We queued up outside waiting for vacancies in the dining room and as we would enter the dining room there was a big fish soup cauldron with one of the women internees ladelling it out to us as we passed through the door. Then we would look for an empty place at a table and begin supper. This, with bread, was the whole meal. Those who could take it could go back for more.

After this first meal we sat around talking with many of the Fathers who had come earlier, and found out what we could of the camp facilities. The story that we got was that the Japs had not intended interning us until May and so they hadn't had a proper chance to prepare the camp. The latrines were filthy and the pipes plugged and a crew was organized to take care of this. A number of priests went to work and cleaned the place up and made it slightly less sickening. A number of us compromised on a little corner where we found a Chinese style latrine. The cleaning up of these places was a daily task of about an hour's work. The light switch was pulled at 9.45 for the fifteen minute warning and then finally pulled at ten o'clock, lights out.

Because we had to be on deck for roll call at 7.30 we arranged to get up early and say Mass. The four of us in the room said Mass one after the other. The rest of the priests in camp either followed suit or said Mass over in the building where the various communities of sisters had their quarters. The roll call would be any time within an hour. It seemed that those in charge never did get around to counting the internees correctly and they would be milling

around checking and rechecking. This slackened off into a very indefinite checking in of individuals, until the Japs lapsed into the system of having everyone gather on the ball field once a month for a real count. Of course each of us had to wear his or her badge with our names in Japanese and our numbers. When the time came for the count on the ball field, although the internees numbered only 18 or 19 hundred it took more than two hours milling around to get a satisfactory count.

Immediately after roll call would be breakfast. Perhaps first it would be wise to say a word about the various committees formed to see to the work. Up until this time we had only noticed that certain of the folks were busy at different jobs. Now we learned that committees had been formed to take care of all the labor assignments. With such a crowd one could imagine the amount of work to be done, as we were given no labor help at all. Only about fifty percent of the internees were capable of the hard work because children and the old were absolved. The priests were the ones best physically fitted for the hard labour jobs. The Catholic missionaries numbered about a quarter of the whole number and so we had our own labour committee. Father Fitzgibbons was the head of this and he collaborated with the other labour committees when the lists were posted each Saturday with the appointment for the various tasks. These labour duties mostly revolved around the kitchen, such as cooks and their assistants, stokers, who worked four-hour shifts to keep the coal fires going, clean-up men for pots, pans, tables, dining rooms, etc., and these were called roustabouts. The older folks swept out the dining room. Fuel-carriers were in for quite a task as the Japanese first used to dump the coal away up at the end of the

yard instead of at the kitchen doors. The job would have been small had the tools been available but they were not. A box was knocked together and handles put on it and the fuel carriers would load this, haul it down to the kitchen and return for more. Also there was wood to be split. Sanitary ditches were to be dug and there was a crew for this. The latrine crew had their work. These jobs entailed anywhere from four to six hours' work a day. For the lighter work the women were formed into groups for peeling and washing vegetables, etc. The bakery took a lot of the men and was a big job, and a hot one. Father Carey was the master baker, and Joe Murphy was stoker, along with Father McQuaid. MacSween was head of the latrine dept. Diemert a roustabout, Maloney stoker, Clement butcher, Pinfold general utility man, Frank Diemert was the pumper; that meant pumping water into the big tanks for an hour.

The water supply was a problem in itself. First water for personal washing was carried by bucket from the pumps. Later on showers were put into commission, first using cold water and then hot water. It was the job of the stokers to keep this water boiling. If they fell down on the job or if anything went wrong with the furnaces as quite often happened, the camp went without hot water. The drinking water was another problem. One had to line up for boiling water. This was kept in thermos bottles, and then put out in ordinary water bottles to cool. However most of the time one just drank hot water. At first everyone did their own laundry. Later on the Sisters volunteered to do the laundry for the priests. That meant a morning carrying water.

As the labour committees and crews got organised a system was brought in whereby one took a cer-

tain shift one day, the following shift the second day, and still the following shift the third day, and then the fourth day one was exempt from labour, beginning all over again the fifth day.

Most of this work revolving around the dining room brings up the question of meals and food. For each meal as had been said there were two shifts. Each one brought his own plates, knives and forks; the doctors made us make bags for these utensils to keep the flies away. It was quite a sight to see everyone with his little bag lined up, and a pleasant sight to see bishops carrying their own along. One took his place in line outside, sometimes waiting an hour before getting into the dining room. The usual fare for breakfast was bread, porridge and tea. This porridge was made by crumbling bread into pails and boiling it. The result was bread porridge, and was served without anything else like milk, or sugar. About twice a week there would be a little square of butter or a little square of jam. An extra special treat in the morning was French toast, possibly once in two weeks. For dinner and supper there were two main courses. There was soup without meat, and then there was stew, which was really soup with meat in it. Noodles were commonly served in the stew.

The food situation at first wasn't too bad because everyone had brought down some special food with them like peanut butter, etc. However these soon ran out and when we were forced to rely on the meals it was the sign for the black market to begin and it did. However there were one or two funny incidents which are worth mentioning. Occasionally we would have hamburgers and potatoes. One night I was standing in the line-up waiting for what had been promised as a nice hamburger

(Continued on page 28)

The LITTLE ★ ROSE



FLOWER'S GARDEN

Dear Members of the Rose Garden:

Father Jim wishes you one and all a very holy and happy Christmas. May all that you have done for the Missions come back to you a hundredfold, when the Greatest Christmas Gift of all comes to you in Holy Communion on the Christ Child's birthday.

Christmas is the great feast of the Missions, for it was on Christmas Day nineteen hundred odd years ago that Jesus, the first and great Missionary Priest, left His home in heaven and came down to earth to

save the souls of men. As Father Tabb the poet-priest so beautifully puts it—

"A Little Boy of heavenly birth,
But far from home today,
Comes down to find His ball, the
earth,
That Sin has cast away.

O comrades, let us one and all.
Join in to give Him back His ball."

Yes, with the dawn of a New Year, let us one and all join in to give the world back to Jesus Christ. Let that be our first and foremost good resolution for 1946, the determina-



Pupils of St. Joseph's School, Stratford, Ontario, had a picnic on the grounds of our Novitiate at St. Marys, late last June.

tion to be real, active missionaries.

To Jesus' crib on that first Christmas Eve, the shepherds of Bethlehem brought as their gifts the pure, white lambs and sheep of their flocks. The Baby-God wishes that we too should by our prayers and sacrifices, bring to His feet the pagan nations of the world, who know not God. Has Christ not said: "And other sheep I have that are not of this fold, them also I must bring, and there shall be but one fold and one shepherd."

As you kneel this Christmastide before the crib, wherein the forgotten, outcast King of Kings lies shivering in the cold of a filthy stable, draw your bright, shining sword of prayer and kneeling there like knight of old, promise Him that you will fight well in the Great Crusade. And from our hearts let the great shout go up—"God wills it"—"Thy kingdom come."

God bless you one and all and may you have the happiest and holiest Christmas ever.

Your friend,
Father Jim.

MAIL BAG

Our sincere thanks to the girls of Sacred Heart Orphanage, 500 St. Clair Avenue West in Toronto, for the large number of cancelled stamps they sent us and for their subscription to CHINA. Well done girls. God bless your zeal for the Missions.



Carol Anne McLaughlin of Saint John, N.B. — a tiny Rosebud.

The Holy Childhood

OUR priests who have visited schools in different parts of Canada find that the impression is widespread that our Society shares in the funds collected for the Association of the Holy Childhood. Such is not the case. We do not receive for our work in China any assistance from the Holy Childhood Association. Even if an offering for a ransom be sent directly to our Seminary, it is forwarded to the National Director, Father Roberts.

Much of the confusion is due to the fact that Father Roberts is a member of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, but his work as National Directory of the Holy Childhood Association is completely independent of the work of the Society.

To the teachers and pupils who have long been extending us a helping hand but who have recently become interested in Holy Childhood work, we might suggest that they help us both. Our own needs in China these days are very great, with so much of our ruined property to be re-built.

Maxine Furlong of East Curling, Newfoundland, tells me she has two pets—her dog Sandy and her cat Smoky. Father Jim would like a picture of Maxine and her two friends for the Rose Garden.

Donna Farquharson, a new member, wrote a lovely, interesting letter. Thanks Donna and pray hard for the Missions.

Avis Summerhayes of Brantford, Ontario; Ruth Fisher of Halifax, Nova Scotia; and Annie McLean of Bell Island, Newfoundland, all wrote me very welcome letters. They are real, active missionaries and may God bless their zeal and sacrifices.

As Father Jim was answering a letter from Mary Ellen Marley of Phelpsston, Ontario, who should be looking over his shoulder but Father Ronald Reeves. When Father Reeves saw Phelpsston, he looked closer and then said: "I know Mary Ellen well, Father Jim. Her brother used to serve my Mass at Phelpsston." So Father Reeves sends you his best wishes. We welcome you dear to the Rose Garden and will put your name in the Pen-Pal Corner.

Arthur Mangiacotte of 117 Boon Avenue, Toronto, wrote me. Arthur is sixteen and his hobby is collecting stamps. Father Jim will try to send you some foreign stamps soon Arthur. Am sorry that I have

not any photographs of the Rosary Sunday Rally in Toronto. It was indeed very wonderful.

Helen O'Toole of Brighton Avenue, Sydney Mines, Nova Scotia, has just joined the Rose Garden. To be a member of the Rose Garden. Helen, you say every day the prayer of St. Francis Xavier for the conversion of Infidels. This prayer can be found in one of your back issues of CHINA. You are asked also to go to Holy Communion once a month for the Missions and help them in any way you can.

Many thanks for the cancelled stamps from Alice Callahan of Spainard's Bay, Newfoundland.

Other lovely letters were received from—Jeannette Laporte of R. R. No. 2, Belle River, Ontario; Kay De La Plante, 537 Central Avenue, Hamilton, Ontario; Donna Marie Farquharson of 132 Elmwood Avenue, London, Ontario; Patrick Gerald Flanagan of 346 Belfast Street, Medicine Hat, Alberta.

Helen Kerr writes for the pupils of Grade V of St. Stanislaus School, Fort William, Ontario. They are old friends of Father Jim and they sent along a great big donation for the Missions and have asked for two more Mite Boxes so that the girls and boys may continue saving their pennies.

A Message to Our Newfoundland Members

To our many "buds" in Newfoundland we suggest a way you can help the missions, without expense to yourself. It is by collecting and sending on to us used Nfld. stamps. We are very short of them at the moment and we can make use of all you can send us. Make 1946 a STAMP YEAR for Rose Garden Members from Nfld. Ask your friends for any used stamps that may be lying around and put them to work for China. We shall publish in the Rose Garden the names of all those who send us stamps.

Thank you.

Father Jim.

Game Page

TRY THESE IN YOUR SPARE TIME

FAMOUS QUOTATIONS

(Whose words are these?)

- 1—"Religion is the opium of the people."
- 2—"Do not hate your enemies."
- 3—"Give me liberty or give me death."
- 4—"Would that I had the faith of a Breton peasant woman."
- 5—"I came, I saw, I conquered."
- 6—"I will spend my heaven in doing good upon earth."
- 7—"I will answer you from the mouths of my cannon."
- 8—"If I had served my God as well as I have served my King."
- 9—"I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec tomorrow."
- 10—"He who draws the sword shall perish by the sword."

WHAT ARE THE FOLLOWING?

- | | |
|---------------|---------------|
| 1—Mandarin | 2—Cowl |
| 3—Chrism | 4—Gob |
| 5—Sky-pilot | 6—Abacus |
| 7—Gimmick | 8—Palette |
| 9—Galley | 10—Iron Horse |
| 11—Quisling | 12—Kowtow |
| 13—Joss House | 14—Thurible |
| 15—Bluenose | 16—Cadaver |
| 17—Sapling | 18—Tenderfoot |
| 19—Bonze | 20—Igloo |

AN INTELLIGENCE TEST

(There is something radically wrong with the following story. What is it?)

Just recently in excavating ground near Naples in Italy, the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain un-

earthed many interesting relics of Ancient Rome. The most prized discovery of all however, were several coins showing the head of Julius Caesar and dated 35 B.C.

(Answers on page 31)

* * *

NEW MEMBERS

Mary Doreen Glover, 29 Queen St. N., Thorold, Ontario; Miss Mary Bellis, Box 46, Essex, Ontario; Martin Lewis, 9 Gilbert Street, Grand Falls, Newfoundland; Annie McLean, Bell Island, Newfoundland; Joan Brazil, Spainard's Bay, Newfoundland; William Francis Bouyone, 14 Circular Road, Grand Falls, Newfoundland; Mary Ellen Morley, Phelpsston, Ontario; Helen O'Toole, Brighton Avenue, Sydney Mines, Cape Breton, N.S.; Jeannette Laporte, R.R. No. 2, Belle River, Ontario, c/o Armand Laporte; Donna Marie Farquharson, 132 Elmwood Avenue, London, Ontario; Patrick Gerald Flanagan, 346 Belfast Street, Medicine Hat, Alberta.

The following new members are all pupils of Grades VI-XI, Catholic School, Gambo, Newfoundland.

Hazel Kelly, Margaret Cashin, Teresa Harty, Magdalen Cashin, Mary Kelly, Marion Greene, Eileen Cashin, Annie Best, Mary V. Kelly, Kenen McDonald, Andy Kelly, Ray Harty, Michel Cashin, Louis Kelly, James Broderick, Cyril McDonald, Katie Duggan, Mildred Cashin, Agnes McDonald, Julia Cashin, Marie Kelly, Mary Pynn, Helen Broderick, Billie Duggan, Rita Best, James Cashin, Kathleen Broderick, Bert Kelly, Olive Greene.

PEN PAL CORNER

The following have recently written to Father Jim asking for Pen Pals:

Annie McLean of Bell Island, Newfoundland. She is seventeen. Her hobbies are reading and music.

Mary Bellis of Box 46, Essex, Ontario. Mary is a great worker for the Missions. She is seventeen.

Bernard Brazil of Spainard's Bay, Newfoundland, would like pen pals between the ages of 13 and 16.

Ruth Fisher of 4 Willow Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia, is just eighteen and her favorite sports are reading and skating.

Avis Summerhayes of 201 West Colborne Street, Brantford, Ontario, is thirteen. She enjoys all sports. Her favorite pastimes are collecting movie stars' pictures and collecting postcards.

Joan Brazil of Spainard's Bay, Newfoundland, is ten years old. She would like some pen pals of her own age.

Maxine Furlong of East Curling, Newfoundland, is 7 years old and in Grade 3. Her hobbies are skiing, skating and swimming. She has two pets—a dog named Sandy and a cat named Smoky. She would like pen pals between the ages of seven and ten.

Donna Marie Farquharson of 132 Elmwood Avenue, London, Ontario, would like some pen pals. Donna is ten years old and her pastimes are sewing, reading and skating.

Kay De La Plante of 537 Central Avenue, Hamilton, Ontario, would like letters from boys and girls her own age, all over the world. Kay is fourteen years old and enjoys swimming, skating and art work.

Mary Ellen Morley of Phelpston, Ontario, is thirteen years old. Her hobbies are stamp collecting and collecting books. She enjoys baseball and skating. Pen pals from all over are invited to write her.

Mother of Ten Thousand Helps

(Continued from page 19)

towards the Cave of Bethlehem. Yes, little did they realize that the gorgeous martial procession which was to go forward to conquer and redeem the world would issue from the Cave of Bethlehem.

There were others too, my dear readers, that little realized what was to take place that first Christmas night. They were the Chinese, that great unchanging empire, whose civilization is so highly wrought, and yet, so ungrown. Look along those brimming rivers which are made to irrigate a myriad gardens and spread incessant verdure over plains almost tapestried with ornamental patterns of minutest cultivation. Look at those quaint mountains, delved into slopes and terraced with every basketful of earth economised and every trickle of moisture curiously hoarded. See how the realm teems with human life, till there is scarcely any room left for any other life than that of men. The very throng of the thickly congregated bodies drives our minds painfully on to the thought of such innumerable souls, densely crowded souls, that are single to the eye of God, perishing for the lack of His Precious Blood. Yes, we ponder in a puzzled way over that enormous hive of human life, where age has followed upon age and the story of Bethlehem is so little known. How little did China feel the need of a Redeemer on that first Christmas night!

Perhaps no nook of earth has changed less than that huge empire, seething and surging with incredible masses of population. As it was then, so it is now — wise yet so ignorant, strange and yet so practical, civilized yet so rude, promising yet so hopeless, so far advanced yet so singularly backward, so undecaying and yet in such irrevoc-

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Diary of a Missionary Internec

(Continued from page 22)

meal. A lovely old lady was in the line beside me and with a sparkle of real joy in her eyes she was telling me about the nice meal in store for us which would be a real change from the constant stew. As we stood there a man suddenly ran out of the kitchen door shouting "Stew". Pandemonium broke loose as everyone in the line saw their fondest hopes die, and all at once began almost to scream "Stew, Stew." However, it was a false alarm because the stew in question had been Stewart, the first name of one of the internees wanted in the kitchen. What a relief!

It is evident from the above lineup that something would have to be done about the food and the inevitable black market came into existence. This was especially necessary in the case of those doing the heavy labour, for this would have been impossible on the food that was given out in camp. Then the children really needed something more substantial for breakfast than a watery soup, and as the people were coming and asking what could be done about it, we put on our thinking caps and decided that we could find a plan. Our rooms were very well situated near one corner of the compound and just where the other wall met our wall there was a corner section pretty well cut off from observation. All that was necessary was to post two of the Fathers at the nearby gates and then get a third on the wall in the corner recess, and from this place he could holler to the Chinese passing by. We had decided that the most necessary food was eggs. Add eggs to the breakfast and one could go on. If we got a sufficient number of them they could be added to the porridge surreptitiously. The ordinary price of these things outside was three for a dollar. The hawkers gave

them to us over the wall for a dollar apiece, and as a number of the internees had brought as much money as they could into the camp, we were fairly well fixed. Jam and honey and sugar formed the other basic foods bought. Then came the problem of storage of these things so the Jap authorities wouldn't get them. A bee-line was made from the wall to our rooms. From here we would disperse them as fast as possible to the purchasers, by stealth. After the Japs were tipped off we had periodic raids on our room. For cooking we used to buy a lot of peanut oil. One day a raid was made on my room. I was very nonchalant about it for I didn't know there was anything there. However unbeknownst to me one of the priests had hidden some oil under my bed. The Japs went over everything but didn't find it. I would have been a lot more leery had I known it was there. One night they called a surprise raid and although they found some stuff they did nothing but confiscate it.

While we worked together there was no great difficulty. However, things were running fairly smoothly and so one of the Trappist Fathers decided to lone-wolf it a little. This led to his being caught red-handed with the goods. Here is where the humour came in. The Japanese very angry had a courtmartial and sentenced the culprit to two weeks in solitary confinement. Anyone who knows the Trappist rules will see that this was only a pleasure for the monk and so into his cell he went. However, he had the sentence rebound for every day he would sing the office and the Japs couldn't stand this and after a little more than a week to get away from the office they released him. When he came out he was the hero of the camp and returned to his former abode amidst the cheers of the internees.

(To be continued)



It's Time to Laugh



"How many chickens have you today?" asked the new customer.

"Oh, about six, Ma'am."

"Tough or tender?"

"Some are tough and some tender."

"Well, I keep boarders. Pick out three of the toughest, please."

With this unusual request the delighted grocer complied at once.

Whereupon the customer coolly laid her hand on the others and said: "Then I'll take these."

* * *

The surly old miser fell sick, and in a panic sent for the local clergyman, although he had never done anything to help the parish.

"If I leave \$50,000 to the church," he croaked, "will my salvation be assured?"

"I wouldn't be certain," replied the clergyman, "but it's well worth trying."

* * *

In a town in the wild and woolly West a boy reached the age of 14 without ever having spoken a word. One day he was loafing around the corral where they were branding calves, and, getting in the way of the man who was handling the branding irons, he got burned pretty badly on the seat of his pants.

As he felt the hot iron, the dumb lad shouted: "Ouch!"

There was terrific excitement, and the man who had burned him cried: "A miracle! Dummy talked!"

But the lad spoke again.

"Miracle nothing!" he said. "I just never had nothin' to say before."

* * *

A city councilman received the following invitation from a post of the American Legion to make a Memorial Day address:

"You are invited to be one of the speakers at our Memorial Day meeting. The program will include a talk

by the Mayor, recitation of Lincoln's Gettysburg speech by a high school pupil, your talk, and then the firing squad."

* * *

He picked up the telephone, but found the line busy. "I just put on some beans for dinner," he heard a woman say. A few minutes later he tried again. The same two women were still talking.

"Say, lady, I smell your beans burning," he broke in.

There was a scream, two receivers went up, and the line was open.

* * *

Reproving a snooty young actress who perpetually wore the expression of a person scenting a bad odor, Mrs. Fiske observed: "Young woman, you weren't born—you were assembled. And when they came to your nose, they took the first thing that turned up!"

* * *

The following ad appeared in a physical-culture magazine: "Here's a good test for your midsection muscles. Clasp hands overhead and place feet together on the floor. Now bend to the right at the waist as you sit down to the left of your feet. Then by sheer force of your muscles, haul yourself up, bend to the left, and sit down on the floor to the right of your feet. Stick with it and let us know the results."

The next day a letter came in. It said simply: "Hernia."

* * *

He drew her up to him and struck her, but she did not cry out. Again and again he struck her, but she did not wince. He struck her for the last time and her head fell off. . . . She was only a match.

Mother of Ten Thousand Helps

(Continued from page 27)

able decadence. As the winter stars shone unconsciously that first Christmas night on that land with its stagnant pools in the rice fields, so were the hearts of the dwellers there unconsciously stagnant of the greatest event in the history of mankind. Yet it is chiefly the speechless babes of China that are the sweet prey of the Babe of Bethlehem, harbingers of joy and happiness, reminders of that Christmas Babe who stooped to suit Himself to the people of a world He fain would bless.

And there was no room for them in the inn. Inhospitable Bethlehem, which will not give its God room to be born within its walls. The same God who spangled the heavens with the jewels of the night and wove throughout our mountains the veins of silver and gold, has no place wherein to lay His infant head. Indeed, the spirit of Bethlehem is the spirit of a world which has forgotten God. A selfish and greedy world which will not let Christ into its midst, but would rather let Him, like the poor boy, stand outside a gay and tinsled world—his wan face pressed against its window pane. He, Who was the world's first Christmas gift, is ignored and forgotten. Oh foolish world! Which seeks for peace yet refuses admittance to Peace itself.

During the Christmas that is fast dawning upon us we will again, on bended knee, ask for God's peace. Where will we find that peace? Full well we know that the pattern for peace was traced out at Bethlehem where a virgin mother held in her arms Christ, the Prince of Peace. Where heaven told the world, in very clear language, "Peace on earth to men of good will." This beloved Lady who first offered her plan for peace to the world at Bethlehem, still remains a model for the brave world

that we have prayed for and for which our loved ones have fought and died. She it is who has taken her place beside us, has been with us through the years. In our joys and sorrows she has helped us always and ever, perpetually, our true Mother.

Thus, while Mary was giving to us the true pattern for world peace, the song of the angels was heard by a few humble shepherds. As a Christmas carol so well pictures it—

"While shepherds watched their
flocks by night

All seated on the ground,
An angel of the Lord came down
And glory shone around."

What message did the angel have for these poor humble men? The gospel clearly tells us: "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy that shall be to all the people, for this day is born to you a Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord." Then the gospel goes on to relate how they went over to Bethlehem and there found Jesus with Mary, His mother.

What joy must have filled the hearts of these poor humble men as they knelt there in adoration, beholding their Saviour, the true "Prince of Peace". What a reward for their pure, simple faith, born of poverty. Oh, when will the foolish world give this Child place, as the shepherds did? In truth we must answer; not until we, like the shepherds, approach the Prince of Peace in humility and faith. Not until we acknowledge in Him the true pattern for lasting peace.

We must, then, like the humble nomads, wend our way to the crib in humble adoration. Let us see there at the feet of Our Lady of Ten Thousand Helps, the true solution for our difficulties. More than ever, at this holy time, we must ask the Infant Saviour and His Blessed

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Famous Quotations

1, Lenin; 2, Confucius; 3, Patrick Henry; 4, Louis Pasteur; 5, Julius Caesar; 6, St. Theresa of Lisleux; 7, Count de Frontenac; 8, Cardinal Woolsey; 9, General Wolfe; 10, Jesus Christ.

What Are the Following—Answers

1. A mayor of a Chinese town. 2. The head covering used by a monk. 3. A Holy Oil used in some sacraments. 4. A sailor. 5. A nickname for a clergyman. 6. Counting device used by Chinese. 7. Anything used by magicians in performing tricks. 8. A sort of tray on which an artist mixes paints. 9. The cookhouse on a boat. 10. Railway engine. 11. A traitor. 12. Chinese prostration of reverence. 13. A pagan temple. 14. Container for incensing. 15. A Nova Scotian. 16. A corpse. 17. A young tree. 18. An inexperienced cowboy. 19. A Buddhist monk. 20. An Eskimo house made of ice.

An Intelligence Test—The Answer

It would have been impossible for the Romans of Julius Caesar's time to know that Christ was to be born in thirty-five years time.

Mother of Ten Thousand Helps

(Continued from page 30)

Mother for help and guidance. Help for a world weary of war, grace for the sinner, clothes for the naked, bread for the hungry, joy for the sorrowful and a plan for peace that will last forever. As we kneel in holy awe let us listen. The last strip of cloud has floated down under the horizon. The stars burn brightly in the cold air. The night wind, sighing over the pastoral slopes, falls suddenly, floats by and carries its murmuring train out of hearing. The heaven of the angels opens for one glad moment and the midnight skies are overflowed with melody, so beautiful that it ravishes the hearts of those who hear, and yet so soft that it troubles not the light slumber of the restless sheep. God, Who, in the form of a little babe, came to us that we might come to Thee, give us eternal peace.

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The Crow's Nest

(Continued from page 12)

THE BLESSED VIRGIN AS MADE AT FATIMA.

* * *

Dear reader, today, before you finish your morning coffee or put on your hat or take the car out of the garage, we want you to do something. We want you to make the most important resolution you have ever made in your life and see to it that *nothing* prevents you from carrying it out. The resolution is TO LEARN ALL ABOUT THE MESSAGE OF FATIMA and the part God's Mother wants *you* to play in saving Russia and saving what is left of peace in our bewildered and despairing world. Human leaders have failed us. It is high time we took the matter out of their hands.

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Yes, God's Mother knows. And she has placed squarely before us the alternatives that confront the world. One of them—if we but do the little she asks of us—is "the conversion of Russia and an era of peace for humanity". Read the story of the amazing revelations of the Blessed Virgin in

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